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THE STREAM OF TIME

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A HUNDRED WONDERFUL YEARS
SOCIAL & DOMESTIC LIFE OF A CENTURY,
1820-1920

HOW WE LIVED THEN
A SKETCH OF SOCIAL & DOMESTIC LIFE
IN ENGLAND DURING THE WAR

THE HAT SHOP: A NOVEL

MRS. BARNET—ROBES: A NOVEL

A MRS. JONES: A NOVEL

TONY SANT: A NOVEL

THE BODLEY HEAD



LADY PEEL (FORMERLY MISS JULIA FLOYD), WIFE OF THE 2ND SIR ROBERT
PEEL.

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

THE STREAM OF TIME
SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE
IN ENGLAND 1805—1861
BY MRS. C. S. PEEL, O.B.E.
WITH EIGHTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM CONTEMPORARY SOURCES

LONDON
JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.

First published in 1931

Printed in Great Britain by Richard Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.

This book is dedicated to my husband, to
Miss Gwenyd Greville, and to the ever kind
and helpful staff of The London Library.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

"Some they go up, up, up,
Some they go down, down, down."

OLD SONG.

This book is neither a history nor a novel: it is the record of an imaginary family based upon history, fiction and the letters, papers and portraits of real people.

The members of the London family met a number of celebrated persons and took some part in important events. We learn how they lived, ate, dressed, travelled, thought, worked and amused themselves during a particularly interesting period of England's history, that is while the glorious squalors of the Georgian era were giving place to the ugliness, the respectability and the humanitarianism of the Mid-Victorian age.

DOROTHY C. PEEL.

16, MONTPELIER PLACE,
THE HAMLET OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
LONDON, S.W. 7.
3rd July, 1931.

"I really have gone through much, that if it were invented would move you ; but, being of your everyday world, you are willing that it should sweep past like a heap of dead leaves *on the stream of time*. . . ."

CAROLINE NORTON.

(see page 124)

"The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is."

REV. WILLIAM STUBBS, 1825.

"Constitutional History of England."

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THE STREAM OF TIME

CHAPTER I

1805—Trafalgar Day—When the toothbrush flew in the face of the Almighty—The window tax—At Conisbrowth Hall—*Chinoiserie*—Mr. Coutts, the Banker—A Justice of the Peace—John Howard—Prisoners and captives—Bridal finery—"Everybody dresses as girls"—Riding pillion—At the Great House—"Curtsying to everything that is curtsyable"—Going to church in the country.

THE eldest child of John Robert and Emily Julia London—afterwards to be christened Robert John Gabriel—was born on the 21st of October, 1805. While the eighteen-year-old mother fought for her life and that of her child, Nelson was fighting the Battle of Trafalgar, and when the baby was put into his blue-ribboned cot (blue for a boy and pink for a girl), closely covered from almost every breath of air, Nelson in the cockpit of the "Victory" was dying.

If Baby Robert was denied fresh air, his mother suffered a like fate. Fresh air, especially night air, was held to be peculiarly dangerous to the young and to the sick, and perhaps in a country so little drained as England was then the night mists were injurious. So Mrs. London, exhausted by the pains of protracted labour unalleviated by an anæsthetic, lay in her magnificent four-post bed in a beautifully panelled and upholstered, stuffy bedroom, attended by a despotic old woman, none too clean in her methods and full of prejudices and superstitions.

In one of Emily's letters to her mother, then too ill to be with her daughter, she writes, "Mrs. Jenkins will not permit me to wash my teeth. She says that to do so would be 'flying in the face of God Almighty; and you, Ma'am, not yet out of child-birth ten days.'"

This good soul rolled little Robert in a "binder" so stiff and tight that after being fed he wept from the pain of the contraction thereof. She then walked him about, patted and

rocked him, and fed him on sugar and hot water and other cordials less harmless. But, in spite of her ministrations, both mother and child thrived, and peace and contentment reigned at Conisbrowth Hall while the Napoleonic Wars raged throughout Europe.

It was not until November that the news of the death of Nelson reached England, and only when Squire London's two younger brothers, George, a Treasury official, and Jeremy, in the Army, arrived to spend Christmas at their former home, and to attend the christening of the son and heir, that this quiet country family heard very much of the gossip regarding Nelson and Lady Hamilton which had been, and still was, engaging the attention of the public.

While we wait for the weeks which lie between the birth and the christening of little Robert John to pass, and to hear what George and Jeremy have to tell, let us picture to ourselves something of the circumstances and surroundings of the latest member of the London family.

The child was born at Conisbrowth Hall in the village of Conisbrowth, Yorkshire, a large, dreary-looking mansion of grey stucco, made still more dreary by a number of blank windows which had been filled up to escape the much-hated window tax.¹ These blank windows greatly annoyed the bride, and to please her some of them were reopened. The remainder she endured, and was fated to endure for nearly half a century until, after strong agitation, Lord Halifax abolished this tax on light and air and re-imposed it in the form of House Duty.

The mansion was completed by a handsome park, a lake, and well-laid-out pleasure and kitchen gardens. At the back of the house was the stable yard, with stabling for some thirty horses and accommodation for coachmen, grooms and other men-servants.

Built in 1653, the house had been twice enlarged by its original owners, a family of some importance, reduced in fortune first by South Sea Bubble speculations, and later by

¹ First levied in 1697 for the purpose of making up the deficiency arising from debased coin in the reign of William III. It was an assessed tax on the value of a house, levied according to the number of windows and openings of houses worth more than £5 per annum.

gambling at faro and hazard in the fashionable "hells" of St. James's Street.

After its purchase in 1787 by "an upstart cotton fella," as the disgruntled vendor termed the new owner, the interior of Conisbrowth had been re-decorated and furnished, and now contained a fine staircase, mantelpieces, overdoors and paneling in the style of the brothers Robert and James Adam, and a drawing-room hung with one of the Chinese papers introduced during the eighteenth century, when the passion for *Chinoiserie* was at its height.

Many a time during the years of his babyhood did little Robert John's pretty young mother carry him about the octagon-shaped room to admire the birds and flowers, hand-printed by some yellow-skinned, pigtailed artist in his far-off country, and show to him, in their resting-place in the black-and-gold Chinese lacquer cabinet on its carved and gilt stand, the spare set of flowers and birds supplied with the squares of paper so that, if injured, a bird or blossom could be stuck on to hide the injury.

This paper had been given to one of the original owners of the Hall by his friend Lord Macartney, first Ambassador to China, who at the same time had made a present to his banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, of another set of squares of paper, on which were represented all the stages in the cultivation and manufacture of tea. These, so John said, had first been hung in the drawing-room over Mr. Coutts' shop in the Strand. "Did Mr. Coutts keep a shop?" asked Emily. "I thought that he had been a banker." A query which gave John, who had a mild liking for imparting information, the opportunity to explain that in days gone by silversmiths acted as bankers and did banking business in their shops. Now, however, Mr. Coutts, to whom a vast number of important persons, including Royalty, entrusted their affairs, was no longer a silversmith, and had set up his bank in the Adelphi, and caused the Chinese paper to be removed and re-hung in the new building.

To Conisbrowth Hall, the bride of seventeen, a member of a county family of superior station to that of her husband, had been brought a year before this tale begins. One of many brothers and sisters—so many, indeed, that it severely

strained the family finances to provide for them, and made the marriage of Emily to her devoted but square-headed and rather square-mannered admirer a matter to be pressed by parental authority—she found life in the large, ugly, rambling Hall very lonely.

Often when sitting at the William and Mary walnut bureau in the green-painted, panelled parlour, casting up her household accounts, in which “forgets” was a too-frequent item, nerving herself to interview her severe, elderly house-keeper, or pacing up and down the wind-sheltered Flower Walk in the walled kitchen garden, did she shed tears of regret for the bustle and gaiety of the poverty-stricken south-country Manor House.

Here in her new home there was wealth enough and to spare, amassed by her husband’s forbears¹ during the industrial boom of the seventeen hundreds, and still produced in increased quantities by the activities of men, women and children working thirteen or fourteen hours a day in the hot, steamy atmosphere of the Lancashire cotton mills.

Brains, character and cotton had brought to her husband and his worthy if undistinguished associates great riches, respectable position and marriages with women of good family, which were possible to young men whose wealth was sufficient to balance their lack of birth.

John London’s cotton-spinning godfather, the first Sir Robert Peel, was already something of a political power, a baronet and one of the richest men in England, while his son Robert, a youth of seventeen, was destined to become one of the greatest of that group of great statesmen who were to serve their Queen and country during the earlier years of Victoria’s reign.

John, however, was not an ambitious man: wife and child, the delights of a quiet country life, and his library were his joys, the care of his estate, of his dependants, county affairs and attendance at Board Meetings of the family business his serious occupations.

As Justice of the Peace he administered justice in Quarter

¹ It was after 1744, when the law permitted printed cottons to be made in England, that the Londons, like the Peels and other-cotton spinners, began to make large fortunes.

or Petty Sessions or in his own house, licensing public-houses, administering the Poor Law, levying the County rate, and, because the Justices had no proper staff in their pay, farming out prisons and workhouses to contractors. This system of delivering prisoners and paupers to the untender mercies of those who traded on their misery was one of which Mr. London disapproved, as well he might, for it led to gross cruelty and injustice.

He had been much impressed by the writings of Mr. John Howard, the philanthropist, who, born the son of an upholsterer, apprenticed to a grocer, and having risen to the position of High Sheriff, had in the course of his duties become acquainted with the interior of the local jail, and much disliked what he found there. So horrified was he, indeed, that from that time until the day of his death, which took place in Russia, where he was buried in state, with six horses draped in red cloth to draw his coffin, he had not ceased to labour for the better treatment of prisoners, who in England, as elsewhere, were starved and exposed to infection from disease, to which many succumbed, while not a few became imbecile or insane from the mental and physical tortures which they suffered.

So powerful at this time were the Justices of the Peace that if of a harsh disposition they might, and sometimes did, commit acts of great cruelty, while even when kindly minded they could scarcely fail to be influenced by the prejudices of their class, and by the fact that men of property and of education, unless of exceptional mental calibre, must always find it difficult to look at life from the point of view of the hungry and the ignorant.

As the months passed, Mrs. London made friends with her neighbours, who hastened to visit her, and whom she received in her handsome gold-and-white saloon, with its Aubusson carpets and crystal chandeliers. These visitors included the great lady of the district, the Marchioness of Connington, a cousin of Mrs. London's maternal grandmother, and tolerant of persons such as John because they provided wealthy husbands for ill-dowered daughters.

Report had it that she and her Marquis would not have refused an alliance with their own Lady Anne, the eldest of

five more or less plain girls, if John London had desired to propose it.

But John, though he had the respect of his class and time for the aristocracy, was a man of sturdy independence, who intended to marry where he loved. Nevertheless, he was by no means averse to the added importance which his wife's relationship with the great family of the neighbourhood procured, and endured a three-days' visit to the Great House, one of a number of palaces inhabited during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by members of an aristocracy then at the height of its power and importance.

M'Lord, in the intervals of falling asleep, which he did often and with surprising suddenness, talked sensibly to the intelligent, dignified young man. M'Lady patronised the young pair quite kindly. An elderly spinster relative, with a long nose and sheep-like face, who, in company with the generality of her kind, honestly believed the aristocracy to be of different flesh and blood from others of less fortunate birth, treated them with chilly civility.

The five daughters of the house were more than delighted to welcome any young and cheerful visitors, even those who were married being better than none. A governess, a tutor and a chaplain completed the party, and behaved as such humble people were expected to behave when in the company of their betters.

The bride's finery greatly interested the young ladies. They admired her turban of white crêpe, her evening hat and muff of white satin, and walking costume of muslin, completed by a fur-trimmed pelisse and velvet shoes; her cambric muslin morning gowns, her evening dresses of plain or silver-spangled book muslin, satin or sarcenet. Muslin, they agreed, was just the thing for dresses in winter or summer, and all save Lady Augusta, who had a talent for a mild, nagging kind of contradiction, approved the verdict of a writer in a popular magazine of the day, who decried cloth as a mannish material unbecoming to females of refinement and sensibility, and leather shoes as "gothic and canailleish." Furs were regarded as "gross," though not for humanitarian reasons.

When out of doors, a pelisse of brightly coloured velvet,

silk, satin or sarcenet, fastened with gold or silver buttons, provided some protection from the weather, but the taste that saw suitability in muslin as a material for winter wear also approved of a Leghorn straw bonnet with blue ribbons and white feathers as suitable for a November day.

Sir Eustace and Lady Lorinder had made a great effort to send their daughter to her rich husband suitably equipped, and one may imagine how beautiful she appeared clad in the graceful high-waisted, low-necked, short-sleeved dress of the period, the extreme simplicity of which was its charm. There is a picture of her in her wedding-gown, painted by an unknown artist, which shows her golden hair gathered into a high-poised knot, from which fall a few ringlets, kept in place by a *bândeau* of silver tissue. Mediocre as the painting is, one does not wonder that her sleepy host keeps awake to look at the lovely young woman as she talks and laughs so sweetly with his group of girls, now and then bending her head to study the stitchery of a piece of patchwork, a popular form of fancy work which Lady Caroline had learned when visiting Lady Milbanke, who was fated to become the mother-in-law of that most unsatisfactory son-in-law, Lord Byron.

It was Lady Milbanke who, after writing a description of her patchwork to her Aunt Mary in London, asked, "Do ladies *à mon âge* cut their hair behind? I long to do it because it would be so comfortable for riding." And Aunt Mary replied, "They are all cut shortish—that is, long enough to curl, hang all blowsy, and stick out a mile behind; but . . . it is not at all particular to have it cut, and as to *à votre âge*, there is no such thing: everybody dresses as girls."

On the day before the Londons' departure one of the sons of the house and his friend, a rowdy young Honourable, arrived from Town, bringing with them the latest scandals. Nevertheless, the domestic atmosphere was not exhilarating, and the bridal pair probably felt as, some few years later, that indefatigable visitor, letter-writer and novelist, the Honourable Emily Eden, felt when visiting Chatsworth: "We go there with the best disposition and wishing to be amused . . . loyal and well affected to the King of the Peak,¹ supported by the knowledge that in the eyes of the

¹ The sixth Duke of Devonshire.

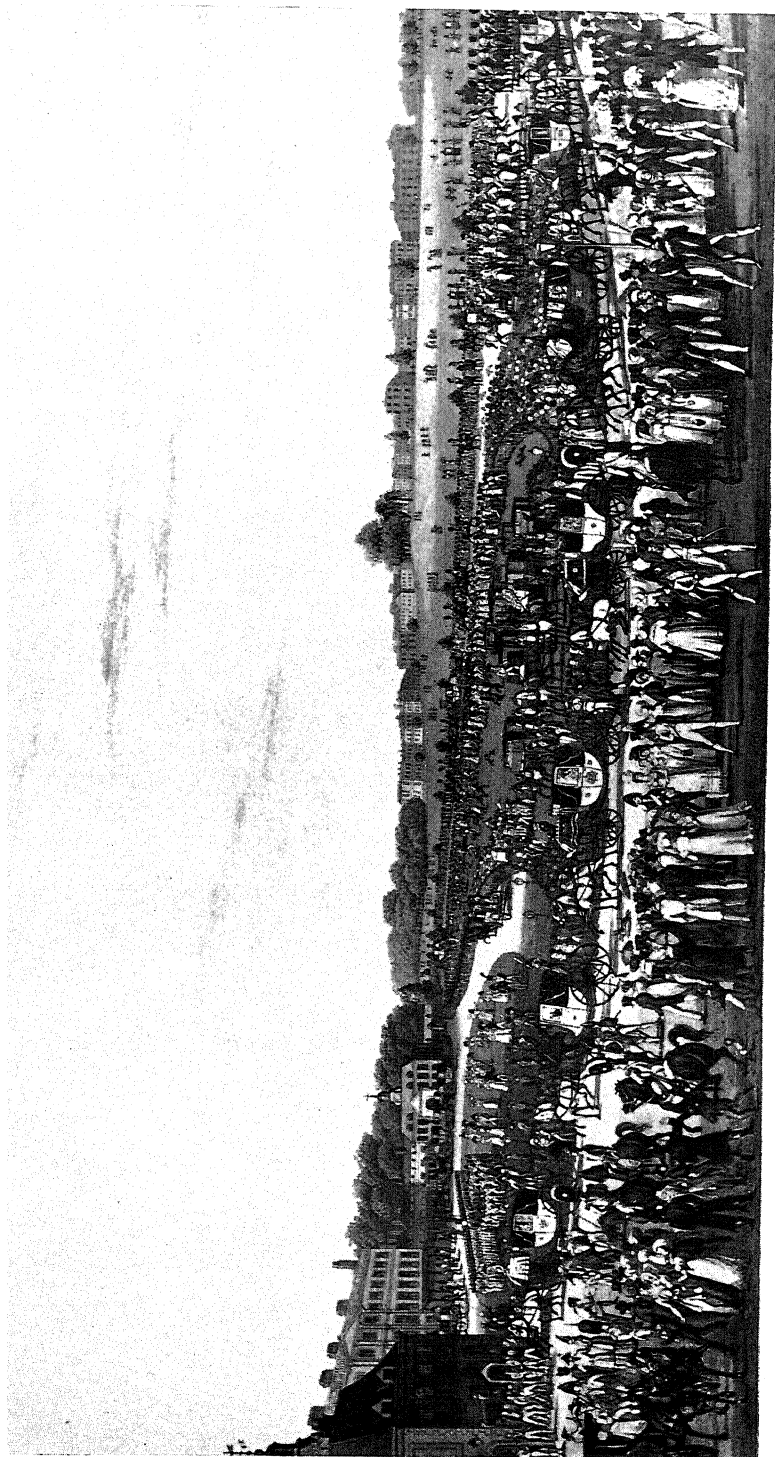
neighbourhood we are covering ourselves with glory by frequenting the *Great House*, but with all these helps . . . I have not yet attained the real Derbyshire feeling which would bring tears of admiration into my eyes whenever the Duke observed that it was a fine day."

Mr. and Mrs. London travelled home as they had come, in their "charyot," as a chariot was then pronounced, changing horses on the way. Less wealthy people when they travelled used the stage-coach, and poor people walked, begging a lift as they could, for by this time the civilisation of the sailing-ship, the riding-horse and the pack-horse had given way to that of the coach, the wagon and the canal, which, in their turn, twenty years later were to make way for the railway and the steamship. In the meantime, the roads, although improved, were still befouled by strings of pack-horses and droves of cattle, sheep and pigs, and between August and October by geese and turkeys—their delicate feet protected by a coating of tar and sand—thousands of which squawked, hissed and gobbled to market, feeding on the stubble-fields through which they passed.

Had a vision of cattle and birds travelling thirty or forty miles an hour by railway, and of sheep whizzing along in three-tier wire-netting-walled motor vehicles been vouchsafed to the farmer of that day, he would indeed have refused to believe his eyes, for to him, as to everyone else, the speed of travel by land was limited to the speed of the horse.

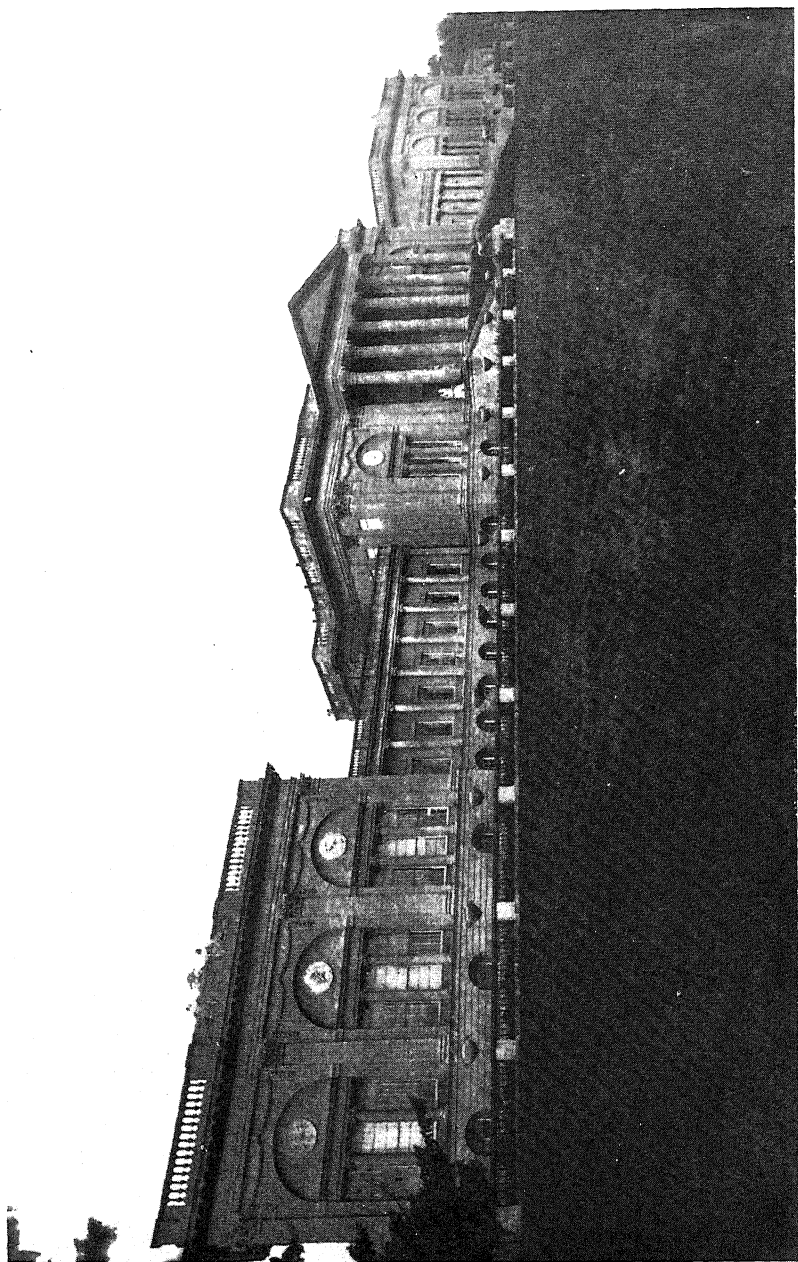
It was after this visit that Emily, looking over some old letters, found one which described how a certain Dorothy London, clad in a claret-coloured Spencer, had ridden pillion with her husband to attend the house-warming of Mr. Peel and his lady at Drayton Manor, Tamworth, where they saw pretty little fair-haired Robert, the future Prime Minister, already dedicated by his proud father to a political career.

Mention of this pillion journey to a visitor let loose a flood of recollections of days not long past, when, during the late autumn and early spring, the females of a family were cut off from all intercourse with their neighbours unless willing and able to ride pillion, which caused Emily to feel that the world had indeed progressed, since she could now travel by coach at a fairly steady eight miles an hour.



THE COMPANY GOING TO AND RETURNING FROM THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM AT OLD BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH A VIEW OF THE GREEN PARK AND
PICCADILLY IN THE DISTANCE (1822).

From a Contemporary Print.



ONE OF THE PALACES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.
STOWE HOUSE, NOW A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

In a letter to her "Dear and Honoured Parents," the bride describes her visit to the Great House—its miles of park, the Italian Garden, the great terrace, the dairy in the Dutch fashion, the aviary filled with Golden Pheasants and other foreign birds, which drink from elegant china receptacles, the grand Groom of the Chambers, the pompous butler, the array of powdered and silk-stockinged footmen, the gold plate, the "pineapples as large as my Papa's head."¹ She describes the daughters of the house as "poor, plain souls, for all their ladyshipness." "It is only Arabella, the youngest and the prettiest, that can hope to have her way with her Mama, though their Papa is amiable to them all, and I would not be certain that if our cousin permits, the Lady Louisa should not marry the Chaplain, a man of some presence and of respectable family, for doubtless it is better to marry such than none at all," writes little Emily, repeating the precepts on which she had been reared.²

"The Tutor and the Governess dine apart, and the Chaplain leaves the table before the puddings are served. It does not please Lady Louisa that he shall be treated so. It is an old mode and foolish, she says, but so it has always been, and at the Great House what has been must for ever be. Mr. London and I have a grand apartment, with our own sitting-room, and James, our footman, who is an oafish youth, and muddled by so much grandeur, carries hot water from the kitchen with pantings and puffings, for it is at least a quarter of a mile distant. We dine at 6.30, which is late for us, but early in Grand Society, and start long before that hour to walk from our bedchamber along corridors, down the great stairs, through the round hall, with its marble pillars and floor, to the blue Withdrawing Room, and thence to the Red Room, out of which open the Japan Room and the King's Room, thus called because His Majesty George II did receive company there when lying a night at the Great House

¹ Pineapples were considered a great luxury during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and were grown in the hot-houses of the rich at great cost. They are first mentioned in Evelyn's "Diary." He feasted on pineapple which came from the Bahamas when dining with Charles II.

² "Oh, Fan," wrote Mr. Samuel Crisp, the playwright, to Fanny Burney—his Fannikin, as he often called her—not so many years earlier, "this is not a marrying age without a handsome fortune."

in the former Lord's day, and so, when all are collected, to the Dining Hall. 'Tis no small wonder,' says my spouse, 'that they are a thin family, being obliged to walk so far for their meat.' I am pleased to acquaint you that Mr. London won much praise for the neatness of his carving, but it was a nervous moment for me when required to help a grand sweet dish all cream and merangle.

"The life which this grand family lead is not too amusing. There is little society of their own order for the young ladies within visiting distance, and My Lord and My Lady do not care for too much Company in the house. My Lady has her Orphanage, in which the little girls wear a neat and modest uniform and curtsy this way, that way and every way to everything that is curtsyable, and the young ladies give Scripture lessons and teach the reading of the Holy Word, but writing they do not teach, it being thought likely to unsettle the minds of the lower orders.

"The young ladies also instruct a Sunday class of boys, who come in their clogs and smocks, pulling a forelock and gaping at all they see. For my part I long to give these children a good feast, for it is certain they need it, the times being very hard for the Poor.

"On Sunday we attended the Church, for it is only the weekday morning prayers which are read in the Chapel by the Chaplain. Oh! such a procession. My Lord, My Lady, the Guests, the Young Ladies, the Governess, the Tutor, My Lady's woman with shawl and *vinaigrette*, Footmen carrying the Prayer-books and My Lord in a terrible fuss, having fallen into a slumber when he should have been getting him ready. But since the service would not be begun without the Quality, it mattered little. The old women, as they do with us, bring a book of Prayer or a Bible, which none but a few can read, wrapped in a clean handkerchief, and carry a posy of sweet herbs or flowers. They sit on the benches on the one side, and the men, in their smocks, with their beaver hats and leggings, on the other, the children—poor, sweet lambs—on benches at the back, from which one little lad fell with a clatter, being overcome by sleep during the wearisome discourse of the pastor. All the young men are put to sit in the gallery, for fear that they should distract

the attention of the maids. So, you see, it is much the same here as at home. [Emily still speaks of her father's house as 'home.'] No person would think it mannerly to leave the church until the Great House procession has passed out, and as my Lord and my Lady walk arm in arm down the aisle there is a deal of curtsyng, bowing and lock-pulling, and at the lych gate an all but Royal reception. Happy are those to whom attention is paid, and crestfallen those who receive no notice. My Lord is well liked, for he has a good word and a joke for all. Then My Lady enters her great yellow charyot, and those who do not wish to walk go with her, and my Lord and the others walk like the common sort. After which there is a great gazing at the horses in the stables, the hounds in the kennels, the fruit in the glass-houses and the birds in the aviary. Then we are refreshed with a cold collation, and for the rest we read our good books, talk a while, sleep a while, and walk a while on the great terrace. After dinner it is the same but for sleeping and walking, for 'to needle and threedle,' as our Georgiana puts it, or to play at cards is not permitted, though I am told that in many great houses the Sabbath is above all the day for card-playing. . . ."

Emily mentions in this letter that her woman, Hannah, has become "saucy and nonsensical," the girl's head being turned by the splendours of the Great House. "I have bid her behave or leave me, telling her there are plenty better to be had. Yet I like the chit, and think she will not go." And neither did she go, except to marry a gamekeeper, and in the course of a year become a widow, because her husband was killed in a poaching affray, when she returned to Conisbrowth to serve Mrs. London until the day of her death, the trusted friend of three generations.

CHAPTER II

King George III—My Lords and Peacocks—A small plain girl with a wide mouth—A million pounds worth of diamonds—"I don't like that. What? What?"—The Princes go too far—A drunken rout—An after-dinner walk at Windsor—"Unthinking, idle, wild and young"—Lord Nelson—Lady Hamilton—"Maggots like calf's-foot jelly or blomonge"—On board a man of war—"If any shall be heard to swear, curse or blaspheme"—"A cripplegaited, one-eyed, one-armed little naval critter"—"He had a mask like Castlereagh"—"A dull woman who wore two suits of flannel"—"O, G., what shall I dow?"—Horatia gives the just, if chilly verdict.

THE gossip recounted at the Great House by the two young gentlemen from London is passed on to humbler acquaintances at Conisbrowth.

There are rumours of strange behaviour on the part of His Majesty George III, who it is known has more than once been mad. Someone tells how when, early in their married life, their Majesties were driving in Windsor Park, the King stopped the carriage and, approaching a great oak tree, bowed low and took off his hat; then, with much cordiality, shook one of the branches. The Queen, terribly alarmed, begged to know who it was that he thought to welcome, and was informed that it was the King of Prussia.

They say, too, that at the opening of Parliament, when the ladies wear the regulation Prince of Wales' feathers half a yard or more high, which make a great waving and nodding, His Majesty addressed himself to "My Lords and Peacocks."

One cannot but grieve for the poor afflicted man, for he realised the fate that menaced him, and cried to his God to send him death rather than madness, and cried in vain.

But, mad or sane, the King and Queen are respected by the people, though despised by the aristocracy, who dislike their homely, miserly ways. Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress, to whom it was said that George had actually been married ("I don't know who has ever seen the register," wrote Thackeray), and that black-haired beauty, Lady Sarah

Lennox, whom he loved, and with whom he used to make hay on the lawn of Holland House, are forgotten, and the King has long been wed to homely Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a small plain girl with a wide mouth, who, when ordered to become Queen of England, had never yet "dined at table."

Told by her mother and brother that an Ambassador from the King of England had arrived, and that she should dine with them, the seventeen-year-old Princess was delighted, and asked her mother if she should put on her blue tabby and her jewellery. "You have none," said her mother crushingly. It was perhaps because she lacked jewellery then that, when an old woman, she died, sitting in her chair, the greater part of her personal property consisted of jewels. Her diamonds alone were valued at almost a million pounds, but, thrifty to the last, old dresses and little trinkets which she had hoarded she willed back to the senior branch of her House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

One of her detestable sons, the Duke of Clarence, gave a splendid ball some ten days after his mother's death, while yet she lay unburied. However, when at last she was buried, it was in great state, and the Regent, as chief mourner, wore a long black cloak "of great amplitude of folds," on his left breast a star of brilliants, and round his neck four collars of knighthood. It was well that the cloak was ample, for by that time "Prinny's belly," as Mr. George Greville put it, needed a considerable quantity of material wherewith to drape its grotesque outline.

But to return to the little lady as she was then, the prospective bride of England's King. Dressed in her blue tabby, and wearing her little trinkets, she went downstairs, and was promptly married by proxy and sent off to her new home in a vessel called the "Charlotte," in which was a harpsichord. On this she played, singing dreary Calvinistic hymns meantime. At her wedding she was attended by the daughters of six dukes, and her train was carried by the daughters of six earls, and when she held her first Drawing-Room she was ridiculed by the fine ladies who attended it for a face which was all mouth and for her sudden little ducks of curtsys.

After that burst of splendour, child-birth (she had fifteen

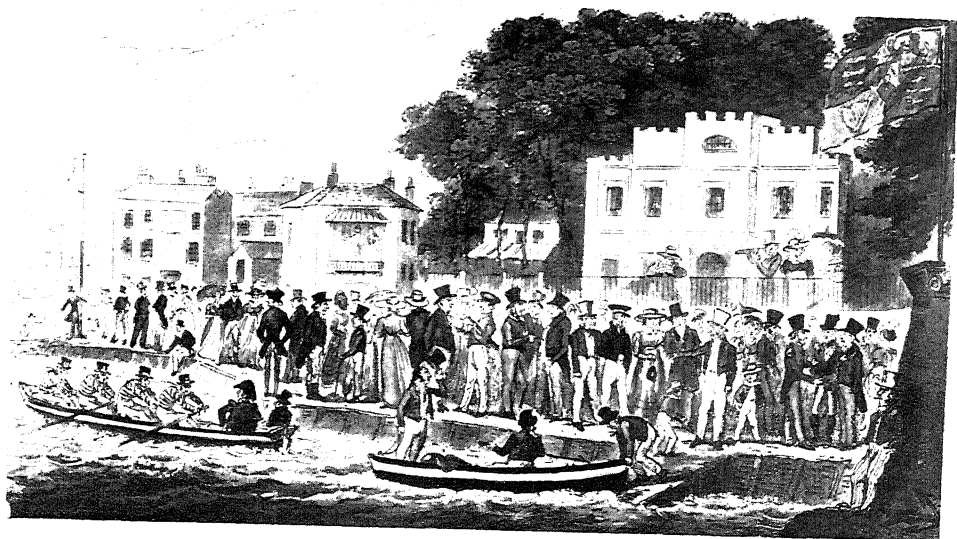
children), economy and dullness, varied by troubles and worries, were the order of her days. By the time that their Royal affairs are discussed at Conisbrowth, the Royal pair have long lived simply at Windsor, or in the red-brick Queen's House which later was rebuilt and became Buckingham Palace.

The King is devoted to music, particularly church music; he laughs, "Ha, ha, ha," at pantomimes; studies the Army List; is pernickety about Court etiquette and routine ("I don't like that. I don't like that. What? What?"); quarrels with his aristocracy, those cultured, insolent, loose-living men, those exquisite women whose portraits by Romney, Reynolds, Raeburn, Hoppner and Lawrence delight us to-day; makes war with America; refuses justice to the Roman Catholics and, mad or sane, never knows when he is beaten. He is "Farmer George," whose favourite dish is roast mutton with suet pudding, honest, slow, obstinate, and in his private life simple and affectionate as any of his humble subjects.

Everyone has something to say of the King, and of prim, stiff, snuff-taking Queen Charlotte, and their large family, but nothing very good of the Princes, with their mad spirits, their coarse, loud talk. Lax conduct is not ill looked upon: it is thought that young men in any rank of life must sow their wild oats, drink, gamble and live loosely, but the young Princes go too far. The Prince of Wales is a notorious evil-liver; he has loved and deserted the lovely actress "Perdita,"¹ has married, deserted and basely repudiated Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom he allows £750 a quarter, paid through Coutts Bank, has taken and left innumerable mistresses and lights o' love, and has made life in his grotesque pavilion at Brighton a by-word. His quarrels with his wife are the scandal of the civilised world, his debts and his collection of waistcoats prodigious. He has sensibility, ready flowing tears, but little pity, it would seem, for man or beast.

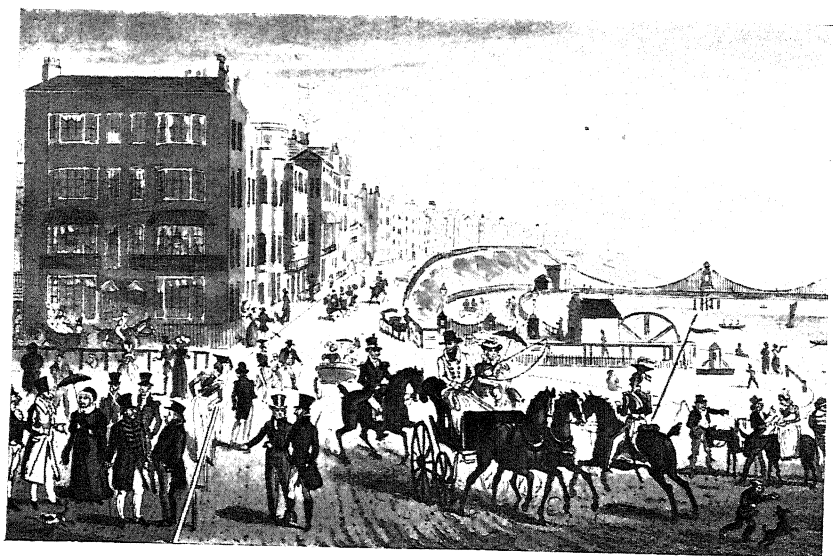
In his youth, when at a drunken rout at Lord Chesterfield's, it is suggested that there shall be a man-and-beast fight. The host keeps a fierce bulldog, and one of the ruffians present declares he will tear the animal's tongue from its roots. The Prince and his friends are delighted. The dog is let loose; escaping from his tormentors, the poor brute

¹ Mrs. Mary Robinson, who had been educated by Hannah More.



COWES : THE PROMENADE DURING REGATTA-TIME (1825).

By Robert Cruikshank.



BRIGHTON : A VIEW OF THE STEYNE IN 1825.

By Robert Cruikshank.



THE OLD BROMPTON ROAD IN 1822.

By G. Scharf.

in his agony rushes at William Windham and bites him, then at a servant, whose leg he tears. After this entertainment Lord Chesterfield attempts to escort his Royal guest to the door, but so drunk is the descendant of the polite letter-writer that he falls headlong down the stairs. Such is the first gentleman of Europe, such are his associates. There are six other Princes living, the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex and Cambridge, and it is the Duke of York that his father loves best. Miss Fanny Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man when staying at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have his darling son with him. The King's house was not big enough to hold the Prince and his suite, so his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick could be near him. He clung to his arm all the time of his visit; talked to none else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The Prince so long expected stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said.¹

As for the Prince of Wales, he went out of his way to annoy and to insult his father. It is no wonder, perhaps, that on one occasion when the King's reason left him it was the Prince of Wales whom he tried to strangle.

Of his daughters, it was the youngest, Princess Amelia, who was his heart's delight. "The little maiden prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father is a sweet image to look on," Fanny Burney tells us, and describes an after-dinner walk at Windsor.

The little Princess, just turned three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close-cap, white gloves and fan, walks alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passes. All the "terracer" stand against the walls to make a clear passage for the Royal Family. The King and Queen follow, delighted with the joy of their little darling. Then come the Princess Royal, leaning on Elizabeth, Lady Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta, holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth, led by Lady Charlotte

¹ "The dullness of the King's Court stupified York and the other big sons. Of little comfort indeed were the King's sons to the King." "The Four Georges," Thackeray.

Bertie. ("La ! the little loves," exclaim the ladies gathered in Mrs. London's saloon.)

Amelia was fated to die young, though not before she had written these pretty, plaintive lines :—

Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung :
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain ;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.

Before she was dead there had to be watchers set over her poor demented father, the King. But these events were yet to come, and in the meantime there is plenty to be said about the Queen, that stiff, narrow-minded, undaunted woman, with her poor mad husband, who yet is His Majesty the King, and must be treated as such, and her turbulent sons and pretty-mannered daughters, and the troubles which beset Royalty, in addition to those which beset mere human beings, and which she bears so unflinchingly.

At Christmas, the Squire's brothers, George and Jeremy, arrive at Conisbrowth, and the son and heir is christened, for although religion is not yet as fashionable as it is to become, we must be christened, married and buried by the Church.

Mrs. London's mother, Lady Lorinder, is still unwell, and the weather and the roads are so shocking that it is impossible for any of the young ladies her sisters to venture on the journey from Hampshire to Yorkshire, but to make up for this a great family gathering is planned for June, on the occasion of Emily's next birthday.

George and Jeremy have much to tell. The Battle of Trafalgar, the death of Nelson, the affairs of Emma, Lady Hamilton, are still the chief subjects of conversation, and old Admiral Burt, fat, clean-shaven, bald-headed, with his gay school-boy chuckle, and his large lady, who live in a little

house across the Park, and Captain James, their guest, a warcrippled, half-pay naval captain, are bidden to dine, for they have known the great Nelson, and are agog to hear the latest gossip.

The party sit long over their dinner in the stately dining parlour, with its great mahogany sideboard, on which stand the elegant, urn-shaped knife-boxes, and beneath it the zinc-lined mahogany wine-cooler. Against the parchment-coloured, panelled and painted walls are hung portraits by Raeburn, Beechey and Allan Ramsay, of John, his father, his mother, and now, in the place of honour, and painted by Lawrence, that of Emily, in all her innocent, smiling loveliness, her thoughtful dark eyes looking out from under the shade of a rustic hat tied with a blue ribbon. During dinner the talk is of Nelson. The Admiral remembers him as a midshipman, a little bit of a boy of ten. "They took them even younger, some of them; and I don't know as it hurt 'em, for proper little devils they were," he chuckles. (Nelson's uncle, Captain Suckling apparently thought otherwise. "What has poor little Horatio done, who is so weak, that above all the rest he should be sent to rough it at sea?" he demanded, when asked to take Nelson as a midshipman.) Large Mrs. Burt heaves with indignation, and tells of a little lad not yet eleven, son of a friend of her own, who, when writing to his mother, says that they eat biscuit which makes their throats feel cold, owing to the maggots in it, "like calf's-foot jelly or blomonge."

There are maggots and weevils in the water, which is quite dark in colour, like wine, "Is that food and drink fit for Christian youths?" she demands. "Well, well, my dear," says the Admiral pacifically, and chuckling recalls how he and other boys found amusement in betting which piece of biscuit would walk away the quickest. The salt beef which they ate had been years in cask, and someone, he'd forgotten who, had a snuff-box made out of salt beef and French polished!

Perhaps it was this roughing it which made Horatio Nelson so small and frail, which gave him "his slender body and pain-sharpened face."

The scanty height between the decks of the ships of Nelson's time made light, fresh air or comfort almost impossible.

Pellew says that when he commanded the "Pelican" his cabin was so low that when he sat in it his servant could dress his hair from the deck above; Cochrane says that when wanting to shave himself he was accustomed to thrust his head through the skylight of his cabin and put his shaving

materials on the deck itself. A tall man could not stand upright in Nelson's cabin, and Captain Hardy, who was six feet four, must have spent his time below deck bent double.

The ships resembled floating Black Holes of Calcutta, and if the life of the officers was hard, that of the men was infinitely harder. Yet their morals were not altogether neglected, for the Regulations of George II for the Navy directed that "if any shall be heard to swear, curse or blaspheme the name of God, the Captain is strictly required to punish them for every such offence by causing them to wear a wood collar or some such shameful badge of Distinction for



THE SAILOR IN NELSON'S DAY

such a time as he shall deem Proper." This regulation may or may not have been enforced at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar, but nevertheless sailor men had a reputation for hard swearing.

The same little boy who wrote to his mother about "blomonge" also assured her that he hoped he would not learn to swear, "and by God's assistance I hope I shall not," affirmed the little innocent.

The Admiral tells of the San Juan Expedition, and of the attack on the treasure ships of Santa Cruz when, in the act of landing, Nelson had his right arm shattered, and fell with blood pouring out of the torn artery. The arm was tightly bandaged, and the boat, with Nelson half unconscious lying in it, was pulled back to the ship. When he reached the "Theseus," his flagship, he refused help in climbing over the side. "I have got my legs left," he said, "and one arm." He called for the surgeon to bring his instruments. "I know I must lose my right arm, and the sooner the better." He suffered amputation without a word, and within a few hours was writing a letter with his left hand. He had already almost lost the sight of one eye, to become "a cripple-gaited, one-eyed, one armed little naval critter" and to write, "I have all the diseases there are, but there is not enough in my frame for them to fasten on." Captain James takes up the tale. "Nelson's love for his Captains, 'his band of brothers . . . his children,' as he called them, was intense. Their devotion to him combined the worship of a hero with almost womanly adoration." "But all in the Fleet are so truly kind to me that I should be a wretch not to cheer up," Nelson wrote from Kioge Bay. "Foley has put me under a regimen of milk at four in the morning; Murray has given me lozenges; Hardy is as good as ever, and all have proved their desire to keep my mind easy."

John recalls that he has heard that Nelson was often sea-sick. "When on Channel service off Boulogne, Nelson was wracked with a perpetual cough, driven almost mad with toothache and perpetually sea-sick," says the Admiral. "Dreadfully sea-sick, always tossed about and always sea-sick," Nelson himself wrote.

Poor little hero! so fragile, so small that his blue coat and white breeches, now in the museum at Greenwich, might be mistaken for those of a boy.

He was a deeply religious man, and that perhaps is why he allowed himself to hate the French so bitterly. How could he fight them did he not truly feel that the Lord had called upon him to overthrow "these pests of the human race"? He counted it his duty to obey orders, to honour the King,

to hate all Frenchmen ; yet, in spite of this hatred, he treated his French foes with courtesy and generosity, and, in spite of his religion, he treated his own wife with open disrespect and stole the wife of another man.

When the ladies leave the gentlemen to their wine the talk becomes more free.

There is much to say of Naples and its King and Queen, of Lady Hamilton, "that fat harlot," as Lord Castlereagh so brutally called her, Castlereagh, who was one of the most hated of men, and perhaps one of the most miserable. It was he of whom Shelley wrote :

"I saw murder on the way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh,
Very smooth he was, yet grim ;
Seven bloodhounds followed him."¹

He used that smooth, grim manner to conceal his nervous miseries, but now and then they got the better of him. God knows what the poor man suffered : some of those who knew him best thought that he was terrified of going mad and of committing suicide. In the end existence became so intolerable to the statesman who had so great a hand in the winning of the Napoleonic Wars and who made a peace which lasted for a century, that although his razors were taken away from him, he hacked and tore at his throat with a pen-knife until life left him.

But it was not of that peace which the people thought when they jeered and spat at his coffin as it was hurried into Westminster Abbey ; it was of the introduction of the Six Acts after the Battle of Peterloo, which were framed to prevent the poorer classes from making known their grievances, and of the part which he took in the trial of Queen Caroline.

But we go too fast, for Lord Castlereagh's death did not occur until 1822, and we are still in 1805, and Castlereagh is at the height of his power, buying men for war fodder by the thousand, at the cost of millions, and scattering their corpses throughout Europe.

¹ "The Mask of Anarchy," by Percy Bysshe Shelley, written on the occasion of the massacre at Manchester, which came to be known as the Battle of Peterloo (1819). See page 113.

Nelson complained, recalls Captain James, that Naples was "full of fiddlers and goats, whores and scoundrels," and Emma wrote that "fleas and lice there is in millions." But here it is that Nelson meets the woman in whom, by the alchemy of passion, he finds "his dear love, his inspiration." It is the educated, polished edition of Emma, product of teachers and of the training of Greville and Hamilton, the friend of the King and Queen of Naples and of other great personages with whom Nelson falls in love.

Captain James has seen her, bending her graceful form over her superb harp on the "Foudroyant's" quarter-deck, where each day after dinner she sang the praises of Nelson, at which the hero, that "little man, far from handsome, with no dignity and a shock head," as Sir William Hamilton described him, blushed like a fair maiden listening to the first compliments paid to her beauty.

But if some speak of Lady Hamilton as the Queen of the Navy, others say that the officers of the English Fleet were mortified and disgusted at their hero's conduct, and while some write of Emma's exquisite "attitudes" and her adorable voice, others smirk at the cruel caricatures which are published of the "attitudes," and refer to her singing as her squallings and her screamings.

The two ladies sitting in the Chinese Drawing Room also talk of Lady Hamilton, and Emily, as a married woman, hears much which would not have been thought befitting for her maiden ears.

Gossip has it that Emma's name was Lyon, that she drove donkeys laden with coal, became a servant, followed her mother to London, where both changed their names, the mother becoming Cadogan, the girl Hart. Heaven knows what Emma may have done then; they say this, they say that, but certainly she became the mistress of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, "and a pretty life she led, my dear," says the Admiral's lady. "Fast men and dissolute women, cards, drinking, horse-riding, and when sixteen-year-old Emma is about to have a child, she is turned off with scarce enough money to find her way to her grandmother's home at Hawarden. 'Tis thought that perhaps the child was not Sir Harry's, but that of the Honourable George Greville,"

explains Mrs. Burt. Sir Harry . . . Greville, her dear G. . . . Sir William Hamilton. . . . Nelson. . . . Respectable Mrs. Burt, in her made-over gown, living in elegant economy in her little house with Betty and James, maid and man of all work, continues to recount the splendours of this wicked woman's life, "and Lady Nelson, Mrs. Nisbet that was, a dull woman who wore two suits of flannel, and was always taken up with her own and other people's ailments, but still Lady Nelson, and yet nowhere, and that great flaunting creature, driving about and bowing as if she were the Queen."

That night, when Mrs. Burt, in shawl and pattens, guided by husband and guest, each carrying a lantern, had returned to her home, Emily, surrounded by all that love and wealth can secure, her baby at her breast, thought much of that other mother and that other child, and wondered what she under the same circumstances might have become. This knowledge of Emma's life, coming at a time when recent physical suffering, the birth of her first child, and the dawning of a great love for her husband, had softened and deepened an already fine character, woke in Emily a horror of injustice, of harshness, a great pity for all suffering. Her gentle spirit grieved for the poor girl, for her unwanted child. We who know more than Emily and Mrs. Burt then knew, who have read Emma's letters and studied her life, may also think with pity of the beautiful girl, and of others equally hapless.

As Mrs. Burt had suggested, it is possible that Sir Harry had some reason to think that Emma had been unfaithful to him with George Greville, that money-grasping, chilly bore, whom Emma was to love as she never loved another, and of whom the best that can be said is that he received her, and later provided for her child until it suited him to transfer the cost of its keep, along with that of the mother, to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton.

One would need to have a hard heart to be unmoved by Emma's letters. "Believe me I am almost distrackted. I have never heard from Sir H. . . . What shall I dow, good God what shall I dow? I have wrote 7 letters and no answer. I cant come to town for want of mony, I have not a farthing to bless myself with and I think my frends look cooly on me,

I think so. O, G. what shall I dow, what shall I dow? . . . O, G. that I was in your possession as I was in Sir H. What a happy girl would I have been, girl indeed, or what else am I but a girl in distress, in reall distress, for God's sake write the minet you get this and only tell me what I am to dow, direct some whay. . . ."

"G" and his Emma set up housekeeping in a small house in what was then a suburb of London, Edgeware Row, Paddington Green. There Emma settles down to a life of dullness and poverty, "A mistress without wages, a wife without rewards."

She is not allowed to keep her child, but that she could have loved little Emma seems likely. When staying at Parkgate for sea-bathing, she is permitted to have the little girl with her, that "great romp" who has overgrown all her "cloathes." "I am making and mending all as I can for her," she writes. "What shall we do with her, Greville; she is as wild and thoughtless as somebody when she was a little girl."—The wild and thoughtless one is two and a half years old—"I think if the time wd come over again I wd be different. . . ." She asks that she may bring her baby back with her, but her petition is refused peremptorily—angrily. Greville is already planning to part from her.

Emma went to Greville for protection from a world she had found too hard; she stayed to become a gentle girl, tamed by her devotion to her master, and in the end was sold by that master as any other man might have sold a horse or a dog.

Sir William Hamilton must not marry again, his property must be secured to his nephew. What does it matter that Emma's heart shall ache? She was to find Sir William Hamilton a doting admirer, but could she be blamed that she never loved the man who had bought her? Was it not wonderful that she should have treated him as kindly as she did, even if in the end she betrayed him for Lord Nelson? Nelson, the hero, about whom the world went mad, Nelson who found in Emma romance and all the joys of human affection, the lovely woman to whom, when she had borne him a daughter, he wrote, "I love, I never did love anyone else. I never had a dear pledge of love until you gave me one,

and you, thank my God, never gave one to anybody else." What were the thoughts of Emma when she read those words? Did they fly back to the "great romp" who had "overgrown all her cloathes"?

On the 21st of October, before the battle in which he lost his life, Nelson wrote his famous prayer:—

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His Blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."¹

But the one thing that in the codicil of his Will he asked of his King and country—which was to care for Emma and their child—the King and country did not do. Sir William Hamilton dead, George Greville dead, Mrs. Cadogan dead, Emma, middle-aged, blowsy, drunken, a fugitive from her creditors, lived on in France, to die but a few months before the Battle of Waterloo ended those wars in which her lover had played so magnificent a part.

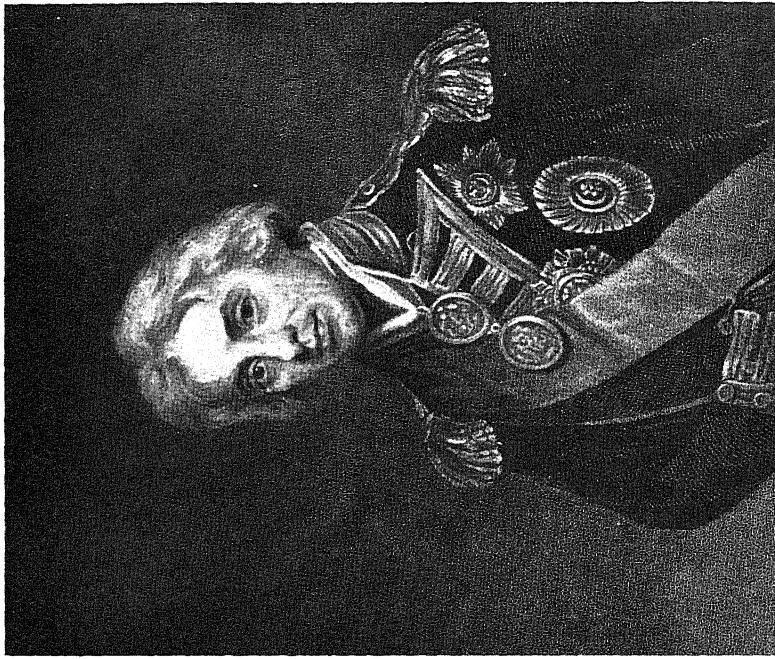
Bad woman? Good woman? Her child by Lord Nelson, Horatia, gives the just, if chilly verdict: "With all Lady Hamilton's faults—and she had many—she had fine qualities which, had she been placed early in better hands and in different circumstances, would have made her a superior woman."

¹ When the Battle of Trafalgar was fought, the name was pronounced *Trafalgar*. Later, because of the shifting of the accent by S. J. Arnold in his song "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay" (which made a great success in an opera named "The American," by John Brahan), it was more generally so pronounced.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

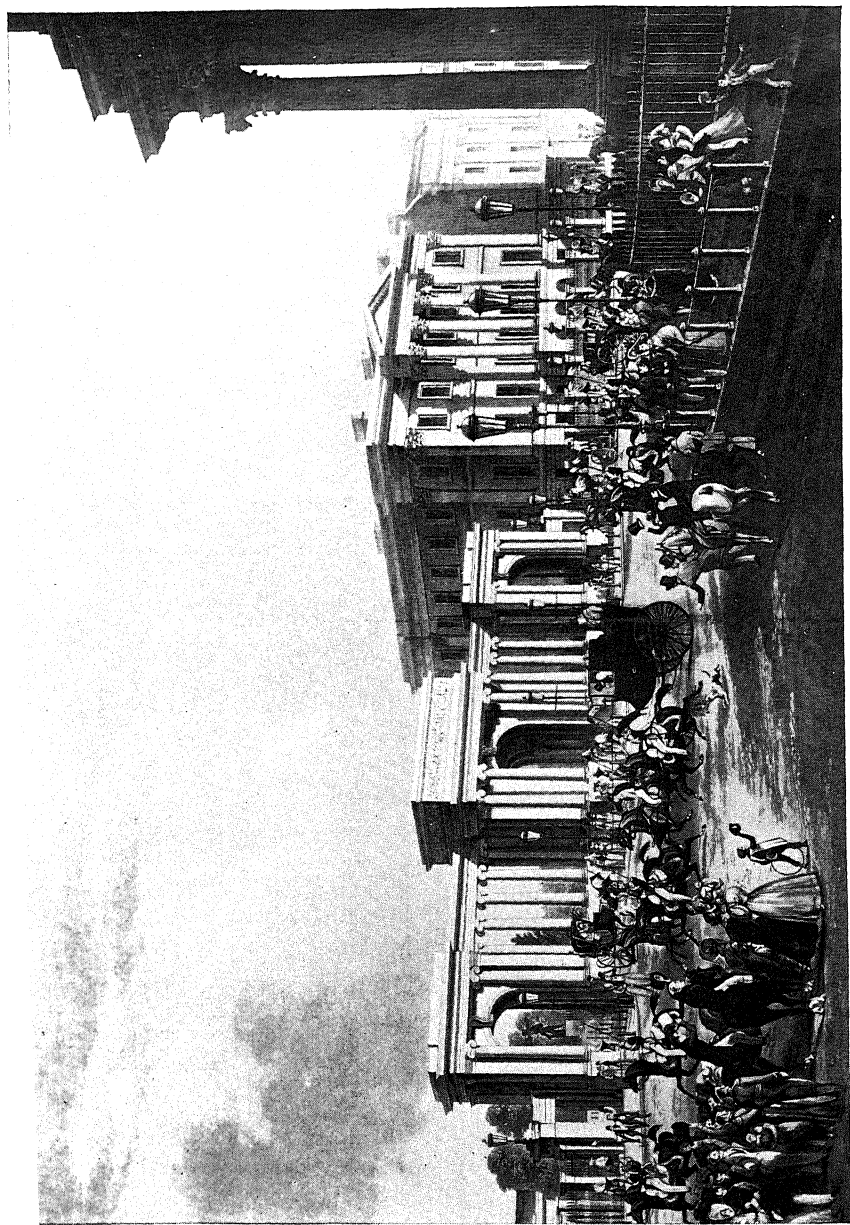
"He said that no woman had ever loved him," also "that education without religion would train up a lot of clever devils."



LORD NELSON.

From an engraving by T. Woolnough after the portrait by Hoppner in His Majesty's Collection at St. James's.

"What has poor little Horatio done, who is so weak, that above all the rest he should be sent to rough it at sea?" asked his uncle, Captain Suckling.



THE GRAND WESTERN ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK.
Decimus Burton's New Archway (1831). On the right is Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington.
By H. Brooks.

CHAPTER III

Up the middle and down again—"A man will love his country better for a pig"
—How the Byrons treated "the poor"—Throwing mutton-chops out of windows—Emily's cookery book—"The impertinent affectations of opulent upstarts"—Caroline Lamb and the *épergne*—Second-hand pies—The etiquette of the candlestick—"Everyone their own Physician, or Charity made Pleasant"—A trick with a letter—Mr. Wilberforce and Hannah More—"It is little I presume to teach"—The female pen—"The King said, Lancaster . . ."—Writing with their fingers to save expense.

OWING to the serious illness of Lady Lorinder, Emily's first Christmas at Conisbrowth was spent quietly, though the servants decorated the house and their own jollifications took place as usual. These included a Ball, opened by the Squire and Mrs. Lodd, the housekeeper, and Mrs. London and Johnstone, the butler, while George partnered Hannah, Mrs. London's woman (by this time again restored to a proper appreciation of her position), and Jeremy, the fat motherly cook, who, in spite of her fifteen stone, and shaking like one of her own jellies, bounded up the middle and down again with joyful agility.

These duty dances over, the two young men were free to seek partners among the maids, demure, charming, in clean cotton dresses and gay cap ribbons, white stockings and stout black shoes. In those days a silk or even a stuff dress was quite out of the reach of under-servants, whose wages might be for beginners as little as £2 or £3 a year. Only the housekeeper, Madam's woman,¹ and the head nurse could aspire to such grandeur.

Before this festivity, Emily, writing to her invalid mother for guidance as to the arrangement of the dance, is sagely advised to consult Johnstone and Mrs. Lodd. "Do as has been done before, for so you are more likely to please. At my home," Lady Lorinder continues, "there was ever a New

¹ The term "lady's maid" had not then come into fashion.

Year's Ball with fiddlers. Refreshments were handed round on trays, and at midnight there was singing, good wishes to one and all, then supper and speeches, and all ended by one o'clock. My parents did not remain once they had opened the Ball, though my brothers danced on for another half-hour, but they did all return to hear the singing, and my Father to respond to the health of himself and family."

A dinner for the villagers and a treat for the children ended the Conisbrowth festivities. The labourers dined at one table, the women with their babies at another, the children at a third, and were feasted on huge joints of roast beef, vegetables and plum pudding. Beer was poured out in lavish quantity from great watering-pots.

At the harvest treat, so Mrs. Lodd informs her mistress, there is cider, but that, in winter, so she opines, "lies cold on the stomach."

A feast such as this was indeed a treat to people whose diet was as a rule restricted to bread and potatoes. At this time there was great poverty amongst the humbler working people, its causes being the war, a succession of bad harvests, unemployment, and, so some of the cottagers say, the effect of the hated Enclosure Act, which, although perhaps necessary in order to increase production at a time when overseas supplies were limited, undoubtedly made life harder for the cottager than it had been in the days when, if possessed of Common rights, he might graze a cow, a donkey or some geese on the Common.

Arthur Young, the agriculturist, once impatient of objections to enclosure, had by now changed his mind. He admitted that enclosure had destroyed with the property of the poor one of their greatest incentives to industry and self-respect. "A man," he told the landlords, "will love his country better for a pig." "And so I think," said John London, who had a great liking for a good pig, and sufficient imagination to understand that other people might like a pig too.

But most of the landlords and the large farmers cared little if the labourer loved his country better or worse. The labourer should be a labourer, and nothing more, and thus more helpless in the power of his employer, was their opinion.

It was suggested that in looking after a brood of young goslings, a few rotten sheep, a skeleton of a cow or a mangy horse, they lost more than they might have gained on the day's work, and "acquired habits of idleness and dissipation and a dislike to honest labour." Be that as it may, the agricultural labourers were now reduced to such want that only by thieving and poaching and by the receipt of charity could they eke out a livelihood. The country poor were fortunate when the squire and his lady, the parson and his wife were kind-hearted people, such as the Londons and the Milbankes, those same Milbankes at whose home Lady Caroline had learned to make patchwork.

Their daughter Annabella—Lady Byron—describes the treatment of the people on her parents' estate. "Amongst the many interests that engaged the zealous good offices of my parents, I never saw any preferred to the comfort of the labouring poor," she declares. "It then seemed to me as a mere matter of course that the best horse should be sent many miles for the best Doctor to attend on rustics who are usually consigned to the Parish Medical Officer, that the finest claret should be taken out of the cellar to be applied to the exhausted patients in a tenant's house. I did not think that property could be possessed by any other tenure than that of being at the service of those in need. It was all so simple! Yet my Mother put a spirit into it—she did not leave it to servants. She saw that the execution was as good as the intention."

At Conisbrowth a similar good feeling existed, but a custom prevailed (adopted, so John thought, after a visit of its instigators to a Ducal house) which much perturbed his bride. It consisted of throwing mutton-chops out of the dining-room windows at Christmas time to such poor people as were willing, or at least driven by poverty, to pick them up. It was Emily who begged her husband to discontinue the practice, substituting for it some form of relief less wounding to the feelings of respectable persons. "It is treating human beings like dogs, and I cannot endure it," said she. There were plenty of people, however, whose feelings were less fine. Prime Minister Fox had scandalised many of them when he said that "it is not fitting in a free country that the great

body of people should depend on the charity of the rich," whereas Mr. Pitt (white-faced, white-haired, so reduced by gout and treatment that he scarce knew if he were dead or alive, and to die a few months later) thought it gratifying to see "how ready the rich were to bestow their benevolent attentions." Yet even Pitt might not have approved that benevolent attentions should have taken the form of tossing mutton-chops out of windows.

It was fortunate indeed for Emily, intelligent, dowered with a pitying heart, and gradually coming to hold opinions which were in advance of her time, that in marrying, somewhat against her will, the man of her parents' choice, she was to find a husband both just and kind, and also one who, although not of exceptional ability, was possessed of so much sense and good feeling, and of such devotion to his wife, that even when her ideals seemed to him impossible of attainment he regarded them with sympathy and gave such help as he could towards their achievement. After the christening of the heir, which was performed in the saloon by the jolly, fox-hunting, port-drinking Methodist-hating parson, who accepted life as he found it, and was content to leave it little if any better for his share in it, a dinner to twenty-four of the neighbouring gentry was given in honour of the occasion, at which, in spite of high prices, a lavish bill of fare was provided, and served in two gigantic courses. A study of Emily's cookery books shows us that all the sweet dishes needed large quantities of cream and four to eight or even twenty eggs. Orange-flower water was much used, and shavings of hartshorn, the forerunner of isinglass, and of a still later preparation, gelatine, were employed to stiffen jellies and creams.

The soups were extravagant, some of the recipes requiring for a party of twelve a whole leg or knuckle of veal, a neck of mutton or a couple of fowls, while another, marked "From Hamilton Palace," required two grouse for each person, and nine over for a party of twelve.

Great attention was paid to the look of the dishes, and ornamental sugar-work and ices were fashionable. There was no difficulty about procuring ice, for establishments of any importance had their own ice-pits, which were stocked

during the winter, and winter then seldom failed to produce snow and ice in plenty. Dinner in the households of people such as the Londons was timed for five or six o'clock, though fashionable folk dined later.

The guests were expected to arrive about fifteen minutes before the dinner hour. Unpunctuality is spoken of in "The Cook's Oracle" as "the impertinent affectations of opulent upstarts and commercial mushrooms—the newly rich of the Napoleonic wars." "The Cook's Oracle," written by Dr. Kitchiner, was the book of a man of many parts—doctor, cook, writer and man of means. His cookery book was one of the best ever written, and the copy which Emily possessed was given to her by a spinster cousin and notable housewife. But Dr. Kitchiner did not write only of food: astronomy, telescopes, spectacles, and music were subjects for his pen, and he became known for the Committee of Taste which he formed and for his Tuesday evening *conversazioni*. But, for all his knowledge of diet, he died when scarcely fifty years of age.

When giving dinners in the country, a night was chosen when the moon was full, as otherwise the guests might have found themselves in the ditch; they brought their own footmen, and all servants waiting at table wore white cotton gloves.

In spite of the fact that the gentlemen carved the dishes placed in front of them, a large number of servants was needed to serve these lavish feasts, and the waiting was often bad, the servants colliding with one another as they dodged about offering dishes first to the ladies and then to the gentlemen, instead of proceeding straight round the table, as advised by that authority, Hayward, in his "Art of Dining."

"Our dinner-table looked vastly handsome," writes Mrs. London to her favourite sister Alicia; "it was decorated with the two grand *épergnes*, which you remember were the wedding gift of Sir Robert¹ and Lady Peel, filled with flowers after the fashion set by the Prince of Wales, and lighted by

¹ Mr. Robert Peel, of Drayton Manor, Tamworth, the rich cotton-spinner, gave £10,000 to the Government and raised a Corps of Volunteers at his own expense on the outbreak of the Napoleonic war. In recognition of his services Pitt made him a baronet in 1800. He was the father of the great statesman.

candles in silver candelabra, though if that be spelled aright I do not know. And *épergnes* remind me that Lady Louisa, now permitted to engage herself to the Chaplain, whose name, Lissie dear, is Josephus Trimmer (and it is the name he surely would have!), writes me that news, and also—and this is where *épergnes* come in—that Lady Caroline Lamb, who is a strange girl lately married to Mr. William Lamb, son of Lord and Lady Melbourne, all but gave the butler an apoplexy by leaping suddenly on to the middle of the dinner-table, so that she might show him how it was that she wished the *épergne* arranged.

“The sauce-boats and cruets are all of silver, as, too, are the wine-coasters, much costly plate having been purchased by Mr. London’s father,¹ including a grand tea equipage. It is the fashion here that the tea-table shall be brought in at nine-thirty o’clock, instead of at nine, as at home, which I think is the better hour, and that hour in future it shall be. I ordered the white Lemon Cream in our Mother’s ‘Sarah’ book,² which I always did love at home, but somehow I do not think it tasted quite the same.”

The fashion for table flowers, as Emily notes, was introduced by the Prince of Wales, who liked to dine elaborately and, when Regent, astonished his friends at Carlton House by seating them at a table so constructed that whilst regaling themselves on the most delicate examples of culinary art, they looked upon a purling rivulet populous with gold-fish and banked with moss and flowers.

Carême, who wrote “*Maître d’Hôtel Français*,” became *chef* to the Regent at a salary of £1000, but left him at the end of a few months, and it was said that while he was at Carlton House immense prices were given by aldermen for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent’s table.

“Our darling babe,” Emily continues, “was the veriest cherub, smiling and cooing at all, and wore the cap which

¹ Ladies then and for many years to come often referred to their husbands as Mr. So-and-so. Miss Coke, daughter of the famous agriculturist, Coke of Norfolk, writes to her betrothed (sometimes in French and sometimes in Italian, the learned girl!), and declares that she shall always call him Mr. Stanhope, to express the respect she feels for him.

² See page 34.

dear Grandmama so kindly sent. Oh! my dearest Lissie, how I did wish that you and our Mama had been with me to keep me in countenance and witness my joy. My husband adores me, and now I have come to love him, for if he is not like those heroes we used to plan that we would marry, he is better. And there is one thing he does not do, of which I am glad: he does not, like so many gentlemen, drink too much wine after dinner. Do you remember, Lissie, how we used to climb from the drawing-room window and run round the back way to bed rather than come across old Colonel Trumpington when he had drunk too much port?"

The day after the christening dinner the two young men departed, George to Town and Jeremy to rejoin his regiment at York, and the family again settled down to the usual avocations of well-to-do squiredom.

Mr. London attended to his business and his pleasures; Mrs. London directed her household and played with her baby, about whose future she thought much as she sat over her tambour frame or the album in which she was making copies in water-colours of prints of wild flowers. She also visited, and received the morning visits then fashionable.

This morning visiting must have been a sad waste of daylight, for when this failed there was no illuminant more powerful for house lighting than that obtained from candles of beeswax or tallow, and from Colza-oil lamps, which needed to be wound up from time to time as the oil sank, made a tiresome glug-glugging noise, and smelled too rank to be acceptable to delicate noses.

The paraffin-wax candle¹ and the Moderator lamp did not make their appearance until Emily was an old lady, and thankful she was for them when her eyesight was failing, though the paraffin lamp was considered to be a dangerous innovation, and many people refused to have one in their houses. The candle-mould, candle-sticks, snuffers—very necessary before the twisted wick which did not need snuffing was invented—and extinguishers were part of the domestic outfit, and John, when using the snuffers, told Emily more than once how, in his father's day, when whist was much played,

¹ Paraffin-wax candles and the paraffin lamp we owe to James Young, of Alfreton.

a famous tavern bully nicknamed the Tyger, when playing with a foreign Count whom he noticed cheating, took up the pointed candle-snuffers and with them pinned the Count's hand to the table, saying, "I will beg your pardon if the ace of spades is not under your hand," which was where it proved to be. Whist, so John said, had begun in the servants' hall, being a favourite game of gentlemen's gentlemen, and had ended by being a favourite game of gentlemen, and ladies, too, for that matter.

Candles and soap were both made at home, moulded candles for superior purposes, and tallow dips for the servants and the poor. The cost of candles was so great that often the poor people could not afford them, and sat in the dark during the long winter evenings. So superior were moulded candles to dips that an old Irish woman transplanted from her native home to Conisbrowth village prayed for the "Lovely Madam," as she came to be called, "May every hair of your head be a mould candle to light you to glory," evidently feeling that no dip could be good enough for that purpose.

In Mrs. London's Household Book there is a recipe for soap given to her by kind Mrs. Burt, together with two remedies against snake-bite, which, from the frequency with which such remedies appear in old cookery books, seems to have been an often-present danger. "The Housekeeper's Pocket-Book and Compleat Family Cook," by Mrs. Sarah Harrison of Devonshire, published in the late seventeenth-hundreds, and brought by Emily from her own home, and, to judge by its appearance, much used, gives numerous prescriptions for the cure of diseases under the heading

EVERYONE THEIR OWN PHYSICIAN
OR
CHARITY MADE PLEASANT
BY
RELIEVING YOUR OWN FAMILY OR POOR NEIGHBOURING PEOPLE
BY
CHEAP, EASY AND SAFE REMEDIES.

"For a consumption take twenty snails" and various other ingredients, advised Mrs. Sarah. An infallible cure for a

T H E
House-Keeper's Pocket-Book,
 And Compleat
FAMILY COOK:

CONTAINING
 Above TWELVE HUNDRED Curious
 and Uncommon RECEIPTS in
 COOKERY, | PRESERVING, | CANDYING,
 PASTRY, | PICKLING, | COLLARING, &c.

W I T H

Plain and easy Instructions for Preparing and Dressing every Thing suitable for an Elegant Entertainment. from Two Dishes to Five or Ten. &c. and Directions for ranging them in their proper Order.

Also a copious and useful Bill of Fare, of all manner of Provisions in Season, for every Month in the Year; so that no Person need be at a Loss to provide an agreeable Variety, at a moderate Expence.

Together with Directions for making all Sorts of Wine, Mead, Cyder, Shrub, &c. and Distilling Strong-Waters, &c. after the most approved Methods: For Brewing Ale and Small-Beer in a cleanly, frugal Manner: And for Managing and Breeding Poultry to Advantage.

Likewise several useful Family Receipts for taking out Stains, preserving Furniture, cleaning Plate, taking Iron-moulds out of Linen, &c.

As also easy Tables, of Sums ready cast up, from one Farthing to one Pound, for the Use of those not conversant in Arithmetic: And Tables shewing the Interest of Money from 3, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4, and 5 per Cent. from one Day to a Year.

The Whole is so contrived as to contain as much as any Book of double the Price; and the Excellency of the Receipts renders it the most useful Book of the Kind.

By Mrs. *SARAH HARRISON*, of *Devonshire*.

The EIGHTH EDITION, revised and corrected.

To which are now added several modern Receipts, by very good Judges of the separate Articles, particularly to dress Turtle, &c.

Also, *Every one their own Physician*: A Collection of the most approved Receipts for the Cure of most Disorders incident to Human Bodies. Carefully compiled by *MARY MORRIS*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. and R. WARE, at the *Bible and Sun* on *Ludgate-Hill*.
 M.DCC.LXIV. [Price 2s. 6d.]



A SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—OR—FASHIONS AND FRIGHS OF 1829.
From Cruikshank's "Scraps and Sketches."

galloping consumption sounds far more pleasant, being made chiefly of raisins of the sun, figs and honey. Mrs. Sarah Harrison does not blench at curing dropsy, the dead palsy (artichokes, stalks and all are good for this), fits (brandy, powdered egg-shells and other things to be taken three days before the New Moon and three days after), yellow jaundice (treacle, liquorice powder and aniseed in beer), the plague, snake-bite, poisons, a cold watery stomach, and a vertigo, the treatment for which is to shave the head and apply a plaster of flour of brimstone and whites of eggs. There is also a recipe for snail water, but what ill that is to cure the learned Sarah does not say.

In spite of what we should now consider semi-darkness, many ladies spent the long winter evenings in study, for women of the upper classes were generally good linguists and well read.

In addition, Emily, like other ladies of her day, occupied herself by netting bag purses with tasselled ends, working delicate tambour and other embroideries, painting "skreens," making shell boxes, playing on the harp and the "instrument," as the upright piano¹ which John had bought for his bride was termed, and writing long and much-crossed letters in delicate, pointed handwriting. It was no wonder that letters were crossed and recrossed, for when the mails were carried by coach it was necessary to restrict the weight severely. A single-sheet letter weighing under a quarter of an ounce was charged fourpence up to fifteen miles, the rate increasing according to mileage to one shilling and fivepence, and a letter weighing just under two ounces sent from London to Brighton cost four shillings and eightpence. In spite of many agitations, uniform penny postage was not adopted until 1840, when the weight of a penny letter could be half an ounce. Before the introduction of penny postage, the high price of postage caused people to resort to various stratagems in order to escape it and yet convey news. A common trick for men away from home was to fold and address a piece of paper—envelopes were not then used—which, on being delivered, was refused, but the sight of it had conveyed the

¹ The first piano performance in England took place in 1767. Up to 1799 music was written both for the piano and the harpsichord.

information that the sender was, at the time he addressed it, alive.

Carriers and stage-coachmen would for a consideration smuggle letters to town, and there drop them into the local penny and twopenny boxes. Was it not by the twopenny post that Jane Austen's Marianne sent letters to insolent, faithless Willoughby? ¹

Fortunate folk might have their letters franked by Peers, Members of Parliament and a few other privileged persons, but for the poor the grief of separation was a very real grief, unsoftened as it often was by any means of communication.

The labour of writing was increased by the necessity for constantly mending the quill pens then in use. Steel pens were known and had been experimented with since 1748, for Roger North wrote, "You will hardly tell by what you see that I write with a steel pen. It is a device come out of France, and when they get the knack of making them exactly, I do not doubt but that the Government of the goose quill will be at an end." But they did not get the knack for years to come. In 1830 steel pens cost one shilling each and wooden penholders appeared, and John presented his Emily with a stock of both,² some of which are still preserved in the walnut-wood bureau at which she wrote.

While Mrs. London lived thus quietly in the country, she had ample time for thought. It was partly because of the devotion which motherhood had awaked in her not only for her own child, but for all children, and partly because a cousin from Norfolk who came to visit them that spring brought news of that charming Quaker family, the Gurneys—distant kin of Mr. London's mother—and mentioned the village school which Elizabeth Gurney had in her girlhood organised at Earham,³ that Emily became desirous to do something for the children of her own village. The Misses Gurney of Earham, that lovely, long, low house on the outskirts of Norwich,

¹ "Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen.

² By 1850 the steel pen had become a commonplace of everyday life.

³ The Gurneys of Earham are often referred to in contemporary history. As a matter of fact, Earham was leased to them, and belonged to Mr. Bacon Frank, of Campsall Hall, near Doncaster. It recently became the property of the city of Norwich.

in the garden of which Mr. Gurney and his friend Mr. Wilberforce paced up and down the lavender walk while planning the anti-slavery campaign, took their Quakerdom cheerfully, walking in the surrounding lanes clad in red cloaks and purple boots. Elizabeth, afterwards famous as Mrs. Fry, the prison reformer, when in London even visited theatres and indulged in other forms of entertainment ill considered by stricter Quakers.

Emily, when talking to her well-to-do neighbours of her proposed school, did not meet with much encouragement. The parson frankly admitted that, in his opinion, the poor were the poor, and it was best not to unsettle them. The Admiral chuckled, "Leave them alone, my dear. Let sleeping dogs lie!" Liking the sound of this adage, he repeated it. But Mrs. Burt thought otherwise: a little schooling might make the children of the poor less wild. Similar opinions were also expressed, but more forcibly, to Hannah More, playwright, writer, philanthropist and friend of great personages, when, at the instigation of Mr. Wilberforce, the humanitarian, she started her school at Cheddar.

Mr. Wilberforce, arriving on a visit to Hannah and her sister Pattie at Cowslip Green, went sight-seeing to the Cliffs of Cheddar, and returned with the chicken and wine which had been put into the carriage for his dinner untouched. It was evident that he was seriously discomposed, for he retired at once to his own chamber. Emerging at supper-time, he asked that the servant might be dismissed, and at once began, "Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar." It appears that he had made inquiry as to the state of the poor there, and had been terribly shocked by the depravity of the people, which made it almost dangerous, he was assured, to visit Cheddar Caves.

As the result of this visit, it was finally arranged that if the Misses More would work amongst these people Mr. Wilberforce would provide the money necessary. The school which Hannah and Pattie established at Cheddar soon numbered nearly three hundred children, and caused much perturbation amongst the neighbouring squires and farmers, their opinion being that religion was bad for the poor: it made them lazy and useless.

But Hannah continued to visit what she terms the "rich savages" in and around Cheddar, and with the help of some of these "rich poor wretches" a house to be used as a school was found at six and a half guineas a year for a term of seven years.

The village fixed upon for the school-keeping experiment was the central one of six, none of which had a resident curate. The only clergyman who came near the place was intoxicated six days a week, and frequently prevented from preaching by two black eyes "honestly earned by fighting."

When Hannah begged for money for her school, she went delicately. "It is little I presume to teach," she said, and craftily suggested that even that little was designed not so much for the sake of the poor as to help them to become better servants of the rich. Writing was not included in the curriculum, for even Hannah, so much in advance of the thought of the day, did not approve of writing for the poor, or, at all events, she said so. Her contemporary, the celebrated author and educationalist Mrs. Trimmer, who by many people was considered terribly advanced, merely advocated that the lower sort of children might be so far civilised by education "as not to be disgusting." It was feared that if able to write, the lower orders would take to clerking rather than hard manual labour, and generally get beyond themselves. Hannah More, like Mrs. Trimmer, was an example of the wielder of what some critic described as "the female pen." It was of her stricture on female education that a fashionable lady was heard to say, "Everybody will read her, everybody admire her, and nobody mind her." Another lady determines not even to read the book, as she is "settled in her habits, and does not want to be reasoned out of what she cannot alter," a point of view of which John London declared his complete understanding. But many people, including Emily, read it, and not a few abused her bitterly for writing it.

On the other hand, her work "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess," written in the year Emily London was married, was greatly approved. The Princess in question was Charlotte, the only child of the Prince of Wales and the wife he so hated. The King and

Queen, and even the Duke of Gloucester, declared their approbation of Hannah's ponderously titled work, and when dining at Gloucester Lodge the Duke walked in the garden with the author, and said encouraging things about her writings. What we, who scarcely feel that any of the Georgian dukes can be regarded as good judges of morals or manners, might put more plainly, the tactful Hannah expressed otherwise. "His remarks on the education of the Great were such as I could hardly expect from the limited circles in which Princes live." However, the Duke spoke earnestly with regard to keeping from the young all knowledge which could taint the mind with evil. "No boys were ever bred up in greater ignorance of evil," said he; "at fourteen years old we retained all our natural innocence." Alas! that later they parted with it so completely.

Emily wrote to good Mrs. Trimmer, asking her of her kindness to recommend such of her own books as she considered suitable for use in a village school, and from various sources obtained pamphlets and leaflets on education, and so learned of the doings of Joseph Lancaster, the son of a cane-sieve maker of Southwark. Joseph was one of a large family, and grew up with little education, but early developed a passion for reading, preaching and teaching. At the age of fourteen, incited by an essay on the slave trade, he ran away, intending to journey to Jamaica, there to teach the "blacks" to read, but was brought back. Later his father lent him a room, and he started a school, and because he could not afford to pay assistants, introduced the monitorial system. Love of humanity, enthusiasm for his cause, a talent for teaching and for organisation carried him far, and some Quakers (for he had now joined that body) assisted him with money.

Emily read his "Improvements in Education," in which he declared that the education of the poor should be a national concern—that education should not be made subservient to the propagation of the tenets of any sect. He pointed out, what so many found, and continue to find, hard to believe—that "a high ethical standard may be inculcated without violating the sanctuary of private religious opinion in any mind."

By the time Emily had become interested in education, the lowly born youth was a person of some importance, and had received two commands to wait upon the King. On the second occasion the King, then at Weymouth, said, "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time? How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy Majesty, by the same principle thy Majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." An answer which satisfied the King very well.

Mrs. Trimmer, however, was not quite pleased with Joseph Lancaster; she distrusted his unsectarian ideas, as also did Dr. Bell, who had another similar educational system to propound. Mrs. Trimmer was scandalised that Lancaster should, according to Quaker fashion, have kept his hat on in the presence of the King. She thought he had joined the Quakers, "that humbly supercilious sect," for love of a pretty Quaker, or for the sake of the money which these good persons provided. Quaker or no, his poor little wife went mad, and, much against his wishes, was removed to an asylum.

Mrs. London was greatly interested to hear about the children in Lancaster's school, where the order of the system was such that the children would themselves correct the smallest disorderly movement, and effectively managed their own affairs. They taught themselves their lessons with but little assistance from the master, who in one case was a shoemaker, and worked at his last, keeping an eye on his scholars meanwhile.¹ In another school a boy learned with such success that his astounded father feared witchcraft, and had to be reassured by the parson that magic formed no part of the curriculum.

To save the expense of slates and books, the children wrote with their fingers or with sticks in sand, and learned to read from sheets of texts hung on the walls.

In the end it was decided that Mrs. London's school should be held three days a week. It resulted in a happy relationship between parents, scholars and teachers, which

¹ "A Century of Education," by Henry Bryan Binns.



THE AGE OF INTELLECT.

From Cruikshank's "Scraps and Sketches."



"JUST ROOM FOR THREE INSIDES, SIR."

From Cruikshank's "Scraps and Sketches."



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WITH THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TWO.

From the Picture by Sir W. Beechey at Windsor Castle.

was to stand Hall and cottage in good stead during the distressing years of bitter poverty, strikes, rick-burnings and other outrages which attended the change from an agricultural to a manufacturing country—from a country at war to one in the throes of a difficult peace.

CHAPTER IV

Poor and industrious persons—The Criminal Law—The cart tail, the whipping-post—Man-traps and spring-guns—A boy of ten eight times in prison—The child in the pinafore sentenced to death—The baiting of animals—In the cotton mills—"A great deficiency in burials"—Pattering along the dark streets—"What with hunger and hard usage"—Machine fodder.

COMING for the first time, through the medium of her scholars, into direct contact with the poor, who in those days were spoken of as if they might have been crocodiles or Barbary apes, instead of human beings in most respects differing little except in their poverty from "The Rich"—a habit not unknown to this day—Emily found much to horrify her, but more that filled her with pride and joy. The love, the dignity, the courage, the unselfishness she witnessed uplifted her spirit, while the cruelties not only of the rich to the poor, but of the poor to the rich, and of both to the animals in their power, often left her with an aching heart.

With the Seven Years' War¹ there had begun a century of unrest, and the position attained by the average workman in the middle of the eighteenth century was not reached again until the latter half of the nineteenth century. The price of food and other commodities fluctuated considerably, sometimes rising to great heights. Wages did not keep pace with such rises, and employment was uncertain. Owing to the example of the Speenhamland² Magistrates, who were persuaded to supplement wages out of the parish rate, rather than to raise them in accordance with the price of bread, and whose example was followed in county after county, the greater number of all the labourers of England were compelled to become paupers.

The Speenhamland scale of relief was that every poor and industrious person should receive from the parish enough to

¹ 1756-1763.

² A northern part of Newbury, Berks.

make up the deficiency of his wages to three shillings for himself, and one shilling and sixpence each per week for his wife and children, and this dole was supposed to increase as the price of the quartern loaf rose.¹ This extra one shilling and sixpence for each child, and the demand for child labour in the towns, together with the fact that the worse the scale of living and the more degraded the people the more children they produce, caused an increase of population. Further, because the public health, bad as it was, had improved, a greater number of the children born lived to add to the misery of the workers. The poor were ignorant, politically powerless, and like unhappy animals made fierce by their misery; while the aristocracy, alarmed by the horrors of the French Revolution, were determined to render the working class powerless and to keep them powerless. Meanwhile industrialism was producing the rich middle class, to which John London belonged, the members of which were as a rule as determined as the aristocracy to keep the poor in the place which they considered (many of them sincerely) that the Almighty had designed for them. They were also determined, by the power of their wealth, to teach the aristocracy to mind their manners, which were often unpleasantly arrogant.

In order to frighten the poor into good behaviour, the criminal law of the period was terribly severe. Men, women and even children were hanged for what we should now regard as trivial offences, and corpses were left on the gallows to rot and swing about in the wind. Malefactors were placed in the stocks to be pelted by the public, and the public in some cases pelted with such goodwill that the victim succumbed. Evil-doers were flogged at the cart tail or the whipping-post, witches were ducked, and lunatics and prisoners treated with incredible brutality, mingled in some cases with a nice consideration for respectability, as when, some years before this tale begins, a woman had been burned rather than hanged at Wakefield because it was felt to be unseemly to string up a female on high. This sense of niceness was not peculiar to

¹ The price of the quartern loaf was then one shilling. During the Hungry Forties it rose to one shilling and sixpence. It should be noted that this was at a time when the agricultural labourer's wages varied from eight shillings to ten shillings a week.

that period, for is it not recorded that, expecting a visit from some notable person, the Mayor of a certain town sent for clean night-shifts in which to clothe the corpses swinging on the gibbets?¹

The Game Laws were particularly severe. Man-traps, with their crocodile teeth, and buried spring guns (diabolical engines, Lord Holland called them, and Mr. Curwen in the House protested that "'twere better the whole race of game was extinct than that it should owe its preservation to such cruel expedients") murdered both poacher and innocent trespasser alike. John would not permit them to be used on his estate, but, as he pointed out to Emily at the time of the poaching affray in which Hannah's husband lost his life, many poachers were professional thieves, coming from a distance, armed and reckless of human life. It was the professional poacher who sold game to the dealers—an illegal transaction on both sides—from whom well-to-do folk, relatives doubtless of those Justices who punished the poacher so savagely, bought it. Indeed, some purchasers would come to the stopping places of the coaches and transact their business in dark corners or under some convenient arch, with the result that one buyer, thinking that he had purchased a hare, when he came into the light found himself the possessor of a badger.

That grown men should have been punished with such savagery for stealing game, considering that if they had not done so they and their families often might have gone hungry, was terrible, but the Justices, many of whom were clergymen, were equally ferocious in their treatment of children, especially young boys, who were sent to prison in great numbers for a variety of offences.

There is a record of a boy of ten who had been in prison eight times, and some of the boy convicts were so young that they could not put on their clothes, and had to be dressed. To us the attitude of mind of the judge who could sentence a child between ten and eleven who had stolen notes from a Post Office to be hanged, is difficult to understand, and, judging from a letter written by him, he did not feel quite happy in his mind about the matter. "All the circumstances attending the transaction manifested art and contrivance

¹ It became illegal to expose corpses on gibbets in 1834.

beyond his years, and I therefore refused the application of his Counsel to respite the judgment on the ground of his tender years, being satisfied that he knew perfectly well what he was doing. But still, he is an absolute child, now only between ten and eleven, and wearing a bib or what your old nurse will know better as a Pinafore. The scene was dreadful. On passing sentence to pacify the feelings of a most crowded Court, who all expressed their horror of such a child being hanged, by their looks and manners, after stating the necessity of the prosecution and the infinite danger of its going abroad into the world that a child might commit such a crime with impunity, when it was clear that he knew what he was doing, I hinted something of its still being in the power of the Crown to interpose in every case that was open to clemency." The sentence was commuted, and the boy was transported to Grenada for fourteen years.

That event occurred five years before Emily was married,¹ but in 1814 a boy of fourteen was hanged, and shortly after the Battle of Waterloo² a list of prisoners included the names of two boys, one of ten and one of thirteen, under sentence of death. The transportation of young children was a common occurrence.

Man, often with the best intentions, was so brutal to man that it is no wonder that he was no less brutal to the beasts. About a prize-fight—a popular diversion—there might be some spirit of fair play, but what can be said for the baiting of captive animals when, to make a wearied bull renew its efforts, it was tortured by burning, or, to add to the fun of the day, a wretched cat was tied to its tail?

Not content, too, with cock-fighting in the orthodox manner, a pit full of birds might be stirred up to fight to the death, the ultimate survivor earning the prize; or some meaner sort of bird might be tied to a stake and pelted until it was dead, its frenzied squawkings and flutterings causing the greatest hilarity.

In 1802 an attempt by Parliament to interfere with baiting was made. This was backed by such men as Sheridan and Wilberforce. Mr. William Windham, whom we have heard of at Lord Chesterfield's dog-baiting party, successfully resisted

¹ 1800.

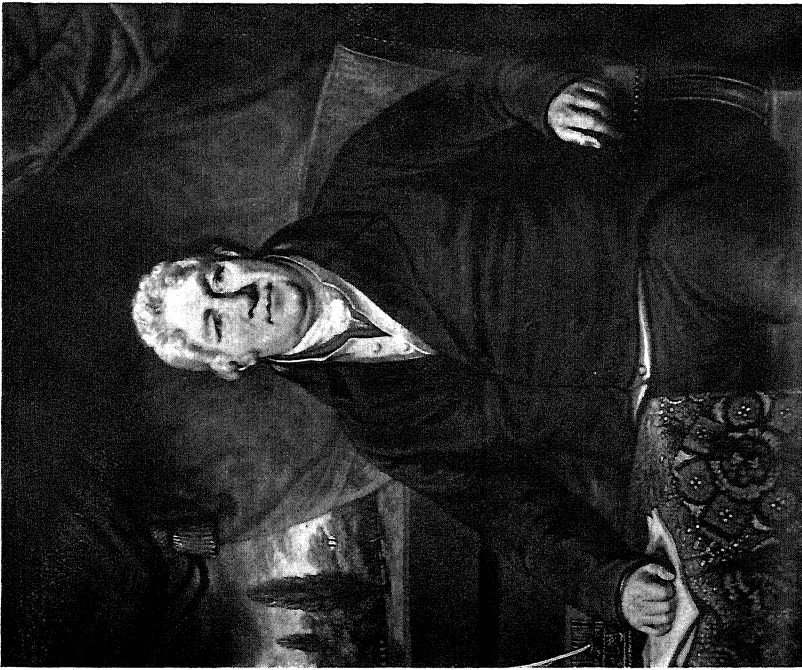
² 1815.

the measure. He looked upon it "as the first result of a conspiracy of Jacobins and Methodists to render the people grave and serious." And so until 1835 hungry, ill-housed, ignorant people were kept gay and lively by these entertainments, which then became illegal, and could be practised only in secret. If life was brutal and poverty-stricken in the country villages, it was no less so in the manufacturing towns, and it was fortunate for Emily's peace of mind that she then knew nothing of the conditions under which men, women and children worked in the cotton mills from whence came her husband's wealth. John, however, who did know, and had begun to think seriously of his duty to the people in his employ, was considerably disturbed, though puzzled how to better matters for his hands.

It was the first Sir Robert Peel who, needing cheap unskilled labour, had imported pauper children into his mills. Wagon-loads of children were carted away from town work-houses and consigned to this mill or that, and this slave labour, for that it practically was, together with that of men who travelled from here, there and everywhere, kept the mills going until there came to be a large settled population in their vicinity, and the hands began to learn to work under a rigid system which before had been unknown. There was nothing new in the idea of child labour; their working life began early in their own homes, but until then it was in their own homes that for the most part they had worked, and not under the driving discipline of the factory.

This way of disposing of pauper children was provided at a time when their numbers had greatly increased, partly by reason of the goodness of heart of Jonas Hanway,¹ the inventor of the umbrella and the friend of chimney-sweeping children. By his exertions an Act was passed requiring London children over six years of age to be boarded out not less than three miles away, and at no less a cost than two shillings and sixpence each per week, an additional bonus of ten shillings per child per year being awarded to each successful foster-mother. This Act, as Mr. Hanway oddly put it, caused "a great deficiency in

¹ Jonas Hanway died in 1786. People thought that the Almighty would object to his umbrella because if it rained it was manifest that they ought to get wet.



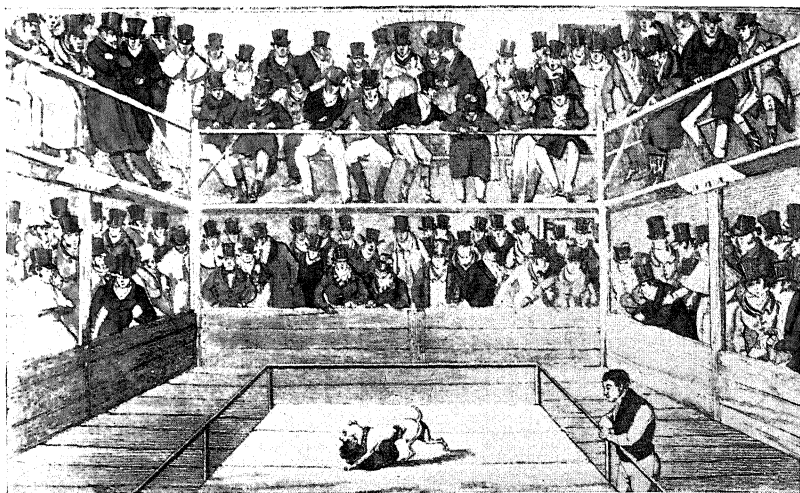
Robert Peel Esq. with Sir R. Peel and family

THE FIRST SIR ROBERT PEEL, FATHER OF THE FAMOUS STATESMAN.
A print of this portrait was signed as above and sent by him to his cousin.



SIR ROBERT PEEL, 2ND BARONET AND PRIME MINISTER.

Died 1850 as the result of a riding accident.
"I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence,"
The Duke of Wellington



THE INTERIOR OF A COCKPIT : A FIGHT BETWEEN A BULLDOG AND A PRIZE MONKEY (1822).

By H. Alken.



A MILLING MATCH BETWEEN CRIBB AND MOLYNEUX (1811) : THE KNOCK-OUT

By T. Rowlandson.

burials." Before that Act only some thirty to forty per cent. of pauper children had survived to trouble anyone.

Now the authorities had far too many homeless brats upon their hands, and eagerly welcomed the idea of consigning them to the mill-owners, in some cases craftily bargaining that one idiot should be included in each batch of twenty who had their wits about them. Sane and idiot, they were driven off to the prentice-houses which had been built next door to the mills to receive them, and between mill and prentice-house they lived their miserable lives.

In some mills kindness was the rule, and when this was so the working hours were not more than seventy-four a week, and the children's education was attended to ! In other mills conditions were very different. A picture of child life in the mills was given by a governor of a warehouse to the second Sir Robert Peel's Committee in 1816. "Most of the children came from London, a few from Liverpool. The London children came at ages ranging from seven to eleven years, the Liverpool children from eight to fifteen years ; all were bound till they were twenty-one. The regular working hours, Saturdays included, were from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., and with the exception of half an hour at 7 a.m. for breakfast and half an hour at 12 for dinner, they were working continuously the whole time. They were, however, allowed to eat something whilst working in the afternoon. There were no seats in the mill. When lost time had to be made up the hours were from 5 a.m. to 9 or 10 p.m., and this sometimes lasted for three weeks on end. There were two mills, and if the water was insufficient for both, one was worked with day- and night-shifts. On Sundays always some, and sometimes all, were employed from 6 a.m. till noon cleaning machinery."

In a pamphlet published in Manchester during a strike it was asserted that the cotton-spinners worked fourteen hours a day, including the nominal hours for dinner, in a temperature of 80-84 degrees ;¹ that the doors were locked in working hours except for half an hour at tea-time ; that work-people were not allowed to send for water to drink—even the rain water was locked up by the master's order, or they would have been happy to drink that. There is a long list of fines : any spinner found

¹ In other mills at this time the hours were twelve and a half to thirteen.

with his window open, one shilling, any spinner found washing himself, one shilling, and so on through a list of nineteen items. Coming late to work was a crime, and as poor people rarely had a clock in the house, the feet of children could be heard pattering along the dark streets long before the time for the mills to open, for fear of being late. There were children in the Macclesfield mills under five years of age.¹

Babes such as these had to be beaten awake to get them to the mill in time. After their day's work they struggled home and fell asleep anywhere, so that they could sleep. Child labour was needed in greater proportion than adult labour, and in some cases parents were forced to live on their children's earnings; indeed, parish overseers refused relief unless the children did go to work. A man giving evidence before one of several commissions which were held said, "That little girl has to go a mile and a half to her work, and she comes home at half-past eight, and all that I see of her is to call her up in the morning and send her to bed, and it almost makes my heart break."²

Cobbett tells how women took their children through the snow to the dreaded mill, the child crying, the mother crying too, and in a sad record of a later period³ he published in their own words the experiences of individuals. This is the experience of a man who became a factory worker when about nine years old. "What with hunger and hard usage, I bitterly got it burned into me—I believe it will stay while life shall last. We had to be up at 5 in the morning to get to factory, ready to begin work at 6, then work while 8, when we stopped half an hour for breakfast; then work to 12 noon, for dinner we had 1 hour, then work while 4. We then had $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour for tea, if anything was left, then commenced work again on to 8.30. If any time during the day had been lost, we had to work while 9 o'clock, and so on every night till it was all made up. Then we went to what was called home. Many times

¹ Many years later, one of the London family, writing from Dewsbury, whence business had taken him, says that "the children look like little wild things out of cages. They are left to the care of old women while their mothers are at the mills, and are fed mainly on soaked peas. I declare if you picked up a child and shook it, it would rattle."

² "Evils of the Factory System," Wing.

³ "The Hungry Forties," Life under the Bread Tax.

I have been asleep when I had taken my last spoonful of porridge—not even washed, we were so overworked and underfed. I used to curse the road we walked on. I was so weakly and feeble I used to think it was the road would not let me go along with the others. We had not always the kindest of masters. I remember the master's strap 5 or 6 feet long, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch broad and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. He kept it hung on the ginney at his right hand, so we could not see when he took hold of it. But we could not mistake its lessons; for he got hold of it nearly in the middle, and it would be a rare thing if we did not get 2 cuts at one stroke."

If the "free" children, as they were so unfittingly called, suffered, the sufferings of the pauper children who lived in prentice-houses were even greater.

One of the most terrible results of this child slavery was that it brutalised the parents, the overseers and the spinners. The work was harder and the hours longer than the children could bear, but someone had to wring the required amount of labour out of them. The people were rough, illiterate, ground down by poverty; the overseers and many of the masters but little different.

The get-rich-quick passion burned fiercely, the worship of wealth and of what wealth could buy obsessed the mind of the nation, and but little thought could be spared for the humanities. It was as if the machine exercised some spell which made those who employed it machine-minded. Click, clack, whizz, whirl; the machine must continue, regardless of the creatures of flesh, blood and spirit who tended it. As to Napoleon, and as again in our own day, man was to become war-fodder, so in these years of the Industrial Revolution he and, worse still, his wife and children were machine-fodder.

Existence in mining villages was no less sordid and terrible than elsewhere, but of that we shall hear later, for the daughter who was to be born to John and Emily was to grow up and marry a coal-owner. Even men of great family might concern themselves with trade in this form, and in the intervals of attending to her own affairs, which, as you will find if you have patience to read further, needed a considerable amount of attention, she devoted some time to visiting one of her husband's mining villages in company with her father and mother.

In the meantime, John steadily incited his partners, the contemporaries of his father, to improve conditions in their own mills. They, being of the "best-leave-things-alone" cast of mind, considered some of John's views a trifle highfalutin, but they were fond of "the boy," and as the boy invariably listened to what they had to say with an appearance of deep respect, yet never once, if convinced of its rightness, abated a jot from his own opinion, things were not altogether left alone.

CHAPTER V

"Let her only die . . . she is there to do it"—The Battle of Waterloo—Where murderers were hanged—"She begged . . . that someone would lead her from that horrid place"—The English amateur of executions—Climbing boys—"Children of the rich begotten in an improper manner"—In Newgate with Mrs. Elizabeth Fry—"Ever a fine crop for the gallows"—"Her troubled soul became calmer"—£400 a year for staring at lunatics—"She found happiness in nursing two dolls which she imagined to be her children."

IN the years between 1805 and 1809 Emily gave birth to two more children, a boy, Eustace, but twelve months younger than the heir, and two years later a girl, Alicia-Rose. With this family both she and her husband were well content, for John would certainly not have agreed with Luther in thinking that if a woman became weary or at last dead from child-bearing it mattered not. "Let her only die from bearing, she is there to do it," was the opinion of that callous divine and of many who came after him.

Large families were usual then and throughout the first half of the nineteenth century. Women worn out by producing too many children at too short intervals must have heartily agreed with Miss Emily Eden when she suggested to Lady Charlotte Greville that "it would be a good plan, after people have as many children as they like, they were allowed to lie-in of any other article they fancied better, such as a set of Sir Walter Scott's novels or a coal-scuttle."

After the proclamation of peace the Londons, like so many other people of means who, owing to the war, had long been debarred from leaving their own country, travelled abroad with their family, and on their return stayed for some considerable time in London.

By this time George London had married a mild girl with rabbit teeth, but of good family and considerable fortune. Jeremy, brave, curly-headed, engaging, had been killed at Waterloo, leaving a letter to his beloved sister-in-law Emily,

in which he begs the kindness of her sweet, true heart for one who had loved him. "I have it on my mind that she was scarce more than a child when I took her, and now if I must die, I leave her to a cruel world, and not only her, but our child. John was ever a good brother to me, and you, my dear sister, will, I think, help them in their need." They were to see this child-mother happily married in her own rank of life, while little Jeremy was in years to come to be as a son to his benefactors.

Mrs. London's brother Anthony had also been killed at Waterloo, and a younger brother now limped about with a wooden leg. Of her bevy of pretty sisters, her favourite, Alicia, had married well, as the term goes, a younger son of a great Whig family. Amelia had married, even better, an elderly widowed Tory peer, while Georgiana, after plaguing her papa and mama with tears, fainting fits and threatenings of decline, had been permitted to bestow herself upon an almost penniless naval Captain, and was then hiding her diminished head in lodgings at Weymouth. Being one of those persons who never like what they have, she later disgraced her family by eloping with a still less desirable lover. Lord and Lady Connington, wearied of life in their palaces with five discontented spinster daughters, had at last permitted the Lady Louisa to wed the Chaplain, for whom they procured a fat living, and at considerable cost had mated their youngest girl with a dissolute, debt-encumbered Lordship, with whom she lived in anything but holy matrimony.

Of Emily's brothers, James, the eldest, had, on the death of his father, inherited the impoverished family estate, and married a commonplace young lady of respectable fortune, whilst Henry, the youngest, fated to inherit the family living, was leading a rackets life at Oxford, making hay while the sun shone, as he expressed it.

The widowed Lady Lorinder, having refused to bestow herself in a Dower House too large for her small means, was settled with a comfortably placed widowed sister in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, next door to the house in which, some years later, Sir William Russell,¹ great uncle of little, wizen-faced Lord John Russell the statesman, was murdered by his valet,

¹ 1840.

Courvoisier, who disliked his employer, and who, for expressing his dislike in so outrageous a manner, was hanged before the walls of Newgate in face of an enormous multitude, of whom William Makepeace Thackeray was one.

After the place of execution was moved from Tyburn, where now is the Marble Arch, to Newgate, public hangings altered so little in their arrangement that Thackeray's description of Courvoisier's execution might well be that of many held there until public hangings, and indeed hangings of any kind except for murders, were abolished.¹

How many people now hurrying about their business in the vicinity of Snow Hill, Holborn, think of the scenes enacted there? "There is Newgate, there is the gallows. For hours the mob waits. At six o'clock a great heaving and pushing and swaying begins, the men make circles round the women to protect them from the crush. A gallery has been built on a roof near by. Tipsy, dissolute-looking men are on it; women, too, giggling, drinking, romping, sprawling. The windows of the shops begin to fill . . . jokes are bandied about . . . jolly laughs break out. There are boys and girls and children, quiet, respectable family parties. As the clock begins to strike, an immense sway and movement sweeps over the whole of the crowd . . . a great murmur arises . . . women and children begin to shriek horridly. . . . Courvoisier's arms are tied in front of him. He opens his hands in a helpless kind of way and clasps them once or twice together. He turns his head here and there and looks about him with a wild imploring look. . . ."



THE FIREMAN

As Thackeray and his companion made their way through the immense crowd, they came upon two little girls. One of them was crying bitterly. She begged, for Heaven's sake, that someone would lead her from that horrid place. "I feel ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to this brutal sight; and I pray to Almighty God to cause

¹ Public hangings were abolished in 1868.

this disgraceful sin to pass from amongst us and to cleanse our land of blood," is Thackeray's prayer, a prayer in which George Selwyn,¹ who had been an acquaintance of Emily's father, would not have shared.

Wit, dandy, child-lover, Selwyn was a lover of horrors, too. To him an execution was a heartening sight. He had a passion for viewing corpses, coffins and executions, and took the trouble to travel to Paris to see Damiens, who had attempted to assassinate Louis XVI, torn with red-hot pincers and rent in pieces by four horses. On this occasion he dressed plainly to avoid notice, but managed to get close to the scaffold, when the executioner, noticing him, called out, "Make way for Monsieur, he is an English amateur!" But that was before Courvoisier's day, and the world had moved on a trifle, and already there were others who thought with Mr. Thackeray that an execution was neither a pleasing nor an instructive sight.

John London, driving past Tyburn, tells his Emily how he, as a child of eight, had been taken on the sly by a dissolute footman to see a hanging. "I was sick, and cried many a time in the night after it; but Charles thought it a grand sight, and was mad to go again. He practised hanging a cat, and the butler, who was a Methodist and a humane man, cut down the cat and sent Charles packing. My parents never knew of this escapade, and my mother, fond soul, was sorely troubled that I should wake and scream so wildly."

During the visit to London, Mr. and Mrs. London made friends with Mrs. Fry, the prison reformer, and visited her and her husband at Plashet in Essex, where their hostess confided to her new friend that she wondered often if it were wrong to go on with her public work, because it took time and attention from her home life. Fortunately for the prisoners, her scruples on this score did not get the better of her. She and Emily also conversed on the subject of servants, for there was a servant problem then, as now.

Emily suffers from a housekeeper who bullies her "respectfully—yes, dear Mrs. Fry, quite respectfully, but it is not until I am roused that I can have my own way." Mrs. Fry thinks it is very difficult for employers to do their duty by

¹ George Augustus Selwyn died in 1791.

servants—"And even when I do," she mourns, "I do not give them satisfaction." Her solution is for both parties to keep in view strictly to do unto others as they would be done unto, with which our gentle Emily agrees.

But it is not always a simple matter to do as one would be done by. Emily has spoken feelingly of Mrs. Lodd's bullyings, because she is at that time fighting the battle of the climbing-boy who sweeps the Conisbrowth chimneys. Unable to sleep, Emily comes down to the library in the early morning to look for a book, and finds stout Mr. Sweep, two sleepy housemaids and a frightened, snivelling, black-faced little boy. A conversation ensues: if the chimneys are not swept, the soot will fall down all over everywhere, and in time so much would collect that the chimney would take fire and the house would burn. The flues are so narrow and so twisted that only a small child can climb through them, and all the time that the small child climbs he is terrified. What is to be done? Emily feels as miserable as the climbing-boy. "Who is he?" No one knows. The sweep bought him from a gipsy. "Bought him!" cries Emily. "Would any mother sell her child?" The head housemaid casts a spiteful glance at Mr. Sweep. "Stole more likely, ma'am; the poor lamb!" she suggests, at which Mr. Sweep returns her evil look. It is not every day that a child may be stolen—often they must be bought, and at a high price, too, as he knows to his cost. As much as eight guineas have been given for a climbing-child, but he was specially small. Girls are seldom used, though two little girls clean the flues of Windsor Castle.

The very black "poor lamb," when questioned, glances furtively at his master, and snivels more piteously than ever. All that can be done is to assure the wretched brat that no harm can befall him—which, knowing better, he does not believe—and that when his task is done a fine breakfast and sixpence shall be his—"and a good wash," suggests Emily, at which the poor victim looks more terrified than ever. That morning Mrs. London talks with Mrs. Lodd. Mrs. Lodd hints that such things are best left to her—a few pence, some broken victuals; but when it comes to washing and dressing the cankerous knees and elbows! 'Tis the fate of one child to be a chimney-sweep and of another to be a little lord, and Mrs.

Lodd supposes that the Almighty knows His own mind, since 'tis He who arranges it so.

Sometimes Mrs. Lodd's Almighty permits chimney-boy and little lord to be blended, for the story goes that a certain youthful Lord Portman was kidnapped close to his own home on what is now the Portman Estate and was then a beautiful country district sparsely inhabited. The nurse's attention was diverted from her charge, the boy inveigled into a gipsy van, stripped of his smart clothes and presently handed over to a sweep. His distracted mother could no longer endure the associations of her London home, and the household was removed into the country. To the new home, one fine May morning, came a little climbing-boy. The housekeeper set him to work on the dining-room chimney, with the promise of a good breakfast when he had finished. Twice she came into the room to find him gazing at the pictures, and in reply to her scolding he said, "I have seen these pictures before. My Mama's pictures were exactly like them." A mark on his arm was an important factor in the identification which quickly followed.

But many other little boys were less fortunate, and had to go on sweeping chimneys and getting stuck in them or suffocated with soot, or even roasted, which happened more than once. The climbing-children were kept hard at it in order to toughen them for their work. They started with a period of extreme misery, mental and physical, until they became inured to their trade. Their terror of the dark, and often suffocating, flues had somehow to be overcome by the pressure of a greater terror below. In order to induce them to climb the more humane masters would merely threaten to beat them, or perhaps promise them plum pudding at the top; the less humane would set straw on fire below or thrust pins into their feet. A careful master would send an experienced child up behind to show the newcomer how to place his feet, and to catch him if he fell, and also to stick pins into him if needs be, to prevent halts in mid-chimney.

When "the repugnance of ascending the chimney," as it was euphemistically called, had been overcome, there followed many months of acute physical suffering from the sores on elbows and knees. Gradually these parts would become insensible.

"Some boys' flesh," said a master sweep, "is far worse than others, and it takes more time to harden them." He estimated it took six months, as a rule, for the parts affected to grow "cartilaginous." The more humane masters would work the boys leniently during this time—"But you must keep them a bit at it, even during the sores, or they will never learn their business." Many would get a few halfpence for themselves, though a boy regularly apprenticed to a master sweep would earn three shillings and a wash once a week. No wonder nursemaids threatened to give naughty children to the sweep, and children shrieked at sight of him!

Bill after Bill came before Parliament, but somehow nothing very much was done. One argument against doing anything was that of a Mr. Ommaney, who said that chimney-boys were not generally the children of poor people, but the children of rich men begotten in an improper manner. So the children so tactless as to be improperly begotten were left to their fate.

This saying was repeated to John, and by John to Emily, who flashed into the fury which would at times, and for all her gentleness, possess her. When that had died down, she laughed, for the humour of such topsy-turvy thinking could not escape her lively intelligence. Kind persons gave food and money to these boys, and formed a society to see that they went to church, but it was not until a jointed brush came into use that by Act of Parliament the use of human brushes became illegal.¹

Meanwhile Emily, like everyone else, continued to have her chimneys swept by these miserable children, and doubtless there were people who said that little boys liked sweeping chimneys, and that soot was good for them, and chimney-sweep's cancer of no account. Just as there were people who said that bulls enjoyed being baited, and joined in the cat-calls and shrieks of mirth with which Members of Parliament greeted a suggestion for the formation of a society for the protection of animals.² It was not until many years later that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was

¹ "Chimney-Sweeping Children"—"The Town Labourer," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond.

² Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed by the Rev. Arthur Broom in 1824.

formed,¹ though about this people did not laugh so much, but protested gravely that to save children from cruelty was tampering with the rights of parents.

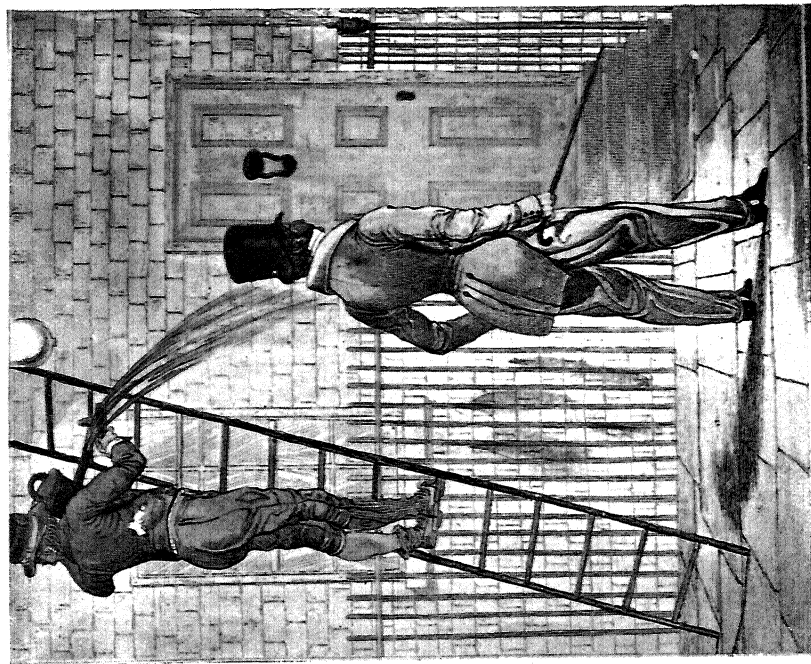
John and Emily went to Newgate with Mrs. Fry, and to the hulks lying in the Thames, on which prisoners who were sentenced to be transported were collected to sail to Australia under conditions which almost rivalled those which prevailed in those hells of misery, the slave-ships. On arriving at their destination, the prisoners found that no arrangements had been made for their reception, so that they were literally driven to vice, or left to lie in the streets.

In spite of Mr. Howard's reforming zeal, prisons were still most loathsome places. Mrs. Fry had found that at Newgate all female prisoners were confined to the "untried side," and there were three hundred women, with many young children, packed into two wards and two cells; women innocent, guilty, tried and untried, misdemeanants and criminals who awaited death by hanging, for at the beginning of the nineteenth century about three hundred kinds of crimes were punishable by death, and although, because public opinion was in advance of the law, many offenders were acquitted, there was, as an old warder expressed it, "ever a fine crop for the gallows." Criminals were hanged or deported, and debtors were often left literally to rot in prison. No effort was made to clothe the women in Newgate—they herded together in their rags and their dirt, living, sleeping, cooking and washing as best they might. So fierce and terrible was the attitude of these poor wretches that even the Governor entered their premises with reluctance.

Emily, when writing to her sister Amelia, then in the country, tells her that Elizabeth Fry was so shocked at the naked squalor of some of the women that she at once set her family to work making "green-baize garments" for them, "tho' why such a material should have been chosen for the purpose, Mrs. Fry did not explain."

"A double row of gratings," she continues, "has been placed in such a way as to separate the prisoners from those who come to see them. Through these the prisoners push

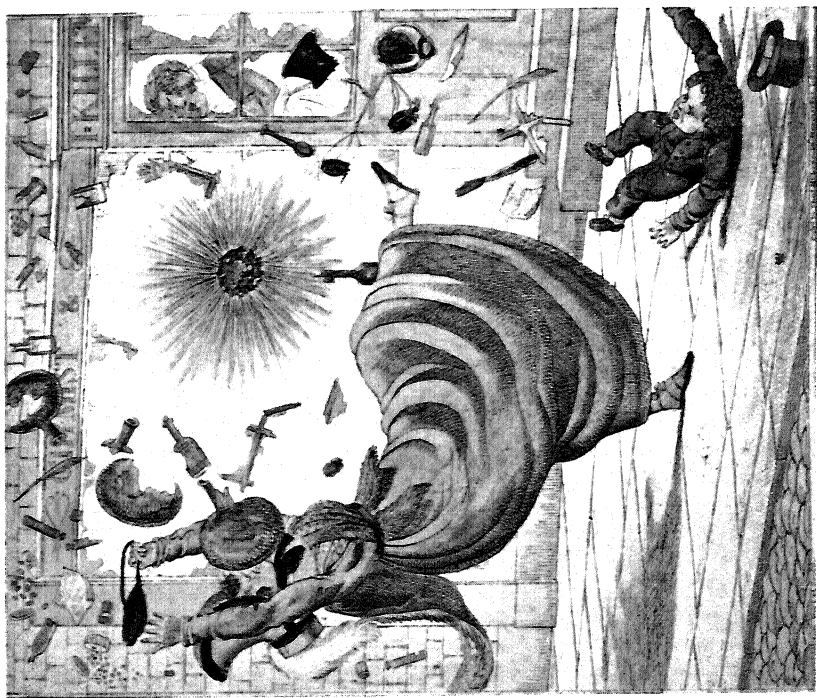
¹ It was not until 1883 that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organised in Liverpool. The London Society was organised in 1884.



One of the Advantages of Oil over Gas.

LONDON

NUISANCES.



One of the Advantages of Gas over Oil.

By R. Dighton.



ELIZABETH FRY.

After the portrait by George Richmond.



CHARLES LAMB.



MARY LAMB.

Who gave Wednesday night parties in Inner Temple Lane (see page 81).

wooden spoons fastened to sticks to receive the contributions of friends or starers who come to see one of the sights of London. A sight, and a horrible one, it is to watch these half-naked women struggling fiercely one with another for front places at the bars, and shrieking their demands for alms. To people who can enjoy a bull-baiting or a hanging, this scene must be almost as pleasant."

But Emily, like the little girl at the hanging, weeps, and begs to be taken from the horrid place. She is not content, however, to weep—she begs her husband to give money to help on Mrs. Fry's crusade, and to work with energy to better the conditions in the local jail.

Mrs. Fry, that calm-mannered, devoted, strong minded Quaker lady, in her dress of soft, indeterminate colouring—for she is now a strict Quaker—made her approach to the women through their children, for whom she started a school. The women chose as instructress a certain Mary Cormor, who, although fairly well educated, had stolen a watch, and so come to Newgate. So exemplary was her conduct as a teacher that she received a free pardon, but did not live long to enjoy it.

Prison work was a terrible strain to brave Elizabeth and her helpers, for they did not stop short even of attending women condemned to death. Mrs. Fry tells of a namesake of her own, Elizabeth Fricker, who was to be hanged at eight o'clock the next day. "I found her much hurried, distressed and tormented in mind. Her hands were cold and covered with something like the perspiration which precedes death, and in an universal tremor." Poor Elizabeth Fricker! One is grateful to learn that, "after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmer."

Besides this young woman there were six men due to be hanged the same day, one with a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and with seven young children. "Since the awful report came down he has become quite mad from horror of mind."

Another visitor relates that "on my left sat Laurence, alias Woodman, surrounded by her four children, and only waiting the birth of another, which she hourly expects, to pay the forfeit of her life."

Yet a third prison visitor describes the ante-room at Newgate, the walls of which were covered with fetters and chains

in readiness for the criminals. A block and hammer were placed in the centre of it, on which the chains were riveted. "I trembled and was sick, and my heart sank within me when a prisoner was brought forward to have his chain lightened because he had an inflammation of the ankle," she writes. If she trembled then, how would she have borne the horrors to be seen in country prisons, especially those in Scotland—horrors far surpassing any that Newgate could show? A dark, foul cell, in one corner a bed of dirty straw, a tub the receptacle for all filth. Lunatics are confined as criminals; a poor lunatic young man is subjected to the misery and torture of Haddington Jail for eighteen months without once leaving his cell. No clothes were provided, no medical man, no chaplain entered there. At Kinghorn a mad young Laird had languished six years, and then ended the life which it was beyond him to endure. At Forfar prisoners were chained to their bedsteads; at Berwick to the walls; at Newcastle to a ring in the floor. But it was not necessary to go further afield than London to see how persons unfortunate enough to be mentally afflicted were used. It was only about this time that what was termed improved management was introduced at Bethlem Hospital, commonly known as Bedlam. Up to the year 1770 the public were admitted to see the lunatics at one penny each. The pence paid amounted to some £400 a year, and until just before Waterloo the rooms resembled dog kennels, for the patients were chained and lay upon straw. It was the case of a man named Norrie, who was chained by means of a ring round his neck, his arms and waist pinned to an iron bar so that he could only advance twelve inches from the wall, which led to a parliamentary inquiry. He had been so secured for twelve years, though he could read with intelligence books and newspapers and converse rationally. The last female patient to be released from her fetters was, owing to the new management, well enough in 1838 to sleep with her door unlocked. Any appearance of restraint exasperated her, but on release she became tranquil, and found happiness in nursing two dolls, which she imagined to be her children.

And now let us turn to more cheerful experiences, for Mr. and Mrs. London naturally did not confine their attention solely to the terrible sights to be seen in the metropolis at that period.

CHAPTER VI

George the Less—Trousers, poodles and poetry—George IV and his Court—“Are you or I, sir, in authority here?”—Five hundred feathers—At Almack’s—A prince seeks a rich wife—The waltz is practised “with unparalleled assiduity”—The Duke of Wellington—Hayette thought that “He looked like a rat-catcher”—“‘It was a damned nice thing,’ he said . . . in his hoarse voice”—“God and the soldier all men adore”—Future Prime Ministers—Ink and albums—“She thought that to make fine horses you must feed them on beef”—“I could love anything on earth that appeared to wish it”—Byron and Annabella—The Ladies’ Eton—“First the wife . . . of the most perfect being . . . and now the wife of a Duke.”

BEING, as we have learned, well-connected young people of considerable wealth, of pleasing manners and, as regards Emily, possessed of an appealing beauty, the Londons went much into Society, which, with a few notable exceptions, such as, for example, Beau Brummell, did not welcome outsiders into its fold.

It is probable that the Beau was not so much welcomed as endured, for his manners at times were abominable, and his insolence almost unbelievable. But as the Prince of Wales copied his clothes and allowed him to assume airs of intimacy, the rest of the gay world followed their leader.

Beau Brummell, a man of no birth but some fortune, pushed, bullied, and bought himself into Society, the funds having been provided by his father, who married money, and made more by keeping a lottery office. He left a handsome sum to each of his three children, of whom George entered the 10th Hussars, then “the most expensive, impertinent, best-dressed and worst-moralled of all regiments,” of which the Prince was, quite fittingly, the Colonel.

Dress was the god of George the Less, as he was nicknamed, and Princes and Dukes who aspired to be well dressed listened breathless to his words of sartorial wisdom. He indulged in “the nasal pastime” of taking snuff, and now and then achieved being witty. One thing he did for which we may

honour him: he set the fashion for personal cleanliness, refused to powder his beautiful auburn hair, and preached plenty of clean linen and no scent. That was a right and proper gospel to preach at a time when perfumes were used to outdo other and less attractive odours. Evidently he did not agree with the Royal Duke who thought it was sweat that kept a man clean.

He also invented the trouser, and loved poodles, and is supposed to have written those pretty little verses which every child used to learn—"The Butterfly's Ball" and "The Grasshopper's Feast."

But Brummell at last over-stepped the limit of intimacy which the Regent allowed. "Ring the bell, Wales," said he. "Wales" rang the bell, and when the servant appeared ordered Mr. Brummell's carriage.

Possibly the story is not true; at any rate something happened to end the friendship. Later, when the Beau was walking with a friend, the Prince stopped, conversed with the friend, and cut Brummell dead. "Who's your fat friend?" asked the Beau as he turned away. But 'tis ill work quarrelling with Princes, and soon, deep in debt, the Beau fled to France, to end his days in Caen, a mumbling imbecile, tended by the good nuns in the Hospice du Bon Sauveur. And since he was as he was made, and lived at a time and in a society which did little to help and much to hinder him, let us pray, as doubtless the nuns prayed, that God will rest his soul.¹

Emily, though she may have met the man and loathed him, would have given him her prayers, because, as John said, "the little darling prayed for all poor devils."

We may picture kind, lovely Emily attending balls and routs clad in the latest Paris fashions, which probably, as she had just returned from Paris, really were the latest Paris fashions, and not, as some writer complained, Paris fashions which are already out of date in Paris.

Shepherded by her Peeress sister, and accompanied by their respective spouses, she attended a Drawing-Room, driving thither in a painted, gilded coach with a fat, wigged coachman on the hammer-cloth and a pair of well-matched

¹ Beau, otherwise George Bryan Brummell, was born in 1778 and died in 1840.



BEAU BRUMMELL AS A YOUNG MAN.

George the less as he was nicknamed owing to his friendship with the Prince of Wales, invented the trouser, loved poodles, was supremely insolent. He died, a mumbling imbecile, in France.

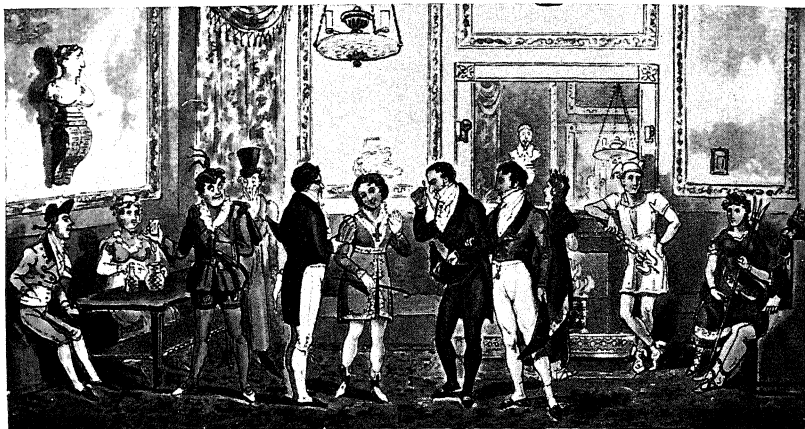
Engraved by J. Cooke from a Miniature.



GEORGE IV AS PRINCE REGENT.

"He was the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy and good feeling that I ever saw in any character." The Duke of Wellington, whose verdict was kinder than those of others.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



THE GREEN ROOM AT DRURY LANE (1822).

By George Cruikshank.



AN ENTR'ACTE AT COVENT GARDEN (1822).

By George Cruikshank.

six-foot, powdered, plushed and gold-laced footmen standing at the back.

It is recorded that Emily wore a hooped dress; not that the hoop was then in fashion for ordinary wear, but because it was the regulation Court dress, a fashion finally abolished by the Prince Regent when he became George IV, after which the dresses worn at Drawing-Rooms followed the prevailing fashion, plus trains, lappets and feathers. The gentlemen wore richly embroidered satin and velvet on this occasion, and before starting, Emily kissed her John, and assured him that he was indeed a fine figure of a man, which delighted him inwardly, though outwardly he only looked a little squarer than usual.

During the Regency,¹ in spite of the high prices and the poverty of the working classes, there was great splendour at the Court, and although the Regent was unpopular, Drawing-Rooms and Receptions were well attended. A fête given at Carlton House by the First Gentleman in Europe cost £15,000, and after it was over the public was admitted to view the scene. It was the fashion to hire diamonds to wear at these parties, and at the Coronation of George IV the Duke of Gloucester wore a hired cross of diamonds, which Mr. Coutts, the famous banker, bought the next day for £15,000.

As ladies were requested to give preference to British manufactures, they wore Spitalfields silks, Norwich crapes and Buckinghamshire laces, and, in compliment to Ireland, a design of shamrocks embroidered in silver became a popular trimming.

Within the next few years Princess Charlotte,² Princess Elizabeth and the Dukes of Cambridge and Clarence married, which gave opportunities for exhibitions of splendour. The House of Commons granted £10,000 to Princess Charlotte, then regarded as heir to the throne, on the occasion of her marriage to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, to buy her wardrobe, £10,000 for jewels and an income of £60,000 a year. This poor little rich girl had, however, few opportunities to wear her new clothes, for she died of a mismanaged child-birth a year later.

Owing to the quarrels of her father and mother, she had

¹ 1810-1820.

² Princess Charlotte married in 1816 and died in 1817.

spent an unhappy youth, but after her marriage, when living at Claremont, she writes that, although she and her husband live a quiet and retired life, "it is a very, very happy one."

When it became known that she would have a child, the care of her health was entrusted to Sir Richard Croft, a fashionable but not very skilful *accoucheur*, and to a Mrs. Griffiths, who was to act as nurse.

Sir Richard allowed the poor girl to continue in labour for forty-eight hours, and only when fatal symptoms appeared consented to call in further advice.

Baron Stockmar, to become so famous as the confidential adviser of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and who then filled that position to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg,¹ when he ventured to suggest that the Princess was sinking, met with the reply, "Are you or I, sir, in authority here?" So, rather than upset the doctor, the Princess was allowed to die, after giving birth to a still-born child. So furious were the people when details of the affair became known, that Sir Richard Croft committed suicide and Mrs. Griffiths mysteriously disappeared.

The death of the Princess caused the Duke of York to become Heir Apparent, but, as he had no child, the Dukes of Clarence, Kent and Cambridge hurried to marry ladies who were stigmatised by the Press as "German paupers, one more ugly than the other," in the hope of producing heirs to the Throne, in which task only the Duke of Kent was successful.

At the time of these royal marriages we learn, from writers on fashion, that white dresses were not considered essential for brides, and bonnets were still much worn. A fashionable bride wore a bonnet costing 150 guineas, a veil worth £200, and a dress costing 700 guineas. That bonnet must have almost rivalled a head-dress composed from the feathers of five hundred murdered herons, a present from the Turkish Ambassador to Queen Charlotte. Imagine the little, worn, worried, wearied old lady with five hundred feathers on her head! One thinks she might have looked as mad as her lamentable husband.

Emily London's Court dress was of white satin, embroidered with silver. Denuded of its hoops and re-cut in the short,

¹ Queen Victoria's uncle, and afterwards King of the Belgians.

high-waisted mode of the day, she wore the same dress at that most exclusive dance club, Almack's. So strict were the rules of this club that even the popular idol, the Duke of Wellington, was refused admittance on two occasions, once because he presented himself wearing trousers instead of breeches and silk stockings, which were the regulation evening dress, and once because he arrived shortly after eleven o'clock, one of the rules being that no one should be admitted after that respectable hour.

Emily, writing to her dear Grannie—the Grannie who had sent her the cap which baby Robert John wore at his christening—tells of her visit to Almack's. "Doubtless you may know, my little pet Gran-Gran [even in those days young people were not always ceremonious with their elders, witness Lady Byron, who as a young girl addressed her mother as "Judy," her father as "Chicken" or "Goose" and "Bright Daystar"], that Almack's was begun by a person named Mac-Call, who married the woman of her Grace of Hamilton, and turned about the letters of his name and added a K to them, and so became Almack. Perhaps you went to Almack's when it was a club for the ladies? Oh, Gran-Gran, fancy ladies with a club! Old Colonel Jenkins, who was a fine fellow in those days, says that the night it was opened it was yet so damp that the ceilings were dripping with water, so that they advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water! Almack, with his Scotch face and bag wig, waited at supper, and his lady, in a sack, made tea and curtsied to the Duchesses. There has ever been great scratching and clawing as to who should be admitted and who should not, and even the Duchess of Bedford was first black-balled, though later admitted. There is scratching and clawing still, and I assure you it is not easy to get there. Why, only half a dozen of the Guards officers out of three hundred are honoured with vouchers of admission, but Amelia tells me that now-a-days it is a trifle easier, and Lady Clementina Davies says that even the votaries of Trade contrive to intrude themselves. Perhaps," adds Emily, who, as we know, had a sense of humour, "that is why John and I are admitted! As to the Guards, I learn from my spouse that there was a fracas at the Thatched House because it was said in public that a certain gentleman had been refused by Lady Jersey, and therefore he sent a gentleman to demand

satisfaction of Lord Jersey, who replied that if he did fight duels on account of all those who were refused tickets by his wife he should have to make up his mind to become a target for young officers, and that he would not do. I wish more gentlemen would be like him, for this duelling is pernicious."

At that time the Lady Patronesses were Lady Castlereagh, Princess Esterhazy, Lady Cowper (afterwards Lady Palmerston), sister of Queen Victoria's beloved Minister, Lord Melbourne, Lady Jersey, who introduced the quadrille, Mrs. Drummond Burrell, afterwards Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, Lady Sefton, and the Countess—later Princess—Lieven, who introduced the waltz. Lady Cowper was said to be the most popular patroness, Lady Jersey simply ridiculous, with her tragedy-queen airs, and often ill-bred manners, whilst Mrs. Burrell and Lady Castlereagh were too grand to be anything at all but grand.

This criticism of Lady Jersey sounds as if it may have been made by someone smarting under a refusal, for others speak of her kindly, genial nature and amiable manners. But even if she was rude she would only have been in the fashion. The English aristocracy were apt to be insolent, a fact remarked upon later by a Prussian gentleman, Prince Pückler Muskau, who came to England by arrangement with his wife, who had allowed him to divorce her in order that he might find a new rich wife on whose fortune all three might live comfortably. The Prince failed to find a suitable heiress, and drove about studying the manners and customs of the English, and, as foreigners often do, picking out weak points and commenting on them acidly.

Mrs. Trollope, mother of Anthony Trollope the novelist, who was sent by her eccentric husband to America to open an emporium for the sale of a varied collection of goods, and the famous actress Miss Fanny Kemble, niece of the famous actresses Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, who was one of those who, though not of society, was accepted in society, gave great offence by their criticisms when they went to America. Indeed, Mrs. Trollope wrote a book by which she must have recaptured some of the money she lost over the emporium, and Prince Pückler Muskau did not please his English readers by remarking in his letters, which were published later, on the arrogance of the aristocracy and the hypocrisy of our

Sabbath-keeping, which he considered a dreary outward respectability which cloaked orgies of drinking and vice. "Never are the houses of ill fame more crowded than of a Sunday," says he. He also was horrified at the extravagance and gambling habits of the upper classes, and well he might have been.

But to return to Emily's description of Almack's.

The waltz was then but newly introduced, and Emily goes on to say that she does not waltz, "for one reason that I have not learned, for the other that my dear particular Mr. London does not look upon this dance with a favourable eye." In a later letter she says: "Everyone is mad about the waltz, which is practised of mornings in fashionable houses with unparalleled assiduity. Many, however, consider it immoral, mothers forbid it, and the ballroom has become the scene of feud and contention. One gentleman objected to this contentious dance because 'it disorders the stomach and makes people look very ridiculous.'" After a time the hubbub died down, and the waltz was relegated to the long list of shockers which had ceased to shock.

Mr. and Mrs. London met the Duke of Wellington at one or two parties, gazed at his slim figure, his hooked nose, blue eyes and black hair, his small mouth, with its slightly protruding teeth—a defect which his portrait by Goya¹ shows, and those by Lawrence and Hoppner do not. They were told of his extreme abstinence in food and, what was more unusual then, in wine, his passion for eating rice and for taking a daily bath. *A propos* of his indifference about food, Felix, when his *chef*, came to his original master, Lord Seaford, and begged him to take him back at reduced wages, or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. "Has the Duke been finding fault?" asked m'lord. "Oh, no, my lord, I would stay if he had: he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed, by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. I cannot live with such a master if he were a hundred times a hero."

There is much gossip about the Duke's matrimonial affairs and his *amours*. Hariette Wilson, who was one of his ladies,

¹ Now in the National Portrait Gallery.

used to complain that he would sit silent, looking stupid, after dinner, and that when he wore his wide red riband he looked like a rat-catcher. His marriage was a sad matter, for he loved the lady, but nothing could come of it for want of means. Then, when his circumstances improved, he asked her again, married her, and became, they say, indifferent to her. Certainly he was very unfaithful to her, though his world would not have thought that a matter of any importance.

He is reported to be meticulous in his care for the details of his profession, himself weighing a soldier first in undress and then in full marching equipment, to find out exactly the weight of uniform and equipment which his men carried. He is a bad rider, but fond of horses, and someone who had heard it from someone else told John that as he dismounted after riding back to Brussels from the field of Waterloo, he patted his chestnut horse Copenhagen, which lashed out, and narrowly missed adding the Commander-in-Chief to the long list of casualties. When that list was brought to him, Wellington broke down and cried; yet he is credited with little feeling for his troops. To him they are soldiers rather than men, to be cared for because they will be needed to fight again. During all the years of his political power, when he might have done so much to better their circumstances, he did little, if anything.

"It was a damned nice thing," he said to Mr. Crevy in his hoarse voice, when speaking of the Battle of Waterloo—"the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. By God, I don't think it would have been done if I had not been there." Neither would it have been done but for his men—those men who on campaign died, were killed or wounded; who, patched up or not patched up, suffered tortures, and came home to join bands of other starving men who roamed about the country.

There was a great axing both of officers and men in the Army and the Navy after the war, and just as on Armistice night 1918 there crept into the rejoicings a strain of fear for the future, and men in uniform chanted, "What shall we be when we aren't what we are?" so did Wellington's men sing:

"God and the soldier all men adore,
In time of trouble and then no more.
When war is over and wrongs are righted
God is forgotten and soldier slighted."

In Wellington's day the soldier was ill lodged and ill fed. The men slept in barrack-rooms, in which they did everything but drill, huddled in fours in wooden cribs. The only urinals were wooden tubs, which had to be emptied and then used for washing, no other receptacles being provided.

These rooms were shared by the wives of men on the strength—those not on the strength were not officially allowed to marry—and here the soldier brought his bride, and here his children were born. The soldier and his family lived on boiled meat and broth, for he had no means of roasting, and had two meals a day, breakfast at 7.30 and dinner at 12.30. To drink was one of the few ways open to him of relieving the tedium and discomfort of his life, and he drank with a will. It was little wonder that among the "industrious poor," to quote the magistrates of Speenhamland, it was felt to be a terrible disgrace to "go for a soldier," a feeling which endured for many a long day.

In a letter written by one of the London ladies half a century later than Waterloo, it is mentioned that "Mrs. Jones, our washerwoman, appeared in great distress. Would I ask 'the Captain' to give her son a talking to? He was threatening to go for a sodger. The Captain coming in at that moment, the situation was explained to him. 'That's setting a thief to catch a thief with a vengeance. I'm a soldier myself, Mrs. Jones, and if it comes to that, it's not such a bad life for a young man.' But Mrs. Jones shook her head. She knew better. 'Old Grannie Withers—she that lives next the Post—she was in the Army. Seventeen children, and one buried almost everywhere as they went. No, I don't hold with sodgering. Neither me nor none of mine don't hold with sodgering. It's not what our fam'ly's been accustomed to. If you'll excuse me, sir, you don't belong to our fam'ly, and it's that that makes the difference.' Of course 'You don't



A LIFEGUARDSMAN IN 1837

belong to our fam'ly ' has become a household word," adds the writer.

A similar opinion was held by an old carter at Conisbrowth, who once explained to John that "the youths as was no good they 'listed, them as was pretty good they enigrated, the ornery they stopped at home."

Yet there were decent soldiers, and decent soldiers' wives, too, who remained decent in spite of all that they endured trailing about the world with their husbands and their children.¹

But we must return to John and Emily London, and all the interesting people whom they met on the occasion of this visit. Amongst them was Mr. Wilberforce, the anti-slavery enthusiast—the same Mr. Wilberforce who had incited Hannah More to start a school at Cheddar, and friend of Mrs. Fry's father, Mr. Gurney of Earlham—Mr. Wilberforce who now lived in Kensington Gore, and had a garden full of lilac, laburnum, nightingales and roses, and is the author of "Practical Christianity," of which seven thousand five hundred copies were sold in six months, and who was of such small stature that to-day a boy descendant of fourteen cannot wear a treasured suit of the great little man.

They also renewed their friendship with the first Sir Robert Peel, whose baronetcy had cost him ten thousand pounds (a very large sum in those days) given not to his party, but to the nation at a time of great need. They made friends, too, with his son Robert, now a slim elegant young man with a slightly chilly manner, who was already Secretary for Ireland, and also met another young man who, like Mr. Peel, was destined to become Prime Minister. This was Lord Palmerston, handsome, clothed in the extreme of fashion, with well-barbered dark hair, a trifle horsey-looking, and often to be seen with a straw or a flower in his mouth. In spite of his good humour and his hearty laugh, he was disliked at the War Office, where he worried his subordinates to write better and to use blacker ink.² He complimented his sister

¹ In a speech made by Macaulay in 1840 he said that there were about ten thousand children accompanying the British Army in its wanderings.

² It was not until 1834 that a London doctor invented and began to manufacture a good writing fluid.

because she used black ink. He had what now-a-days we should call a complex about black ink, which was perhaps not surprising in a person who must read so many documents at a time when ink was more like paint than ink, and needed constant stirring. Had Emily known Lord Palmerston better, she might have presented him with a copy of a recipe out of the Sarah book for making ink, that lady advising that three ounces of powdered galls should be mixed well with half an ounce of camphor in two lumps and a pint and a half of water. This concoction is to be bottled, and through the cork an iron rod must be inserted, with which to stir the ink morning and evening for a fortnight or a month. But why stir for a month, if a fortnight's stirring will serve? thought Emily when she read it. She might also have asked the young politician to write something in her album, for probably she, like other young ladies of that day, had one. In that case he might have written in her volume, rather than in that of his sister, Lady Cowper

"Cease mortals to consume your Prime
In vain attempts at killing Time,
For Time, alas! whate'er you do
Is sure to end in killing you,"

and signed it with the sketch of a Cupid, for he was called "Cupid" by his intimates, because of his boyish looks. John London, who, for all his serious manner, had a keen sense of humour, enjoyed some of Pam's *bons-mots* which were repeated at Almack's and in the drawing-rooms of the fashionable world. A lady, so it was said, once told him that her maid objected to going to the Isle of Wight again because its climate was not *embracing* enough. "Now what would you do with such a woman?" "Take her to the Isle of Man," was the prompt response; while on another occasion, when some prosy person was enumerating what we owe to the Jews, his lordship admitted blandly, "I quite agree with the Honourable Gentleman: many of us owe a great deal to the Jews."

Yet another future Prime Minister was little Lord John Russell, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, who declared that his stepmother, Georgiana, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, had saved his life by taking him away from Westminster School, of which the playing-fields then ran down to

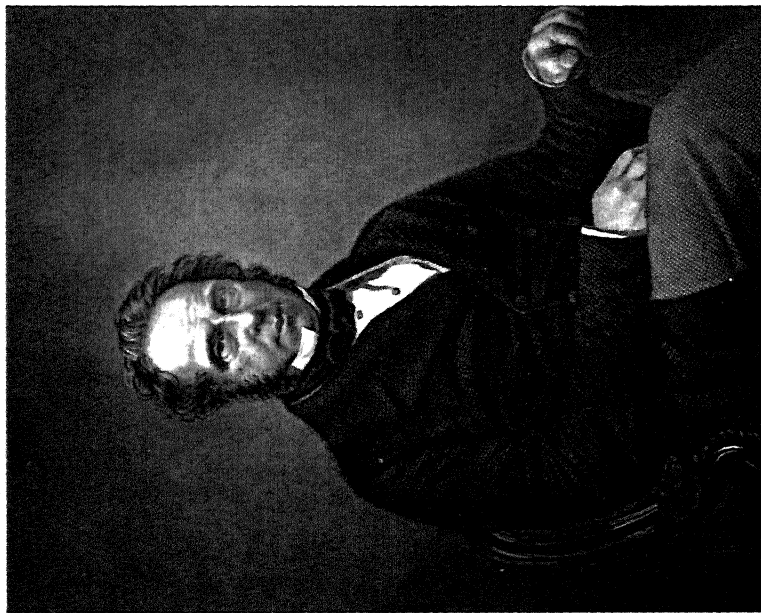
the river. Westminster was called the House of Lords, and Eton the House of Commons. Playing fields and "*ton*" notwithstanding, the life was so hard that it was undermining his health. No doubt Georgiana did save his life by timely removal, for, as John said, if there had been even a little less of him there would have been nothing at all. But perhaps one of the most charming personalities amongst these political young men was William Lamb, afterwards, by the death first of his brother, and then of his father, Lord Melbourne, and married to Lady Caroline Ponsonby. He, too, was to become a Prime Minister, while she was already one of the most-talked-of women of her day. Fascinating, brilliant, unbalanced almost to the point of madness, mother of an afflicted son, "whose wistful gaze of incurious wonder made her for the moment staid and sad," unaided by any foundation of sensible training, she whirled through life. Emily writes of her in a letter to her husband, who has now started off on the long drive to the Clyde to see Mr. Robert Owen and his model factory, to which monarchs sent embassies to study "the strange sight of a factory town where the hands were happy people."

"My darling Husband," she addresses him, and goes on to give him news of the dear children and of other members of the family. She hopes that he will be careful of himself this damp weather, and that much good will come of his visit, for "it is certain that it cannot be right that those who work for us should not share in our prosperity and have a proper time to enjoy their family life. Their hours of labour are too long, and, from what I hear, I think Sir Robert Peel and his son have come to think so too. I respect them that they are able to change their opinions and publicly admit the change. Amelia gave a rout last night, at which the waltz was danced, and Lady Caroline Lamb was present. She is not beautiful, but she has charm, though she does a multitude of sillinesses. But oh! my dear Husband, think what it must be for that father and mother to watch their child, hoping always that he may become as other children are, and hoping in vain. Perhaps her heart aches so sorely that she scarcely knows what she does. I think it might be so. But, then, what use can it be to run away from sorrow, except to make herself and her husband still more sad? Amelia tells me that her friend Lady



LORD MELBOURNE.

Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister. "Wolsey and Walpole were in strait waistcoats compared with him," said Mr. Croker.



LORD PALMERSTON.

"Whose dyed whiskers made him look like a Baden-Baden crumpet." Engraved by D. J. Pound from a photograph by Mayall.



WHEN DOGS WERE BEASTS OF BURDEN.
Dog-Days—Legislation going to the Dogs (see page 112.)
From Crickshank's "Comic Almanack."

Clementina Davies¹ told her that as a girl Lady Caroline was so ignorant that she did not know of what bread and butter were made, or how they came, and thought that to make fine horses you must feed them on beef! Now she is in love with Byron, or imagines that she is, but he no longer responds. For his sake she has tried to poison herself, to drown herself, to stab herself, though I cannot think that she has tried her best, or surely one way or another it could have been accomplished!"

Lady Melbourne, Caroline's mother-in-law, though herself of good family—she was a Milbanke—was looked upon as one of the *nouveau riche*, because her husband, the first Sir Peniston Lamb, was of no particular account. He was, moreover, stupid, but as he was also rich, she, who was clever, had made for herself a considerable position in spite of him and of various affairs of the heart, which she conducted so discreetly that, though people talked, her position remained secure. This lady had no intention of allowing her daughter-in-law to wreck the life of her beloved son, who, people hinted, was not the son of his putative father, but of handsome Lord Egremont. She wished him to get rid of his wife, but probably some of the love with which they had begun their married life still endured, for when William Lamb went to see Lady Caroline to discuss their parting, this disconcerting young woman was discovered feeding him with bits of bread and butter. But the parting had to come, and after fluttering through this love affair and that, poor Caroline died, leaving Melbourne in his later years to lavish upon beautiful Mrs. Norton and on the youthful Queen Victoria much of the affection which more happily placed men bestow upon wife and children.

If we are to believe what Lord Byron wrote to his friend Lady Melbourne, the love affair with Lady Caroline was on his side but tepid. "I do not mean to deny my attachment—it was and is not. It was no great compliment, for I could love anything on earth that appeared to wish it; at the same time, I do like to choose for myself." Many things on earth appeared to wish it, but few, including his wife, seemed to obtain much happiness from their attachment to a person of such difficult disposition, and one whose heart, as he said,

¹ Author of "Recollections of Society in France and England."

"always alighted on the nearest perch." On either side he came of a family whose behaviour was erratic; he suffered tortures from treatments for his lameness and was never cured, and in boyhood he was poor and unhappy. He had what, when people wish to be polite, is called the artistic temperament, and when they are people who speak their minds, as John did, a damned cranky temper. He married Anne Isabella, generally known as Annabella Milbanke, after proposing to her twice, and led her the devil of a life after.

The story of that marriage is strange; at times laughable, more often tragic, and what is especially odd is that Lady Melbourne, who was Annabella's aunt, brought them together, though apparently she knew—what the world in general did not know until later—of his incestuous love for his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Of this Lady Melbourne writes to Augusta, "If you do not retreat you are lost for ever—it is a crime for which there is no salvation in this world, whatever there may be in the next." Byron's comment on this was, "Lady Melbourne is a good woman, after all, for there are things she will stop at."

Some say she did not stop at taking Byron for a lover, although she was then sixty-two and he twenty-four; but, if it comes to that, Lady Oxford, whom he loved, was double his age at the time of their attraction for each other. So very highly coloured did the young man's reputation become that even though he was a peer, a poet and exceedingly handsome—and to such much might be forgiven—a respectable elderly lady who met him abroad writes that so great was her horror of the monster that she fainted at the sight of him. Fainting and weeping were fashionable then, and men as well as women did not feel ashamed thus to relieve their feelings.

Byron objected to his wife for a reason which might have attracted many men: she was a silent woman. But he liked women to talk, because then they thought less. He disliked to see a woman eat: Annabella had a hearty liking for mutton-chops and goose-pie. She was married on a Friday, in a muslin gown trimmed with lace at the bottom, and a white muslin curricule¹ jacket, and Lady Milbanke was a

¹ A curricule was a two-wheeled high carriage which smart young men affected; as a rule it was accompanied by a black-and-white spotted dog, trained to run between the wheels.

little hysterical, and fine feeling and kneeling were tedious, because the cushions were hard. The bride went away on a snowy January day in a dove-coloured satin pelisse and white lace gloves, and tied on her over-large wedding-ring with a bit of black ribbon, and they quarrelled ever after. And who could wonder at that?

The house which they took was half of the large house in Piccadilly of that horrible old man "Old Q,"¹ Marquis of Queensberry, and it was in this house, or rather a part of it which had been divided off, that before his child Ada was born Byron told his wife that he hoped she would perish in her confinement, and that the child would not live, and that if it did he cursed it; and while it was being born he flung furniture and soda-water bottles about in the room immediately beneath. In spite of the scandal attached to her name, Augusta Leigh came to stay with them, and Lady Byron was quite fond of her; and later Byron became fat, and died at Missolonghi and his corpse was brought home to be buried, and Caroline Lamb, who did not know of his death, met the funeral procession, and asked whose it was. The whole story is a nightmare of crazy misery.

Among other well-known folk with whom John and Emily made acquaintance was old Mr. Thomas Coutts, who was John's banker, and who, because Emily was interested in Chinese wallpapers, invited her to see his. He had but lately married Miss Harriot Mellon, the actress, whom he had befriended for some years before his wife died. This friendship was thought to be an innocent one, for Miss Mellon was a respectable young woman, and although they did not like the marriage, the new Mrs. Coutts was visited by "The Three Graces," as the Coutts daughters had been nicknamed. Their mother, who had been a nursery-maid, had her three girls educated at a fashionable school in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, known as the Ladies' Eton, and a rival of the no less fashionable establishment in Hans Place where Lady Caroline Lamb had been a pupil. The "Graces" were "finished" in Paris, and so successfully that, chaperoned by ladies anxious to stand well with Mr. Coutts, they became respectively Lady Bute, Lady Burdett, and Lady Guilford.

¹ "Old Q" was the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne. "Vanity Fair."

Mr. and the new Mrs. Coutts, like the Byrons, lived in Piccadilly, and also at Holly Lodge, Highgate, where the Prince of Wales and two of his brothers dined with them; but because their hostess had been an actress, however respectable her life might be, she could not be received at Court.

All sorts of stories were told about old Mr. Coutts: it was thought, and thought wrongly, that he would be granted a peerage; it was said that, although worth £900,000, he was so economical in his dress that when visiting the Prince of Wales at Brighton a tender-hearted person, mistaking him for a beggar, slipped a guinea into his hand. Like many a story, this one may or may not be true, but to this day a lucky guinea is displayed amongst other historical curiosities in the Hall of Coutts Bank, along with a Valentine, all hearts and doves and roses, which Mrs. Coutts, when a widow, sent to the Duke of St. Albans, whom she married in 1827, he being twenty-six and she about twice that age. She might well write to Sir Walter Scott, "What a strange eventful life has been mine! From a poor little player child with just enough food and clothes to cover me . . . to have seen what I have seen, to see what I see. Can I believe it—first the wife of the best, the most perfect being that ever breathed, and now the wife of a Duke?"

John, well sponsored, visited several of the fashionable gaming establishments in St. James's Street and lost some hundreds of pounds which he could better afford than could many of the regular *habitués*. In one of these places Lord Alvanley was pointed out to him, a young man who threw money about right and left, who had his knocker removed because the duns never ceased knocking, but who, seeing no reason why, when he had no longer any money, he should have nothing else, continued to live on credit.

The passion for gambling was still one of the features of the day, though it was not quite so violent as it had been in the eighteenth century, when, on one occasion, the great statesman Charles James Fox lost £11,000 at a sitting which began on the 4th of February, 1771, and ended at five o'clock on the afternoon of the following day. On the morrow he delivered a speech on a religious question at Westminster, having prepared himself for the effort, as Mr. Gibbon, the historian,

pointed out, "by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of Hazard."

"After the debate," said Walpole, "he went to White's, where he drank till seven in the morning, thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket." Within the week he was back in London again, and lost another £10,000. His brother Stephen in the meantime lost £11,000 at Almack's, so that the brothers in three sittings within seven days lost a sum of £32,000.

But it was not only at the clubs and the public hells that gambling went on. Women of good position conducted private gambling-rooms for their own benefit, and, hazard and faro or, as it was often spelt, Pharo, being played there, the ladies were nicknamed—for it was an age of nicknames—"The Daughters of Pharo." Then, as now, extravagant or money-grabbing women descended to all kinds of shady or, at all events, undignified practices to fill their purses. Mrs. Clarke, one of the Duke of York's mistresses, created a scandal by selling commissions, and Lady Castlereagh, it was hinted, did well out of buying up opera tickets (which could not be procured except by accredited persons) and selling them to country bumpkins.

The gambling hells did not depend entirely upon cards to attract clients. Those who managed them provided the best of food and wine, and engaged celebrated cooks such as Ude and Francatelli. Ude became *chef* at Crockford's when that palatial club was built at a cost of £94,000. He was a man of parts, and had had a varied career. His mother was a milliner, his father an underling in the kitchen of Louis XVI, and Louis Eustache himself was apprenticed at various times to an engraver, a printer and a haberdasher. He was a commercial traveller, actor and an *agent de change* and, lastly, a cook, becoming *maître d'hôtel* to Madame Letitia Bonaparte, and afterwards *chef* to Lord Sefton at a salary of £300 a year. Ude pleased Lord Sefton so well that he left him £100 a year for life.

It was Ude who complained that the ladies of England were unfavourably disposed to the culinary art. He put this down to the fact that they were not introduced to their

parents' table till their palates had been completely benumbed by the strict diet observed in the nursery and in boarding-schools.

When he retired from Crockford's his place was taken by Francatelli, who wrote a famous treatise on gastronomy, was for many years *chef* at Chesterfield House, and then *mâitre d'hôtel* and chief cook to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

CHAPTER VII

At Lady Blessington's—Mr. Disraeli—Holland House—Young Macaulay—"And who would think he knew so much about Virgil!"—At supper with Charles and Mary Lamb—The tragedy of Mary—Minerva Novels—Best-sellers of 1815—Mysteries of Udolpho, Midnight Weddings, Bewildered Affections—At the opera, "flirting or listening to squalling"—"Tell young Cramer to keep his eye on me"—The Chelsea Bun House—At Harrow—A tea-garden—Street cries—The water-cart man—When cess-pools were under houses—Post-Napoleonic-War London—Saving her soul—The coaching inn—Back to Conisbrowth.

DURING this stay in Town, John went to a reception at Lady Blessington's, sat in one of her gay yellow-satin chairs and watched with interest the celebrities who thronged her hospitable rooms. This he did, not because he liked evening-parties, but because he was curious to see her much-talked-of, lovely ladyship.

All the men went to Seamore Place, and afterwards, when M'Lady moved, to Gore House, Kensington, but Emily did not accompany her husband, because Lady Blessington was ill-looked upon by many ladies, owing to the fact that her step-daughter's husband, that dandy of the dandies, Count d'Orsay, was thought to have loved the elder lady too well both before and after his wedding to M'Lord Blessington's daughter.

This girl, when a shy schoolgirl of fifteen, was married to d'Orsay, and, so it is said, never lived with him as his wife, and eventually left him.

Other people thought that this story was not true, and that when Lord Blessington, who liked Count d'Orsay, had insisted that he should marry his daughter, the liaison with Lady Blessington ended. Lady Blessington was an Irishwoman, and, so John told his Emily, had been married at fourteen to a madman, from whom Lord Blessington rescued her.

Whether she was faithful to her second husband or not she was at any rate, so Bulwer Lytton the novelist said, benevolent, kindly and gracious, and her house agreeable.

Clever young Mr. Disraeli (he had altered his name from D'Israeli to make it less foreign), although a Jew and at a time when the feeling against persons of that faith was more pronounced than now, was already something of a personage, and was to be seen in Lady Blessington's gold-and-ruby Seamore Place drawing-room, in which were beautiful amber vases which had belonged to the Empress Josephine, or in the white-walled library, through the end windows of which could be seen the trees of Hyde Park, their verdure reflected in the tall mirrors which divided the shelves of richly bound books.

It was very pleasant in these beautiful rooms. Lady Blessington was lovely, clever, sympathetic and a good friend to young Mr. Disraeli, who, for all his airs and graces, his black ringlets, his gold chains with which he toyed ("Are you practising to be a Lord Mayor?" Bulwer Lytton asked him), his fine clothes, his keen wit and his ambition, was nervous, sometimes sad, sometimes shy, and longing for kindness and understanding.

Possibly Emily went to that other but more respectable meeting-place of celebrities, Holland House, Kensington—though not many ladies dined there either, probably because they bored Lady Holland. Emily, however, owing to her sister's marriage, was connected with one of the great Whig families, and Holland House was a Whig house, and so she and John may have had the honour of going there with her sister and her brother-in-law.

Dinner at Holland House was at seven o'clock, and the guests were expected to be punctual; if they were not they heard about it (as did Mr. Charles Greville, who wrote the famous diary) from their hostess, whose manners were none of the best.

The Londons drove to the house through an avenue of elms, and looked out at the gardens, where dahlias were first grown in this country, and were ushered by powdered footmen into the grand entrance hall and up the wide stairs to the library, which, so young Thomas Babington Macaulay (afterwards the famous historian and politician) told his sisters, contained all the books that ever one wished to read.

It was this young man who, as an engaging little child, used to stay with the friend of his parents, Miss Hannah More.



*D'Orsay pencil
1834*

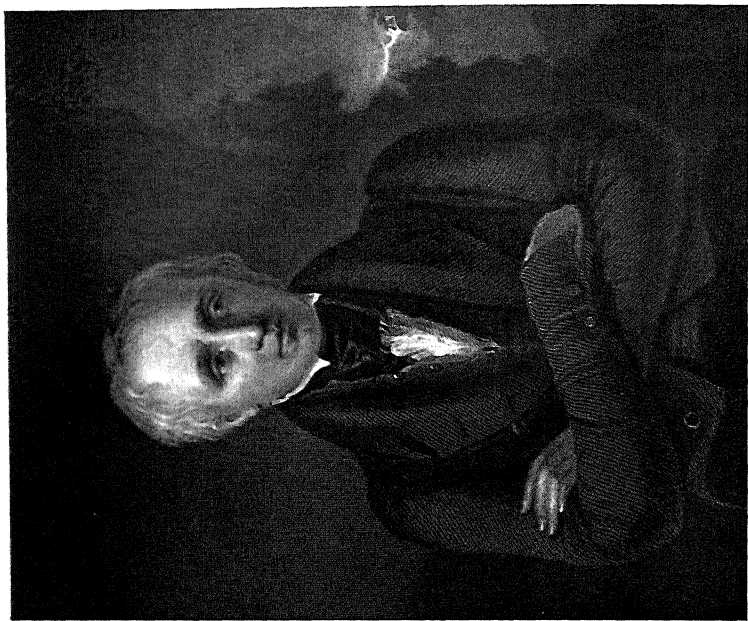
BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1834.

From the original pencil drawing by Count D'Orsay.



LORD BYRON.

Who said of himself: "I could love any thing on earth that appeared to wish it; at the same time, I dislike to choose for myself."



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"What he gave to others and what he most desired for himself was love . . . this old, yet unchilled by age, the great soul made his calm and Christian transit to the Spiritual World."

From an engraving by J. Cochrane of a painting by W. Buxall.

Even when but five years old he was so studious that good Hannah would lure him from his books to scamper about the garden or, tying a pinny about him, send him to the kitchen to make pastry, a task in which he delighted. "And who would think," said Hannah, as she watched him fondly, "that he knew so much about Virgil?"

Once upon a time Hannah had been engaged to an elderly gentleman who failed to marry her, but amiably provided her with a small income, and so Hannah expended her thwarted maternal instincts on other people's children, and was the kindest friend to little Thomas Babington, whom she thanked for his letters, so free from blots. She was, as he said after her death, a second mother to him.

Mr. Macaulay also told his sisters that Lady Holland was a large, bold-looking woman, with the airs of Queen Elizabeth. She was arrogant and brusque, and ordered her guests about. "Put down that screen, Lord John Russell; you will spoil it." "Ring the bell, Mr. Smith," to which command Sydney Smith is said to have replied, "Yes, certainly; and shall I sweep the floor?" a retort which she took with good temper, for she could be pleasing, and sometimes was, and had the sense not to rouge, as was the fashion of the day, and to wear handsome, sober clothes befitting her age.

They dined in a big oblong room, the wainscot richly gilded, and through the large window could be seen the waving trees and a glimpse of the Surrey hills; and Lady Holland was waited upon by her favourite page, Edgar, whom she called a "dear little creature," though other people said he was a great hulking creature. The talk was as good as the food and the wine, though gracious-mannered, kindly Lord Holland could enjoy neither of the last, for he suffered from gout and dropsy. Soon he left off coming to the dining-table, and was wheeled in to join the company later.

Emily would have enjoyed quite as much an evening in very different surroundings, those of Charles Lamb, the essayist, and his sister Mary, who gave Wednesday-night parties in Inner Temple Lane for talk, cards and a simple supper of cold lamb, boiled beef or veal-and-ham pie, roasted potatoes and porter, arranged upon the table in the sitting-room by herself and her maid Betty. This excellent fare was enjoyed

by Hazlitt, the essayist, and Talfourd—the Mr. Talfourd who was to help Caroline Norton in her fight to regain the custody of her children—William Godwin, Crab Robinson, Captain Burney, who had adventured with Captain Cook, “the circumnavigator,” who in 1779 fell, fighting like a lion, in the shallow water of Kealakekua Bay, and was eaten by the warriors of Hawaii, and Jem White, of whom Charles Lamb said that he carried away “half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least.” Clerks from South Sea House were brought by Charles’ brother John, who was rather puzzled at the fuss made over Charles. Others came from India House, where Charles worked by day and from whence he came home generally about five o’clock, tired and a trifle irritable, to be fed and cosseted into a good temper again by Mary, and to sit over the fire in the low-ceilinged, cosy, book-strewn room, with the Hogarth prints in their black frames on the walls.

But there was tragedy underneath this friendly peaceful life. Now and then Mary Lamb was absent from the gatherings at Inner Temple Lane. Feeling one of the recurrent fits of insanity from which she suffered coming upon her, she condemned herself voluntarily to a sojourn in an asylum until the time of mental stress should be over. There must be no risk that the murder mania which had at an earlier period caused her to attack and kill her own mother should again bring about some horrid act.¹ On the occasion of the pleasant parties given by Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, the dramatic critic, would often look in late, and Ayton, who was director of music at the Italian opera, and a few actors and actresses. Everyone talked of books and writers and other famous people, and sometimes Coleridge and Wordsworth appeared. and sister Mary listened, but, for her part, chiefly restricted her reading to William Lane’s *Minerva Press Novels*, which she borrowed from the famous library in Leadenhall Street.

The *Minerva Press* had begun by issuing blood-curdling tales, such as Mrs. Radcliffe’s “*Romance of the Forest*,” and “*The Mysterious Hand or Subterranean Horrors*,” over which the poet Shelley gloated when at school. “*The Mysteries*

¹ Mary Lamb was convicted of murder but released on the score of insanity, which she had inherited from her mother, and given in charge of her brother, who was then twenty-one.

of Udolpho " was a great favourite, and even the Evangelicals at Clapham (of which sect Mr. Wilberforce was a leading light) and elsewhere succumbed to temptation and read it.

But after a time this diet of horrors became monotonous, and Mrs. Mary Meeke, an industrious novel-writer, concluded that " a simple narrative founded on events within the bounds of possibility " might be popular, so she produced " Midnight Weddings." The hero of this work, an amiable young man, accepting the bride chosen for him, assures his parents that he is " prepared to esteem her, and after I have plighted my faith I will endeavour to love her, because I am convinced she possesses many estimable qualities."

Some of the titles of the Minerva novels were intriguing, " The Miraculous Nuptials " and " Bewildered Affections," for example.

All over the country there were circulating libraries, and " Clarentine," by a sister of Fanny Burney, Miss Edgeworth's " Leonora," " Woman, or Ida of Athens," by Miss Owenson, Mary Brunton's " Self-Control," and Miss Porter's " Thaddeus of Warsaw " were popular, though dear Jane Austen did say of Miss Owenson's work that if the warmth of her language could affect the body it might be worth reading in cold weather.

The Londons did not meet, but heard much talk of, Sir Walter Scott, and read his novels, as did everyone else. Emily also read the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth, who was not greatly appreciated then, and that of Mr. Shelley, but John did not, saying that he liked things put plainly in prose, and not all of a tangle in verse.

They may or may not have visited one or two theatres, lit by rather evil-smelling oil-lamps, because the theatre was rather out of fashion at the moment, and John did not care for play-acting any more than for poetry. Theatre-going just then was for the middle class and the working people, and persons of importance went only to a play of special interest, or to see one of the great actors.

Alicia took her sister to the opera, a fashionable social affair for which it was necessary to obtain vouchers. With them were two gentlemen to arm them to and from their box, for it would have been shocking for them to have appeared without male escort, and neither Alicia's elderly spouse nor John could

be got there. John frankly hated the opera. He agreed with Miss Annabella Milbanke, who during her first London season thought going to the opera a considerable fatigue, as she did not take pleasure in flirting or listening to squalling.

Judging from contemporary accounts, opera-goers spent more of their time in talking than in listening to the music. At the opera no doubt Mrs. London saw those famous *demi-mondaines* Hariette Wilson and her sisters, surrounded by their *beaux*, both in their boxes and afterwards in the Round Room.

Emily and her mother, who was a great music-lover, went to concerts in Hanover Square, at which in earlier, happier days George III had been a constant visitor, sometimes writing out the programmes in his own hand, and on one occasion, when Cramer was conducting, sending a message to him: "Tell young Cramer to keep his eyes on me, and watch my hand with which I will give him the true time of the various compositions," he commanded. Kings were Kings then.

And surely Emily and her mother attended some lectures, for that was quite the thing to do; and yet another thing to do was to eat Chelsea buns, so probably someone was sent to buy buns at the Chelsea Bun House in Grosvenor Row, where Pimlico Road now is. These buns and the Hot Cross Buns sold there had at one time become so popular that some two hundred and forty thousand of them were said to have been sold one Good Friday. Mrs. Hand (wife of the reigning Mr. Hand), proprietor of the Bun House, then advertised that she would not sell Hot Cross Buns in future, owing to the vast concourse which assembled on Good Fridays, which seemed a throwing away of good trade.

The Bun House was part of a fair held in the Five Fields, where Belgrave Square and its surrounding streets and squares now are. But one might go on for ever telling of the world of that day, and the time has now come for John and Emily and their three children, the nurse, Mrs. London's woman the widowed Hannah, and the footman to travel back to Yorkshire, taking Harrow on the way, and there leaving Robert John, now nearly twelve years old, and Eustace, who is a year younger.

Eustace is a trifle young for a public school, but it is

thought better that he shall go there at the same time as his brother, and thought wrongly, for never was the child anything but unhappy at school. On the other hand, Robert John, hearty, stolid youth that he was, thrived there, as Sir Robert Peel, when he discussed the matter with John, was sure he would. Had he not sent his own beloved eldest son to Harrow? And what was good enough for a boy whose father had ordained that he should become a great statesman, was surely good enough for anyone else.¹

Emily grieved sadly at parting from her boys, and thought they might have remained at home for a year longer, but John, like other fathers, held that it needed men and boys to bring up boys, and talked about a mother's apron-strings until Emily asked him to what end God Almighty had ordained that mothers should love their children so tenderly, if not to protect them from the harshness of the world? To this question John made no reply, so she repeated it, and yet again he made no reply, for that was his habit when he thought—and intended to go on thinking—what he did think, though he might have no particular reason for doing so. It was a habit which his wife, much as she loved him, at times found hard to bear.

The public schools of that day differed considerably from those at which well-to-do-youth is now educated. The boys took a keen interest in sport, but there were few organised games, and, in consequence, much of the time which is now devoted to them was spent as the individual pleased—a system which doubtless had its evils, but also had its compensating virtues, for it seems to have encouraged more strength of character, originality of thought and action than does the machine-like system of the present day, when games come first and learning second, and between the two the boy has little leisure.

When Robert and Eustace went to Harrow, the food at most schools was bad and the life rough. There was bullying, fighting, poaching, drunkenness, gambling and immorality, no monitorial system, and, as the masters lived apart from their

¹ Children then went to school very young, but after the accession of Queen Victoria the public school age was gradually extended to twelve and fourteen, and this was why in 1868 the lower school at Eton was abolished.

pupils, the fate of delicate, timid or unpopular boys was not enviable.

Some years later, in the course of a conversation which took place at Worsley, Miss Fanny Kemble, who was one of the party, notes that the public-school system was condemned, but in the case of young aristocrats admitted to be better than life at home, where they lounged about the stables and were cringed to and perverted by a retinue of servants. "For a lad like Lord Stafford," said his uncle, Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, "if there was one thing worse than being educated at Eton, it was being educated at home." Those who were parents agreed that their mode of life was injurious to their children—"And," so said everyone in chorus, "that is why we send our boys to a public school."

The children in some of the great houses were not secure from ill-treatment, any more than those in poor homes. One may instance little Lord Ashley, who later became the humanitarian Earl of Shaftesbury, and, taught no doubt by his own childish sorrows, worked to alleviate those of the children of the mills and mines.

During his childhood this little boy was lonely, neglected, starved by servants, terrified by his parents, while young Jack Spencer, Viscount Althorp, was left to grow up with footmen and stable-boys, and delicate Lord John Russell was taught by his tutor to bet and gamble, and spent every night of his holidays at the theatre.

John and Emily and their family left a London minute in comparison with the London of to-day; a London of low buildings and of small, many-paned windowed shops, such as that of Debenham and Clark in Wigmore Street, which is now Debenham and Freebody's; a London surrounded by villages—the village of Chelsea, the hamlet of Knightsbridge, the village of Brompton and others further afield. John may have gone snipe-shooting in the marshes whereon now stand Chester and Eaton Squares, and, when tired of streets, he may have refreshed his country-loving soul by walking in the cherry orchards of Earl's Court. Then and for years after Gloucester Road was Hogmire Lane, where wild flowers grew, and Scarsdale House and its gardens occupied the site whereon Derry and Toms was afterwards to be built, and the "Adam

and Eve " Inn at Kensington was a favourite house of call, at which Mr. Sheridan often stopped to refresh himself before visiting Lord Holland at Holland House, leaving the landlord to present his score to his Lordship. But John would not have strolled after dusk in such places, and had he desired to walk from Kensington to Knightsbridge, a road infested by footpads, he would have waited in the High Street until a bell was rung to indicate that a party of pedestrians was ready to set out.

All along the Bayswater Road there then were cottages with little gardens set before them, and, where Orme Square now is, a gravel-pit. In these cottages London washerwomen congregated, and possibly one of them washed the clothes of the Londons.

The milk they drank was brought to them by milkmaids, who procured it from close-stabled London cows, and quite possibly they ate the meat of animals which may have been killed in the filthy cellar of some poverty-stricken house into which they were thrown, maybe at the cost of a broken leg.

London was for the aristocracy a small London, where everyone knew everyone, or knew them, at all events, by sight or by reputation, where the prosperous middle classes had their own haunts and fashions, where rich City merchants and solicitors returned from their offices to handsome houses in Mecklenburg Square, and gave lavish dinners set out on huge mahogany tables, and guzzled turtle soup, and drank each other's health, and consumed much excellent port, and a few of their daughters, if rich enough, married persons of rank. It was a London where the lower middle classes and the well-to-do mechanic took their pleasure in the tea-gardens, of which there were numbers. Happy, respectable families would set out on a Sunday, and parents would sit and admire the flowers, sing glees and watch the children play, and sometimes with them would go, in a basket, a cat, a hen or a duck, to be baited, and thereby add to the pleasure of the day. One may imagine the children stroking poor pussy and giving her a little milk before she was pushed, reluctant and alarmed, into the fatal basket. Or possibly they took with them a dog to be pitted against some other family's dog.

In the streets were to be heard the Cries of London—

"Sweet lavender," "Buy my water-cresses," "Pies piping hot," and the rest—the bell of the postman, the bawl of the water-cart man; for of water there was none too much, and in poor districts it might be turned on but for a short time once a week, when the people, carrying pails and pans and kettles, would struggle and push to be in time to fill them before it was turned off again.

As for drainage,¹ what sewers there were discharged into the Thames, and were for the purpose of carrying off surface or rain water. Offensive household refuse was collected into cesspools, the contents of which were from time to time carted away into the country to be used as manure.

In large numbers of houses the only sanitary convenience was placed over the cesspool in the back yard, but in many of the poor neighbourhoods the houses were built back to back, and the cesspool was under the house.² At the time when John and Emily were in London, water-closets had only lately been invented, and were not in general use. The few there were discharged into the cesspool, and later into the street drains, and so into the Thames, which soon became dangerously impure. Bad smells were so common that few people troubled very much about them, or connected them with the various fevers which helped to reduce huge families to reasonable limits.

Through the streets rattled the mail-coaches and the stage-coaches, the gaudy chariots of the great, the hackney cabs of the less well-to-do, and even yet there were sedan-chairs, which could be hired from a rank in St. James's Street. Saddle-horses pranced about the streets, and down St. James's rode dandies such as Count d'Orsay and Lord Dillon in all their glory. Enormous, heavy, tilted wagons and carts rolled slowly along, making a terrific noise on the cobblestones, but, even so, the noise in comparison with that from which we now suffer must have been almost as the silence of the dead.

From this post-Napoleonic-war London people were already setting forth to make their homes in the near suburbs, for rents were rising, and although Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, who used to dine at Holland House, looking, so

¹ Up to about 1850 in the slums of Drury Lane there was no sewer.

² It was not until 1865 that London had a satisfactory main drainage system.

Macaulay said, like an old-clothes man, had forced the Government to take off the income tax, then regarded only as a war measure, yet taxation was heavy and prices were high, and there was much unemployment, many failures and a general depression of trade, owing to the cessation of war orders. There were still, however, plenty of rich and well-to-do people left, and amongst them young men who wrenched off door-knockers, and frightened old ladies, and played cruel practical jokes, and beat people who displeased them, especially the watchman, who often was old and helpless, and provided only with a wooden rattle with which to summon aid.

The night life of that time was gross and wild and horrible, and then, as to-day, the women who catered for loose-living men were punished and their clients were not—by the law, at all events. One such lady was condemned for some misdemeanour to be twice put in the stocks, but the authorities were unable to carry out the second portion of her punishment, because, being already ill, and having been much maltreated

by the passers-by during the first instalment of her sentence, she died. It was she, or one of her trade, who prayed ever to the good God that she might quickly make sufficient money to enable her to retire and set about saving her soul. Even though she may have died before her ambition was satisfied, who knows that mercy was not granted even to her? It is true that she who died of sitting in the stocks lived before the date of Emily's first visit to the metropolis, but there was no reason, either as regards the law or public opinion, why such an event could not have happened, and possibly did happen, then.

And so John and Emily, she in bonnet and pelisse, silk stockings and delicate little shoes, her skirts stiffened and bell-shaped, and John in trousers strapped under his boots, a voluminous neckcloth and a caped travelling-cloak, drove



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

away home in a yellow chariot lined with dark blue, the yellow blinds trimmed with blue and yellow lace, and the post-boys dressed to match in blue or yellow jackets, white hats, cord breeches and top-boots. It was in much the same kind of carriage that little Miss Charlotte Yonge, who was to become a famous novelist, used to drive with her parents from Hampshire to Devonshire, carrying with them hard-boiled eggs, biscuits and what the little girl called "spotted meat." The party stopped at Honiton for a mutton-chop tea, on which occasions poor Charlotte was generally very sick.¹ Along the roads of



BEFORE THE DAYS OF RAILWAYS

[From Cruikshank's "Sketch Book,"

Macadam Mr. London's coach horses trotted through country which not long ago had been open fields and moor and common, but now, because of the Enclosure Act, was become criss-crossed by hedges. They stopped at toll-gates to pay road toll, and at prosperous, bustling inns to change horses, to dine and sleep at inns furnished, according to Harriette Wilson, in the usual style of such places—to wit, twelve immense, high-backed, black-leather chairs, the wainscot adorned with such pictures as a fox-chase, and then the Virgin Mary; and, cheek by jowl with that holy woman, Bellingham, the murderer of Perceval; next a print of King George III in his Parliamentary robes, a county map, the Holy Apostles sitting at the Last

¹ "Charlotte Mary Yonge," by Christabel Coleridge.

Supper, and a poll parrot done in cloth-work ; plenty of sand on the floor, and plenty of wine glasses, tooth-picks and cruets on the sideboard. Then on again they went through big towns, little towns, and villages, where the people, in a ferment of discontent, were turning more and more for comfort to the chapels, and away from the church, though amongst the upper classes the church was becoming fashionable again. The preachings and writings of infidels had helped to stir up the French to overthrow their betters ; the preachings and writings of the religious should be used to quiet the English poor and to make them content to do their duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them.

The drawback to this scheme was that then, as now, the human wish was so often interpreted as the Divine intention. Nevertheless, there were numbers of honestly religious people, and the seed of a more humane thought had been sown, which was to bear rich fruit throughout the century.

In the towns and the villages through which the Londons passed there were many hungry, miserable folk and others better placed and content ; for many such there were, a fact which is apt to be overlooked, so great is the impression made upon the mind by records of the miseries of the poor at that period.

And so John and his Emily travelled northward at a fairly steady eight miles an hour, and when the road was not too rough they read their books—John learned works about the cotton industry and the ideas of the famous Coke of Norfolk regarding agriculture, while Emily occupied herself with Jane Austen's¹ latest novel, "Emma," which had been published only a few months earlier. It is strange to think that Jane had difficulty in finding a publisher, and although Scott, Macaulay and other great men were enthusiastic about her work, general recognition of its excellence did not come until later.

And now, arrived safely at Conisbrowth Hall, we shall leave Mr. and Mrs. London, to make acquaintance with them and their family twenty years later, when the Georgian era is ended, and that of Victoria begun.

¹ Jane Austen's novels were published between 1813 and 1818, the last two, "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey," posthumously.

CHAPTER VIII

The trial of Queen Caroline—It might have been a battle rather than a trial—
“ ‘ Oh, God ! I am dying,’ he cried, and died ”—A journey by coach—The
new railways—“ The Almighty will not bless them ”—“ They be Devil’s
spawn ”—“ Keep them away from Eton and Oxford ”—A policeman to
patrol the line—The old cotton-spinner—“ Robin’s the boy—yes, Robin’s
the boy ”—“ She must be a very good woman, for I never heard of her ”—
“ Dost thou think thou could’st fasten some fleecy stuff round it ? ”

WHEN we meet John and Emily London again it is in the year 1837, and much water has flowed under the bridge. That afflicted man George III, who reigned for sixty years, is dead. For years past he often thought himself dead, had asked for a new suit of black clothes in memory of His Majesty, who was a good man, had played one of his favourite tunes, and observed that he was very fond of it when he was in the world, and had spoken of the Queen and his family, hoping they were doing well, for he had loved them very much when he was with them.

The last time that Queen Charlotte visited him at his Royal Palace of Windsor she found him singing a hymn, accompanying himself on the harpsichord. Mournful and quavering was his voice ; then slowly he knelt and prayed for her, for his family, for the nation, and that his heavy calamity might be averted from him, and, if not, that he might be granted resignation to submit.

His Queen predeceased him, and after her death the care of the King’s sacred person was entrusted to the Duke of York,¹ who was expected to visit his father twice weekly, for the performance of which duty it was suggested that His Royal Highness should receive £10,000 a year. In spite of this sum and his salaries from other posts, which amounted to £36,000 a year, the Duke died so heavily in debt that all his creditors saved from the wreck was one shilling in the pound.

¹ The Duke of York died in 1827.



WILLIAM IV.

It was he who called the Duchess of Kent, whom he greatly disliked, the Cat and his niece Victoria, the Kitten.

Engraved by B. Holl, from an original painting by A. Wivell.

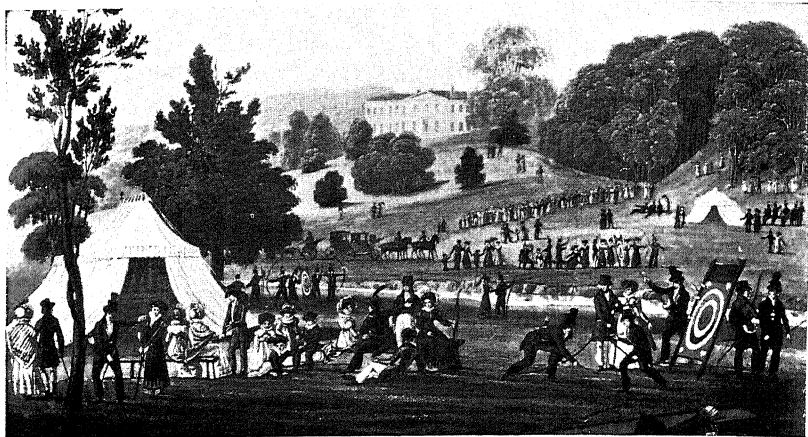


GEORGE III.

In the 51st Year of his Reign.

Poor mad, blind old man. "Mournful and quavering was his voice . . . he prayed . . . that his heavy calamity might be averted . . . and if not, that he might be granted resignation to submit."

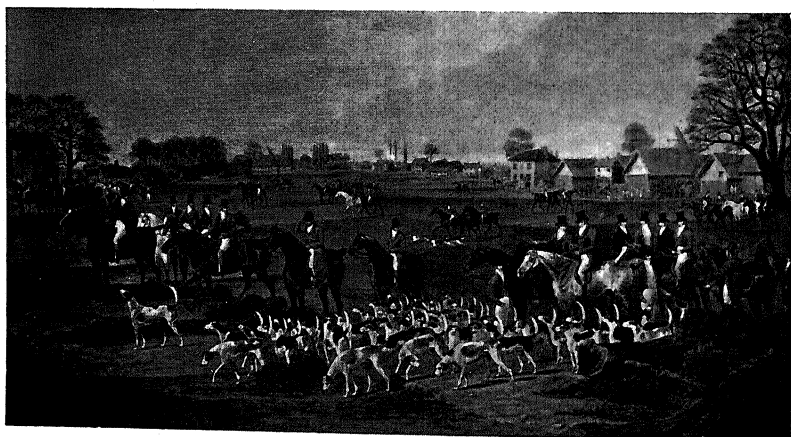
Engraved by S. Freeman, from Mr. A. Chalon's Miniature.



AN ARCHERY MEETING.
From a contemporary Print.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.
From a contemporary Print.



A MEET OF THE HOUNDS AT MATCHING GREEN.
From a contemporary Print.

It was one of the Duke's mistresses, Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, who got into trouble over the sale of Army promotions. There was a committee of inquiry, and the chairman, on demanding harshly, "And pray, under whose protection may you be now?" was somewhat taken aback by the quick retort, "I had thought, sir, that I was under yours!"

George IV also is dead. After the death of his father and of his daughter, Princess Charlotte, he had tried to divorce his wife, and refused to allow her to be crowned. Loathed by her husband, and separated from her child, first by an absurd etiquette which forbade the mother to bring up her own child, then by the wish of her husband, and finally by death, Queen Caroline for a time lived in retirement in England, and then wandered about Europe, giving offence by her careless behaviour, and followed by a band of spies. She returned to England to defend herself from the charges made against her, and was warmly received by the people, who hated their King and were charmed to welcome the Queen with whom they sympathised. The fact that by so doing they could annoy the King doubtless added zest to all the meetings and processions and blaring of bands by which they expressed their pleasure at her return. And then the fight began. *The Times* went so far as to point out that, instead of the divorce following the proof of adultery, the charge was made and the divorce sought for in the same Bill. "It would be little less remarkable," it thundered, "if the divorce were passed first and the adultery proved afterwards."

The Queen wrote to the King, "You wrested from me my child, and with her my only comfort and consolation. You sent me sorrowing through the world, and even in my sorrows pursued me with unrelenting persecution. Having left me nothing but my innocence, you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me even of the reputation of possessing that. The poisoned bowl and the poignard are means more manly than perjured witnesses and partial tribunals; and they are less cruel, inasmuch as life is less valuable than honour." Her letter was widely published, and the country rose in fury. Dressed in black, with a rich lace veil flowing over her shoulders, the Queen drove to Westminster Hall, which was barricaded

by double rows of strong timber fences, defended by troops and by gunboats posted on the river side of the Hall. It might have been a battle rather than a trial for which the Government prepared.

The Archbishop of York refused to recognise divorce, but the Archbishop of Canterbury did not, while the Bishop of London said that as the King could do no wrong, he could not commit a fault, far less a crime. That must have been a comfort to His Majesty. The newspapers annoyed His Grace of Canterbury next day by quoting, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King,"¹ and an advertisement appeared which ran as follows :—

STRAYED AND MISSING

"An infirm elderly gentleman in a Public Office lately left his home, just after dreadfully ill-using his wife about half a crown, and trying to beat her. He had long complained a great deal of his forehead, and lately had a leech put upon him. He was last seen walking swiftly towards the Horns, without a crown to his hat, accompanied by some evil-disposed persons, who tied a great green bag to his tail, full of crackers, which he mistook for sweetmeats and burnt himself dreadfully. Every person he met in this deplorable condition tried to persuade him to go back, but in vain. He is very deaf and very obstinate, and cannot bear to be looked at or spoken to. He is supposed to have been carried off by some artful female. He may be easily known by his manners. He fancies himself the politest man in Europe, because he knows how to bow and to offer a pinch of snuff; and he thinks himself the greatest man in Europe, because people have humoured him and let him have his own way. He is so fond of tailoring that he lately began a suit that will take him his life to complete. He delights at playing at soldiers, supposes himself a cavalry officer, and makes speeches, that others write for him, in a field-marshal's uniform. Sometimes he fancies himself 'Glorious Apollo.' His concerns are very much deranged. Not long ago he imported a vast quantity of Italian images at

¹ "Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."—*Shakespeare*.

enormous prices upon credit; since then things have all gone against him, and he has been in a very despondent state. It is of the utmost consequence that he should be at his post, or he may lose his place, one of his predecessors some time ago having been cashiered for his misconduct. If this should meet his eye, it is earnestly requested that he should return to his duty."

We talk now about the Freedom of the Press, but it is a restrained Press compared with that of 1827. In the end the Queen gained the victory, and London was illuminated from end to end, and the residences of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool, who had been against her, had to be guarded by troops.

In spite of the fact that the Queen had not been divorced, the King still refused to allow her to be crowned, or even to be present at his coronation, but she had little time to suffer from this mortification, for the anxiety and excitement which she had undergone brought on a fatal disease, and in less than a month from the coronation she was dead, having burned her diaries and forgiven her enemies, which could have been no easy task, for they were many, and had been virulent of tongue.

Shortly after her death the King returned to Windsor in the company of the beautiful Lady Conyngham, where, obese and bloated, he hid from the public gaze, and even from that of his own servants.

He lay in bed until six o'clock in the afternoon, drank cherry brandy, received a few visitors, gossiped, visited his Marchioness, dined chiefly on vegetables and pastry, and after dinner drank punch. His sleep was short and restless; he rang his bell forty times during the night, and when in 1828 he sent for the Duke of Wellington to form a new Administration, the Duke found him dressed "in a dirty silk jacket and a turban nightcap, one as greasy as the other"; for, particular as he still was about dress when in public, he had become slovenly and dirty in private. He had hallucinations, and his sight began to fail. He lived in terror that, like his father, he would become blind and mad. Perhaps, indeed, he always had been mad; it is the kindest excuse that can be made for him.

On the night of June 20th he woke, and his bloated face became wild with terror. "Oh, God! I am dying," he cried, and died.

"His funeral," says Huish, "was a Jubilee." "The people were all as merry as grigs," writes George Greville. "He was indeed," said the Duke of Wellington, "the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy and good feeling that I ever saw in any character in my life." And Praed wrote his epitaph:—

"A noble nasty course he ran,
Superbly filthy and fastidious;
He was the world's first gentleman,
And made the appellation hideous."

And yet another king is dead, and that is William IV, the Sailor King, whose wife was kind Queen Adelaide, with the lovely auburn hair.¹

During William's² reign the fight for Reform had continued to wage fiercely. Misery and a bitter sense of class injustice had brought the people to the verge of revolution. "Captain Swing" and his followers burned ricks and terrorised the farmers and small squires; the hungry labourers of the Southern Counties marched through the villages, demanding a living wage of half a crown a day, and were punished by transportation to Australia, while the Northern workmen were drilling and preparing for civil war, and Cobbett was prosecuted for inflammatory articles which appeared in the Press, and acquitted.

Ding, dong, the fight continued. The Reform Bill passed through the Commons and was thrown out on the Second Reading by the Lords. The centre part of Bristol was burned. Governments dissolved; other Governments were formed. A new Bill was introduced, and this time passed both Commons and Lords, and the Reform Bill became law.

The Georgian Era is ended, and eighteen-year-old Queen Victoria sits upon the throne.

The twenty years which have passed since we last met John and Emily have eaten their youth and early middle age.

¹ Her portrait by Lawrence is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

² William IV, 1830-1837.

Emily is now fifty, John fifty-eight. Their son Robert John is a married man, husband of a wife whom he admires and fears, father of a girl now ten years old, of two boys, and expecting yet another addition to his family.

Sometimes his mother sighs, and his father's face takes on the blank expression which with him denotes distress of mind, as they look at this son of theirs, their tenderly loved first-born, now a big, well-made young man, neither ill-tempered nor vicious, but stupid through and through. In Lancashire they say that clogs return to clogs in three generations : were it not for his father's wealth, Robert John would already be wearing the clogs.

The son respects his father and is fond of his mother with a condescending, jocular fondness, treating her as he conceives all women should be treated, for, when all is said and done, what are women ? Beings who serve their purpose as amusements, wives, mothers, housekeepers. All he had asked before his marriage was that his father should provide him with a small estate where he might play the squire until he inherited his patrimony, and on this estate he lives, satisfied with himself and his surroundings, and neither particularly liked nor disliked by his neighbours.

Lucinda, his wife, also respects her father-in-law, but considers her mother-in-law to be a trifle mad. "Always ideas, ideas, ideas. What does she want them for ? She has all she needs," says the genuinely puzzled Lucinda.

Eustace, John and Emily's second son, is, as Robert John has it, "my mother run mad"—a beautiful, nervous child, an unhappy, harassed boy, a young man heart-broken by the miseries of the world. "Why don't he become a damn parson with a fat living, and make something out of his whim-whams ?" asks Robert John, impatient of all this fine feeling. But Eustace cannot find refuge in the Church, for he cannot believe, and will not pretend to believe, that which the Church requires him to believe, neither will he be a parson in nothing but name. He roams about the world restless, unsatisfied, keeping open in the heart of his mother an agony of compassion. Gay, pretty, loving Alicia-Rose, their daughter, is married and a mother, the wife of a rich coal-owner, and already, alas ! an unhappy wife. Married at nineteen, at twenty-eight she has three

children by a husband at whose presence she shudders, one of those men who are cruel, vicious, and without respect even for the innocence of their own children.

For the first few years of their married life Alicia-Rose endured her fate, wondering sadly if all men were such as her husband. Then had come terrible scenes, and flight with her babies to her father's house. In some ways it is the story of Caroline Norton over again, and of that story we shall hear more, for Caroline and Alicia-Rose are to meet, and John to help Mr. Talfourd, now Serjeant-at-Law and M.P. for Reading, and whom we have seen at the supper-parties of Charles and Mary Lamb, in his effort to remedy the legal injustice from which women who left their husbands then suffered.¹

The happiest and most successful of the family, for he is counted as one of its members, is Jeremy—Jeremy, the misbegotten, as Robert John, a trifle jealous, calls him. Jeremy has done well at school, brilliantly at College, and is now a junior partner in the firm of London, London and Company. Two of the three old gentlemen to whom John had been "the boy" are dead, and the third lives retired. John Edward, the son of one of the dead partners, and Jeremy control the doings of the large and still growing business. Now, shortly after the accession of Queen Victoria,² John and Emily, with the puffing footman become a sedate married man and John's trusted body-servant, and the widowed Hannah, Emily's faithful personal maid, are again on their way to London. They have with them their grand-daughter Adala, the eldest child of Robert John and Lucinda, who, although but ten years old, and in spite of, or possibly because of, the severe school-room routine in fashion at that time, is proving a sore trial to her parents. So trying, indeed, is this beautiful, clever, arrogant child that, after whippings and imprisonments on a diet of bread and water, after the comings and goings of various governesses, Lucinda reluctantly accepts the invitation of

¹ Mothers had no guardianship rights over their children before 1839. The right of a man to imprison his wife in his own home was not questioned until 1891. Amongst the working classes it was held that a husband had a right to beat his wife with a stick not larger in circumference than his thumb, and to sell her if he pleased to do so. Divorce was not obtainable by a woman before 1857.

² 1837.

Emily—who suffers to see the little girl so mismanaged—to take charge of the rebel until at least such time as her mother is again in normal health. “Though I’m sure,” wails that lady to her spouse, “the child don’t need any more ideas put into her head. She’s far too many already.” But convenience wins the day, and the delighted Adala joins the travelling party.

The London journey south in the great carriage, much as they travelled north in it twenty years ago, changing horses and stopping by night at busy coaching inns, and drawing up at the toll-gates with a frequency which becomes monotonous.



“A SHABBY, SHAMBLING DANCING-BEAR OR SAD-FACED MONKEY IN A GOLD-AND-SCARLET COAT”

[From Cruikshank's "Sketch Book"]

The roads are still populous with stage- and mail-coaches, gigs, covered carts and great wagons, with droves of beasts on their way to market, with poor people walking, and now and again a party of gipsies or mountebanks, a shaggy, shambling dancing-bear or sad-faced monkey in a gold-and-scarlet coat. But now over the coaching inns lies the shadow of the future. These new-fangled railways will be the ruin of them, and it is a gloomy outlook for the man who lives by the horse. In spite of vigorous opposition, some railways have already been built, but in 1837 there is yet no railway from Doncaster to London. Had one existed, John, who realised that to fast transport the country might owe a return of prosperity, and Emily, always ready

for new experiences, would have used it, sitting in their own carriage lashed on to a truck, and progressing perhaps at the terrifying speed of thirty-six miles an hour, for it was that pace which George Stephenson's engine attained when, in 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, and poor Mr. Huskisson, M.P., was killed. He had climbed out of his carriage on to the rails to offer a forgiving hand to the Duke of Wellington, with whom he had quarrelled some two years earlier, and whose presence on that day he rather resented, for he considered that, as he had warmly supported the line in Parliament and was Member for Liverpool, he should be the great man of the occasion. In a way he was, for he was knocked down by one of the new engines, and his subsequent death and the manner of it drew upon him the attention of the civilised world. Everyone, however, is not as ready to accept the railway as the Londons. Persons who consider change objectionable merely because it is change naturally object to these innovations. Those who regard the Almighty as a Person who also objects to change, say that railways fly in His face; that He will not bless them. The Duke of Cleveland objects because they will disturb his fox coverts, and a group of labourers walking home in their tan leggings and "drabell frocks"¹ after an excursion to see a train, assure their squire's lady that "sure enough, them great engins be Devil's spawn." They told her, too, of the "cage" in which uproarious navvies, who were "tur'ble rough men," were confined. This cage afterwards gave its name to some cottages built on the site which it had occupied.

Alicia-Rose, who has already adventured on a railway, writes to her mother to describe the thrilling experience. "At first, dear Mama, it was terrifying. One seemed to burst through the air, while hedges and fields and houses flew past. My heart beat, I could not think that I should live to tell you of this great day, and then I could have hoped that I should not live, for our carriage, lashed upon a truck, swayed from side to side, making me so sick and faint that I felt near to death. The railway train sped on, the carriage swung and I—— But I will leave you to imagine how I suffered. They tell me that those whose duty it was to lash the carriage to the truck had

¹ Smock frocks.

neglected to make the ropes sufficiently fast. 'Twas a Providence that we but swung from side to side. Had the lashings given way we must have been hurled into space, and at that prodigious pace there could be no hope that we had survived."

Perhaps the passengers who travelled at the twopence-halfpenny to threepence a mile rate in covered carriages, on the roofs of which their trunks were disposed, were more comfortable than Alicia-Rose, but those who could afford only the cheaper rate, and were packed into open trucks without seats, certainly were not. As Alicia goes on to explain, "The guard was perched up on a seat recessed in the roof of the last carriage, and from there worked the brakes which acted on the engine-wheels. When the train rushes along one feels as though it could never stop, and indeed it does take quite a long time to bring it to a stand. I was alarmed by the smell of charring wood, but was informed that the brake-blocks are made of wood, and the great pressure upon them causes them to char."

The *Quarterly Review* publishes an article in which it is said that "the gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam engine . . . may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. . . . We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate." The rate proposed by Stephenson when called before a Parliamentary Commission was but twice that of a stage-coach, and even that alarmed the gentlemen. Railways shocked the pastors and masters of Eton and Oxford, and both seats of learning succeeded in keeping these new horrors at a distance, the one to Slough, the other to Didcot. When later the rails did extend to Eton, a clause was inserted in a local Act compelling policemen to patrol the line to prevent Eton boys having access to it.

No one as yet, save Stephenson, the child of parents so poor that the family of eight lived in one room, and could not afford the boy even enough schooling to learn to read and write, realises that ultimately the country will be traversed by a network of railways, and so different gauges are used on several lines. When asked for advice as to the width of the gauge to be adopted on a new railway, Stephenson replied,

"Make it the same as mine. Though they may be a long way apart now, depend upon it they will be joined together some day."

John, far-seeing, and endowed with the money-making sense, had bought shares in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, shares which quickly rose from £100 to £200, and had sold out before the panic year of 1837 and become richer than ever.

At the end of the first day's drive, the Londons break their journey for a two-days' visit at the home of Mr. Jonathan Peel,¹ the brother of John's father's friend, the first Sir Robert Peel, who lives with his wife and two unmarried daughters in a large and rather gloomy mansion. A great character is that old man, and one who strikes terror even into the stout heart of the ten-year-old Adala, who is taken possession of by a small boy visitor and conducted to a barred window in the passage leading to the nursery, and there, by the prison-like window that looks down into a walled, flagged yard and on to a side wing of the house where is Mr. Peel's room, is informed, "My word! but Grandpapa's a whipper." Adala when an old lady wrote a description of this visit to the cotton magnate's house. "The feeling of awe that crept over me at this revelation was never entirely dissociated from my after impressions, tho' wholly unconfirmed by any future experience of my own. But if I escaped whipping, another alarming experience was mine, for during our visit I was constituted Chaplain, and appointed to read Family Prayers. I remember my dear grandmother represented to me the honour this conferred, but the occasion was such as left me no heart to take comfort in honour. Alarm overpowered me. I spent most of the day in reading over the chapter, for my first performance was in the evening.

"It need not be said that I was early at my post in the dining-room, that I might make sure of all the right places and get up at least a semblance of composure.

"There at the table sat Mr. Peel, as he ever did, for five minutes or more before the bell rang, solemn and still, his hands crossed over the knob of his powerful stick, his chin

¹ Mr. Jonathan Peel lived near Accrington. His place of residence is changed to meet the needs of this tale.

resting on his hands, the red cushions laid on the floor for his 'best' knee to rest upon as he knelt.

"At the stroke of eight the bell rang. The family party took their seats at one end of the room, and the servants followed, ranging in a formal straight line at the other. Silence prevailed, and it had to be broken. The voice that broke it quivered and faltered. The stern injunction "Speak up" scarcely tended to strengthen the tone, but I did my best, and trembled through the Collect and the chapter and the long succeeding prayer; after which Mr. Peel got up solemnly and deliberately, and slowly left the room in his usual silence. Habitual silence in itself reacts repressibly, and not less so when that silence is from time to time broken by a sharp-edged word or a short, terse comment which conveys its meaning without qualification. It was not encouraging to hear a low 'T'sch' uttered as an aside when a little vanity or exaggeration crept into a remark or a little folly into the dress. 'My heels' also was a rather favourite expression of contempt. 'Brave boys,' I know not how originating, was a common prelude to any strong observation. This style of ejaculation was shared by his brother, Sir Robert, who when his little son, the future Prime Minister, pleased him, would smack his leg and remark, 'Robin's the boy, yes, Robin's the boy!' Mr. Peel naturally possessed that terseness and vigour which make brief utterances almost proverbial.

"On advising that a load of coals, too long left unhoused on the roadside, should be got in at once, Jonathan's dry remark, 'Nobody'll add to them,' certainly went with much more direct conviction to the understanding than the more commonplace form of suggesting that some might possibly be taken away.

"In the time of great suffering from gout, the answer made to the morning greeting, 'Father, I am glad you had a good night,' was, 'Joe' (alluding with emphasis to his son, who had slept in the same room), 'Joe has had a good night.' Also in the gouty spirit, the rather ungracious mode of acknowledging the advantage of any new device for his comfort, 'Why had I never this before?'

"Sundry other pithy remarks of everyday use, often heard repeated in former days, now recur to me frequently. 'She

must be a very good woman, for I never heard of her.' 'If they are not in time for ten o'clock, they won't be for half-past.' 'It is just the shiftless you should help, the others will help themselves.' 'Sitting i' th' parlour, ringing bells,' was a familiar mode of contemptuously designating an idle life, frequently used with an accompanying 'Psh.' 'A set of milliners'—this comment on seeing a few threads or a little feminine litter of thimble and scissors left about proves that he had a keen eye for small inelegancies.

"I have been told that in his early life Mr. Peel was what is called a free liver. In later age he suffered very severely from the gout, and, to keep this enemy under, he cast aside every pleasure and self-indulgence. He ate alone, and lived a life of stern austerity.

"I recall the occasion when two of his daughters fell under severe displeasure through transgressing the household rules by sitting up one night far beyond the lawful hour. Being conscious delinquents, they stole upstairs with noiseless steps, almost fearing to breathe. As they passed their father's door, left ajar for air, malignant fate ordered that precisely there the extinguisher should fall off the candlestick with the prolonged clatter incident to a nervous effort to catch it and to the silence of the night hour. On Sunday morning their father summoned them before him, and denounced them for their misdemeanour in such stirring language that Susanna left the room indignant. Jane remained, tremulous, pleading in extenuation their general desire to study and consider him in all things. 'Study your heels,' was the old man's unrelenting response.

"In accordance with the Saxon and also French custom, in speaking to his children and close familiars, the old man commonly used the second person singular. In the course of the same afternoon he came into the drawing-room, and, exhibiting his hand, already considerably swollen with gout, said in a low voice to his daughter Susanna, 'Dost thou think thou couldst fasten some fleecy stuff round it?'

"The lurking venom seething in the blood, and now finding its external vent, had without doubt distilled the gall into the morning rebuke. No word of reference was made to it, but as his daughter knelt down by his side to officiate, the stern

man's tears fell upon her handiwork, and her own flowed freely."

It is a strange little picture of the old cotton magnate and his household, the memory of which endured in Adala's mind to the end of her days.¹

¹ In reality this description, which has been curtailed, was written by a member of the Peel family.

CHAPTER IX

The child and his story-books—Dr. Bowdler—Peel's little hands—The public conscience—Catholic Emancipation—Nonconformists—Slavery—Little Mr. Wilberforce, with love for a weapon—"Come, Mr. Richmond, and paint uncle"—The little man's watches—The criminal code—The death penalty—Jack Ketch—Resurrection men—The curricule and the spotted dog—Mr. Shilbeer's omnibus—Mamma in a spoon bonnet—The page-boy—When dogs drew carts—London in 1837—Bobbies or Peelers—Home, sweet home—A modernised house—Lesson-books of the day—All that is demanded of the accomplished female—The governess and the decorum of English families.

THERE is so much to interest little Adala on this her first long journey that the time flies fast, but the older travellers are glad when they reach the outskirts of London and know that the journey is nearly over.

Meanwhile Adala is happily looking out of the window or studying the pictures in her story-books, the jolting and shaking of the carriage making difficult the reading of the small type in which most of them are printed. Amongst her favourites is Mrs. Mary Trimmer's "Natural History of Quadrupeds Adapted to the Capacity of Youth." She greatly admires the lion, whose characteristic qualities are courage, strength and activity. . . . "This animal," Mrs. Trimmer assures her little readers, "is produced in Africa and the hottest parts of Asia. In these desert regions, from whence mankind is driven by the rigorous heat of the climate, the lion reigns sole master . . . its rage is most tremendous, and its courage undaunted."

She also enjoys "Miscellaneous Stories for Children," by the same author, and would like to be the little girl in slippers, tucked pantalettes, low-necked, short-sleeved frock, and large hat with an ostrich feather, who has harnessed a black poodle nearly as large as herself to a cart. "Sandford and Merton" she likes fairly well, "Robinson Crusoe" she adores, and she condescends to "The Governess, or the Little Female Academy."

Mothers and governesses did not then agree with Charles Lamb, who thought that the best education for a girl was to turn her loose in a good library, and therefore standard works were presented to immature minds in "bowdlerised" editions, one Doctor Bowdler, who expurgated Shakespeare and Gibbon, giving his name to that devitalising process.

While Adala obeys the nursery rule "to be good and amuse yourself quietly," John and Emily discuss the business which is taking them to Town. John has to see Mr. Talfourd to make certain that all has been done that can be done to protect Alicia-Rose and her children from Sir Harry Framlington; he has also to confer with the Home Office authorities on the subject of Factory Laws, for although much attention has been paid to the question of hours and conditions in the mills, the more humane employers are still dissatisfied with the protection afforded to their workers by the law, while amongst the operatives there is continual unrest.

The first Sir Robert Peel, now dead these seven years past, was, as we know, the first owner to introduce child labour into the cotton mills. It had taken some time to convince him that it had been an evil deed to hand over to the cotton-masters children, who were themselves defenceless and undefended by the law. When this sober, conscientious, rough-mannered man, who had amassed one of the largest fortunes in England, did realise the miseries of the "little hands," he was not ashamed to own that he had offended, and to exert his influence to improve the conditions of these child slaves, a work which his son and the better-minded of the mill-owners were still performing, in spite of much opposition from those who were convinced that if good trade must depend on human sacrifice, then without doubt humanity must be sacrificed to good trade.

Before Emily lies the painful task of visiting her youngest sister Georgiana, who, having married against her parents' wishes, had run away from her husband, and, finding her lover no more to her liking than her husband had been, had run away from him, and so passed out of the knowledge of her family. Now a letter has come from a Mrs. Halmead, under which name Georgiana discloses herself, to say she is ill and in want, living in a poor lodging in the hamlet of Knightsbridge. She prays that Emily will come to her, and does not pray in vain.

From the affairs of their daughter and sister they pass on to talk of the change of feeling which is developing in regard to moral questions. John is of the opinion that the attitude of the people at the time of Queen Caroline's trial for adultery, and the sympathy shown to Caroline Norton in her efforts to obtain the custody of her children—still denied her, in spite of the failure of her husband's attempt to obtain a verdict for "criminal conversation" against Lord Melbourne—show that the public conscience is becoming more just and more tender. Emily has no doubt that it is so. "If it were not," she asks, "would the Duke and Sir Robert have been able to carry the Catholic Emancipation Bill?" "H'm," says John, "they neither of them liked it [prejudices die hard, and he is not quite certain that he likes it himself]; they had to swallow it for fear of civil war in Ireland." "But that, dear one, does not apply to the Nonconformists," counters Emily, referring to the fact that Nonconformists may now hold national and municipal office; "and were it not that we are becoming more alive to the rights of the oppressed, the people would not willingly have paid twenty millions sterling to compensate the West Indian slave-owners. This suppression of slavery is one of the best deeds—or perhaps it is *the* best deed—that ever was done. Nelson fought and won battles and was made an Earl, Wellington fought and won battles and was made a Duke, but little Mr. Wilberforce, with love for a weapon, fought and won a battle which must change the spirit of humanity."

In this John agrees with her, for his sturdy British mind and his tender heart revolt against the buying and selling of human flesh, the parting of husbands from wives, of mothers from children.¹

Perhaps the West Indian slaves, as they climbed the hills of those far islands to wait through the darkness for the dawn of their freedom, thanked their dear Lord for the life and works of that great evangelical humanitarian, William Wilberforce, "whose mind was strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise," and who had striven so hard to gain their freedom. One grieves that he should have died just a month before his

¹ After a long educational campaign the slave trade had been made illegal, and in 1833 the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in British Territory became law.

great work was accomplished, yet one is glad that the people could so honour one who had ever sided with the oppressed and championed many an unpopular cause that they buried him in Westminster Abbey, between Canning and Pitt.

Shortly before Mr. Wilberforce's death, Alicia-Rose had met Mr. Richmond, the young and then almost unknown artist, and had been persuaded to engage him to paint a portrait of herself and her children. He had told her how he had first seen Mr. Wilberforce sitting in a chair on the top of a dining-room table. He was then seventy-four years of age, frail, and almost a cripple, and stooped so much that his nephews, who greatly loved him, had lifted him, chair and all, on to the table, as only in such a position was it possible to obtain a good view of his face.¹ The nephews then hurried to find Mr. Richmond, who had been asked to stay at Battersea Rise to meet Mr. Wilberforce, crying, "Come, Mr. Richmond, and paint uncle. We've got him in a chair on the table, and he can't get away." George Richmond protested that he was not equal to such a work, but his wife would have none of that. "You *shall* do it, George," she commanded, and he did, producing a life-like portrait which showed Mr. Wilberforce in the act of pushing on the hands of one of the two watches which he kept in his pockets. These watches he would frequently compare, and if they told the same time, he would advance one. On the next occasion when he compared them he would set the hands of the slow watch to correspond with those of the fast watch, and in an absent-minded manner would repeat the trick at intervals throughout the day. "At what time the watches eventually arrived, I do not know," said Alicia, when telling her mother of this habit.

It was she, too, who told Emily how the young Richmonds, George wearing a new beaver hat which had cost thirty shillings, eloped to Gretna Green, the lady in one post-chaise, chaperoned by her future brother-in-law, the bridegroom in another. It was this little bride who later boasted to a friend that when she first married they could afford meat but three times a week, "but we always had a pretty table-cloth." It was little wonder that they were obliged to stint themselves, for George Richmond received only £13 8s. for his portrait

¹ "The Richmond Papers," by A. M. W. Stirling.

of Mr. Wilberforce, which made him so widely known that his fortune was assured from then onward.¹

John and Emily rejoice, too, that Lord Brougham,² Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell are working to reform the Criminal Code.³ The House of Lords has found it difficult to agree that forgery shall be deleted from the long list of crimes, including sacrilege, horse- or sheep-stealing and coining, for which death was the punishment, but little by little the people are coming to the conclusion that death must be the penalty for murder alone. Such cases as that of Elizabeth Simpson, who had so recently been sentenced to death at Salisbury Assizes, rouse a wave of compassion. It had happened that a young lady named Watts had been sent to a school kept by a Mrs. Cochrane of Melksham, to whom the prisoner was assistant. Miss Watts had with her fourteen sovereigns, a half sovereign and some silver. Shortly after her arrival they were missing. After some time the prisoner confessed that she had stolen the money. When evidence had been given, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death was passed. In the *Evening Standard*, then priced sevenpence, we read that Elizabeth's "youthful appearance (being only seventeen years of age), her modest demeanour and the apparent contrition in her mind excited the sympathy of all who beheld her." This affair, and others no less sad, excite the pity not only of those who see the poor wretches who are condemned, but also that of large numbers of those who read or hear about them.

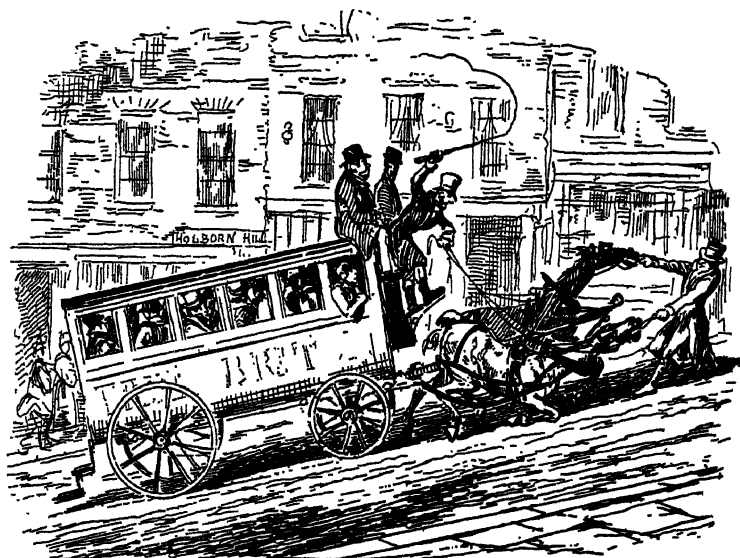
As the Londons, nearing the end of their journey, drive towards Tyburn, John recalls the death, some seven years earlier, of that famous hangman Jack Ketch, whose real name was Cheshire, and who was said to be the most expert of men at his dreadful trade. This Cheshire always had the

¹ George Richmond, R.A., was the father of Sir William Richmond, R.A., K.C.B. See "The Richmond Papers," by A. M. W. Stirling.

² It was of Brougham that Harriette Wilson wrote, "I never yet came in contact with such a memory as Brougham's . . . he caught the substance and pith of what he heard with peculiar tact, while the folly appeared to have flitted across his memory but an instant, and then passed away like chaff leaving the real matter behind."

³ In 1841 the death penalty was limited to the punishment for murder, but public hangings did not cease until 1868.

greatest terror of the resurrection men,¹ and was often told, by those of that class who at last fell within his clutches, that the "trade" would have him at any risk when his mortal career should be terminated. His last words were upon this subject, and his wife, in the apprehension that an attempt would be made to steal the corpse, actually slept with her head upon the cold arm of the deceased, and was awakened by the noise of some of the "snatchers," who attempted to gain an entrance at "the two pair of stairs window."



THE OMNIBUS BRUTES (see next page)

[From Cruikshank's "Sketch Book"]

Here Emily, seeing that Adala has become tired of her books and dolls, and fearful that she may hear of such grisly doings, attracts the child's attention to the sight of a swaggering young man driving a curricie, a "plum-pudding dog," as Adala calls the black-spotted Dalmatian, running, as it is trained to do, between the wheels. This young man has a high stock and a diamond pin, he has a velvet collar to his coat, strapped trousers and white gloves. His pomaded and scented hair flows over his ears and his coat collar, leaving a greasy stain upon it. They are all interested, too, to see one of

¹ Resurrection men or body-snatchers were those who stole corpses for the purposes of surgical experiment.

Shilibeer's omnibuses,¹ which at first were drawn by three horses abreast and carried twenty-two passengers, all inside, and eventually developed into a conveyance on which there were outside seats.

Adala, dressed in a frock, its hem half-way between ankle and knee, showing her long, frilled pantalettes, a bonnet and pelisse, watches a little girl in similar costume whose elder brother, in tasselled muffin cap and frilled collar, holds her by the hand. They are followed closely by Mamma, in a full-skirted dress with a flounce, a lace collar fastened by a large cameo brooch, a spoon bonnet from which waves a paradise plume, coloured kid gloves and a little pointed capelet with long ends known as a pelerine. The lady's hair is parted smoothly and gathered into groups of ringlets over each ear, and her bonnet discloses an elaborate cap frill, finished off on one side by a coquettish bow. The trio are accompanied by a page-boy in a green livery, with a row of close-set plated buttons, and a top hat the brim of which turns up sharply on each side, and is held in position by a silver cord, which terminates in a kind of silver acorn in the middle of the crown. This youth holds by a lead a spaniel, which shakes its long ears and yaps at the omnibus horses as they trot along. Her Majesty the girl Queen has a lap-dog; its name is Dash; she baths it with her own royal hands.

It is fashionable to cherish lap-dogs, but by no means fashionable to trouble very much about dogs other than those kept for sporting purposes or for pets. The streets of London are thronged by unowned dogs, left to exist by scavenging. Complaint has already been made of the nuisance of allowing dogs to draw heavy trucks along the streets of London, with hardly any possibility of getting water to drink, save that of the filthy kennels and the street gutters. No wonder the poor, thirst-tortured beasts snapped at the passers-by! Not until the third year of the young Queen's reign was an Act passed to prohibit the use of dogs for drawing trucks in London. As for hydrophobia, all the orders to kill mad dogs and to fine their owners did little to diminish it.² The world had to wait for Pasteur to lessen that horror.

¹ First run on the Paddington Road in July 1829.

² First successful inoculation of a human being in 1885.

The London which John and Emily are now entering is, compared with the London which we know, still a small city. Primrose Hill is a rural spot, St. John's Wood still a wood, and a sparkling rivulet runs through the meadows of Kilburn, while behind old St. Pancras Church is Mr. Agar's farm. The famous shop of Mr. Maple is being built. It is, indeed, but little changed from the city from which John and Emily had set out in 1817 after their tour abroad and their long visit to the metropolis.

Before the travellers arrive at their newly acquired residence in Grafton Street, they see another novelty—one of Sir Robert Peel's policemen in top hat and blue coat, buttoned close by a row of metal buttons. Cursed as "Peel's Bloody Gang" by the lower type of Radical, the new police force are approved by Francis Place, the people's leader, who recognises their value not only to the propertied classes, but also to the mob, for until the organisation of this service there had been no way of



A PEELER OR BOBBY

dealing with an obstinate mob short of sabring, shooting or riding it down, methods which had produced very bitter feeling, especially at the famous "Battle" of Peterloo,¹ as it came to be called. On this occasion some sixty thousand men, women and children were permitted to assemble at a political meeting. Then panic and muddle-headedness had their way. Mr. Hunt, the Radical speaker, was ordered to be arrested after the meeting—which was in no way disorderly—had begun. Horsemen pushing their way through the people were hustled and shouted at; the cavalry were ordered out;

¹ 1819.

the yeomanry used their sabres. Tempers on both sides were lost. Nine men and two women were killed or so badly injured that they died. Over a hundred were wounded by sabres, and several hundreds more by the horses and the mad crushing of the crowd. The Government, without waiting to inquire into the facts, thanked the magistrates who were responsible, and created in the hearts of the people a feeling of injury which lingers to this day.

As Adala descends from the travelling carriage a small boy with a large basket stops to watch her, and whistles meanwhile an air which the little girl has practised on the piano with the two broken notes in her dismal school-room, and which, so it is said, is known from the Strand to the banks of the Ohio. The English have taken it to their hearts this ten years past. It is "Home, Sweet Home,"¹ and one of the few tunes which John recognises when he hears it. A filthy, ragged old woman appears as if by magic to beg of the kind lady; some other kind lady must lately have dropped coins into her shaky claw, for she smells of gin, and is scarcely sober; she has had more than her share of the three million pounds worth of that spirit which is consumed in London in one year. A tattered boy adds himself to the party, and cuts cart wheels in the hope of earning a penny or two, and a dirty little girl nursing a dirty baby gazes open-mouthed at everyone in turn. There are plenty of wretched, ragged people to be seen even in the grand parts of the metropolis.

Arrived at the newly bought mansion, there is much to be done. The family and their household must be settled into their new quarters, which are the last word in comfort and elegance. There are actually two of the new-fangled water-closets in this modernised house, and Emily is thinking of installing gas lighting and a gas cooking-stove such as is used in the kitchen of the Reform Club, and is only restrained from so doing by the terror of her cook, who regards this novelty as an invention of the Devil.

Some of the beautiful furniture and hangings belonging to the former owners of the house have been purchased and Emily inhabits a bedroom furnished in the Chinese style, the

¹ From the Opera "Clara, the Maid of Milan," produced at Covent Garden in 1828. Words by John Howard, an American, music by Sir Henry Bishop.

furniture of black-and-gold lacquer, and on the bed a coverlet of exquisite embroidery worked on celadon-green satin.

The dining-room, with its great bay window, is decorated and furnished in the fashion of the early nineteenth century, with painted, panelled walls and ceiling, elegant mahogany furniture, curtains of fawn-coloured brocade, but a shade or two deeper than the painted walls, and an exquisite Persian carpet. With the gold-framed pictures by Raeburn, Hoppner and Lawrence, this room becomes a harmony of brown and fawn and gilt, toned by age to mellowness.

The hall is paved with black and white marble, and Adala amuses herself by jumping from square to square, and by sitting in the porter's great chair, with its beehive back and leather-covered hassock. She does not notice then that the beautiful circular medallions on the painted walls are by T. Banks, and were placed there in the seventeen-seventies, when cotton-spinners were still folk of little account.

While the household settles itself in its new quarters, Emily must arrange the conduct of Adala's education. Shall she have a governess, or shall she be sent to school in Hans Place, where as we know Lady Caroline Lamb was once a pupil, and at which, when the school was situated in Reading, Miss Jane Austen and Miss Mary Butt, who became Mrs. Sherwood and wrote the "History of the Fairchild Family," were educated? Here the pupil might learn "all that is demanded of the accomplished female"—and that, among the upper classes, is no little. It includes the use of the globes, some discreetly expressed botany, history ancient and modern, several foreign languages, drawing, and a vast amount of general knowledge culled from "Mangnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions for the Use of Young People," which was published in 1800, and was used in many a schoolroom three-quarters of a century later.

The author of this book was a young Yorkshire school-mistress, and her questions were "intended to awaken a laudable spirit of curiosity in young minds." She asked her readers such questions as "Where do nutmegs grow?" "What are the traits of the ancient Scottish Highlanders?" "Describe the way in which ducks give notice of coming rain," which was, as the rebellious Adala assured her governess, the

only sensible question in the silly book. She also provided the answers, which her pupils learned by heart and repeated when catechised. Fanny Kemble used this learned work; it was a stand-by at Hans Place, and everywhere else where "the minds of young females were trained to have only that general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour."

Yet others of Adala's lesson-books in question and answer form are Blair's "Preceptor in the Arts and Sciences" and Butler's "Guide to Useful Knowledge," numbers of volumes of Pinnock's "Catechism," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Various Branches of Science."¹ So heartily did Fanny Kemble's niece—like Adala—detest these "Conversations" that when a daughter of its learned author was expected to visit the Kembles, Fanny tactfully took her niece to the theatre, fearing what might befall if the two should meet.

Adala's governess may have been thankful for these volumes, for a book which answered as well as asked questions was doubtless a comfort to an ill-educated preceptress of whom much was demanded. According to Mr. Thackeray, a governess might be expected "to instruct in Greek, Latin and the rudiments of Hebrew . . . in Spanish, French and Italian . . . in Mathematics and History (though too much Mathematical knowledge would be sadly unsuited to the feminine intelligence), in dancing and the elements of Natural Science . . . and be endowed with every moral and religious virtue." Mr. Thackeray liked to exaggerate, but there was much truth in his satires, and certainly parents did ask for a long string of qualifications, joined to "unimpeachable morality, a mild and cheerful temper, and an obliging disposition." The ladies who had presided over the gloomy, airless, ink-stained school-room of little Miss Adala London had been forced, when young or middle-aged, and as a general rule most reluctantly, to earn their bread in one of the few ways then open to a respectable female, who, as Miss Hardman observed of Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," "must ever be kept in a sort of isolation, which is the only means of maintaining that distance which the reserve of English manners and the decorum of English

¹ "The Englishman and his Books," by Amy Cruse.

Families exact." No wonder such persons were dreary, and occasionally cruel companions to little girls!

It is decided eventually that Adala shall have a governess and masters for special lessons, and that the schoolroom shall be shared by Antonia, the eldest child of Alicia-Rose, whose husband has now departed to travel on the Continent, in company with a young person from a certain notorious house in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, thus leaving his wife free to visit her parents.

CHAPTER X

Lodgings in Knightsbridge Grove—"Better live on a bone than with a man of bad temper"—Harriette Wilson—A group of *demi-mondaines*—The Duke menaced a prosecution—"What the devil can you have to say against Fred?"—"Adieu, Monsieur le Prince"—Pretty, laughing Fanny in her rose-pink dress . . .—Lola Montez—"What have these years left to me? Nothing except thirty-three"—Caroline Norton—"No, no, no chance of that in our lifetime"—Disraeli's green-velvet trousers—"In Society never think"—The she-devil, the she-beast—The married woman in 1837—"They are disturbed by the preposterous importance set by women on the society of their infant children"—The position of women—"The proper sport for boys and girls"—The King called them "the Cat" and "the Kitten"—"An arch but upright child"—The dreadful dinner-party—"And now am I truly Queen?"

IN the intervals of arranging her new home, a school-room and nurseries for the children of Alicia-Rose, and interviewing governesses and masters, Emily visits her sister in her humble lodging in Knightsbridge Grove. Georgiana, far gone in a decline, weak, emaciated, shaken by fits of coughing and terrified by the hæmorrhages which become more and more frequent, is a sad sight. During the hours when she revives she is all anxiety about her appearance, and Emily can do nothing to please her better than to buy for her some piece of finery. She lies propped up by pillows, her mirror in one trembling hand, while with the other she rouges and powders her drawn and ageing face. Of her life she says at first but little. She is, in her own estimation, the victim of others. Weakness of character, silliness, selfishness, caprice have not caused her downfall. It is the harshness of her husband, the faithlessness of her lovers, the jealousy of other women which account for all that has happened. Yet she speaks of husband, lovers and acquaintances without rancour, almost as if they are ghosts, tiresome ghosts or pleasant ghosts—ghosts who are fading from her memory. As the days pass, and her weakness increases, she clings more and more to this dear sister, of whom she has now

lost all fear. Sometimes she trembles with terror at the idea of death and the hereafter, sometimes she lies in the quiet of exhaustion. Now and then, in the whisper which is all that remains of her once-pretty voice, she describes dresses in which she has queened it. There was one of white satin and silver lace. It had tiny silver tassels—"so sweetly pretty, Emmy." Another of pink-flowered gauze . . . an ornament of diamonds. . . . The Duke. . . . Fireworks at Vauxhall. . . . The Pantheon . . . The Piccadilly. . . . Jessops. . . . The Argyll. . . . Beautiful Byron. . . . Lord Hertford and his little private door in Park Lane. "It was Hertford, dear Emmy, who once said to Hariette Wilson, 'Better live on a bone than with a man of bad temper.'" She often mentions Hariette Wilson, who at fifteen became the mistress of the Earl of Craven, and her sisters, Ada and Fanny, and Sophie, who married Lord Berwick, and their friend Julia. The four sisters were educated girls, and they and Mrs. Julia formed a group of *demi-mondaines* whose rooms were thronged by the foremost men of the day. They had boxes at the opera to which men of *ton* flocked, though no one dared to present himself without permission. Hariette was particularly fascinating, a fine well-set-up girl, gay, witty, extravagant, unconventional, with a kind heart and a great love for her mother and her sister Fanny. Her Memoirs, published in paper-covered parts,¹ were in such demand that a barrier had to be erected in Stockdale's shop to regulate the crowds which came to buy. Thirty editions were said to have been sold in one year, in spite of the Duke of Wellington having written to "menace a prosecution." Perhaps he did not relish Hariette's description of himself, "the National Hero," waiting on her doorstep in the pouring rain while the Duke of Argyll, disguised as the lady's *Dame de Compagnie*, in wrapper and nightcap, squeaks in falsetto out of the window until the great man goes off in a fury. The Hon. Frederick Lamb, son of the first Lord Melbourne, also objected to the publication of the diary, doubtless for some sufficient reason, since no one but Quakers and Non-conformists would have troubled themselves about the morals of those highly placed gentlemen.

If her tale is to be believed, it was the first Lord Mel-

¹ 1828.

bourne, formerly Sir Peniston Lamb, who helped to persuade Hariette (dismally tired of a lover who never made her laugh, and wore an ugly nightcap) to leave Lord Craven and accept his son. "What the devil can you have to say against Fred?" asked the indignant father.

Hariette kept her visitors well in order. She told Prince Esterhazy, the Russian Ambassador, to take off his hat in her presence, which he refused to do, saying that he never did so—it was his way and he was too old to mend; and she writes with contempt of common young men in the Guards who are in no society—"these half-and-half sort of gentry," as she calls them. Princes had no terrors for Hariette Wilson. When told that she might, if she wished, travel to Brighton to obtain an interview with the Prince of Wales, she wrote a pert letter, saying that the idea of travelling fifty-two miles in bad weather to see a man who, after all, had only the given number of legs, arms and fingers did not appeal to her. "If you can do anything better in the way of pleasing a lady than ordinary men, write directly, if not, adieu, Monsieur le Prince." Such was Hariette at the age of sixteen.

But in the end she fell upon evil days. She begged for money here and there, and did not always obtain it. Her dear sister Fanny died. "In vain do I strive," said poor Fanny to her sister; "I cannot get the better of Parker's marriage, and I never shall." Poor Fanny! with her blue eyes and her auburn curls, her dimpled arms: she would lay her arms upon the table and, resting her head upon them, look up laughing or, if the draught blew cold, put her shawl or her handkerchief over her head, without ever a thought of her appearance. Pretty, laughing Fanny in her rose-pink dress. . . .

Julia dead, her mother dead, Hariette retired to Paris, married, and we hear of her no more. Georgiana also mentions Lola Montez, once Mrs. James, the wife of a subaltern in India, who had left the fold of respectable women to drive about Europe, to become the mistress and friend of Kings and of great men, amongst them Louis of Bavaria, the Tzar Nicholas I, the Abbé Liszt and Alexandre Dumas Père, to fail as a dancer, to sing in the street, to return to London, to marry at thirty-one a rich young man in the 2nd Life Guards, to be

arrested for bigamy, to appear in court wearing a silk dress, a black-velvet jacket, a plain white straw spoon bonnet trimmed with blue, and a blue veil, vastly becoming, we may be sure, to her black hair and her great blue eyes, with their long and curling black lashes.

And then, at the age of thirty-three, when perhaps she felt as did Byron when he wrote :

“Through Life’s dull road so dim and dirty
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me ?
Nothing except thirty-three.”

she went to America to become a lecturer, and died, aged forty-three, “feeling that her soul was at peace and that Christ would save her.”

As for Georgiana Halstead, there is something of girlish innocence still left to her. It is the gewgaws, the frivolities, the gaieties that she remembers ; faithlessness, cruelty, vice she has held away from her—they have scarcely marked her shallow mind. And so she dies, the only treasure left to her, to which through bitter poverty she has clung, a flashing ornament of diamonds, the diamonds of a lover who doubtless has long since forgotten her existence.

Shortly after the death of her sister, Emily meets for the first time Caroline Norton, of whom she has heard so much. The clever, handsome, dark-haired young woman is brought to visit her by Alicia-Rose, who has been introduced to Mrs. Norton by Mr. Talfourd.

As Caroline Sheridan, one of the three lovely daughters of a lovely mother whose beauty and wit conquered London, she had married at nineteen the Hon. Richard Norton, and lived in Storey’s Gate, where, in her muslin-curtained, untidy little drawing-room, she entertained many of the most interesting people of the day, including elderly, kindly, lounging “let-it-alone” Lord Melbourne, who loved books (especially those on theology) and pretty women, and used lurid language.

It was at the house of black-haired Mrs. Norton, who blushed divinely and cast down her long eyelashes when she told stories which were a trifle bold, that young Mr. Disraeli, in all the glory of his ringlets and chains, and possibly wearing

his claret-coloured trousers (he had a pair even grander, of green velvet), told Lord Melbourne that he wished to become Prime Minister, and that amiable gentleman replied, "No, no," very seriously, "no chance of that in our time . . . put all those foolish ideas out of your head." But Mr. Disraeli did not believe that his ideas were foolish, and did not put them out of his head; instead, he lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, wearing the green-velvet trousers, a canary-coloured waistcoat, buckled shoes, and lace cuffs, and made a good impression, in spite of his surprising appearance. Later on he made notes as to the behaviour which should bring him success. "Do not talk too much at present: do not try to talk. But whenever you speak, speak with self-possession. Speak in a subdued tone, and always look at the person whom you are addressing. . . . Never argue. In Society nothing must be discussed; give only results. If any person differ from you, bow and turn the conversation. In Society never think. . . . Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. . . . This is the way to gain influence, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. . . . Nothing is of so much importance and of so much use to a young man entering life as to be well criticised by women."

As for John, he could not bear the gaudy fellow, as he called him, but Emily found him pleasant.

At the time when Mrs. Norton visits the Londons in Grafton Street she is in a state of great indignation, because, while working with Mr. Talfourd to secure the amendment of the law regarding the custody of infants, she has been attacked by the Press and jeered at as a "she-devil," a "she-beast." She wishes to bring an action for libel—to find that, as a married woman, she cannot sue. There is no way in which a married woman may protect her good name against libel.

As when in 1805 Emily had married John, so in 1837, a married woman is the property of her husband. He may divorce her, but she cannot divorce him. Her children are his; her money is his; if she is able to earn anything, her earnings are his. If she leaves him, he may keep the children and, short of murdering them, may treat them almost as he will.

Very early in their married life, the Nortons had begun to quarrel (one can believe that Caroline may have been

Mary
Russell
Mittford.

Mrs. Hall.

Harriet
Martineau.

Jane
Porter.



Letitia Elizabeth
Landon (L.E.L.)

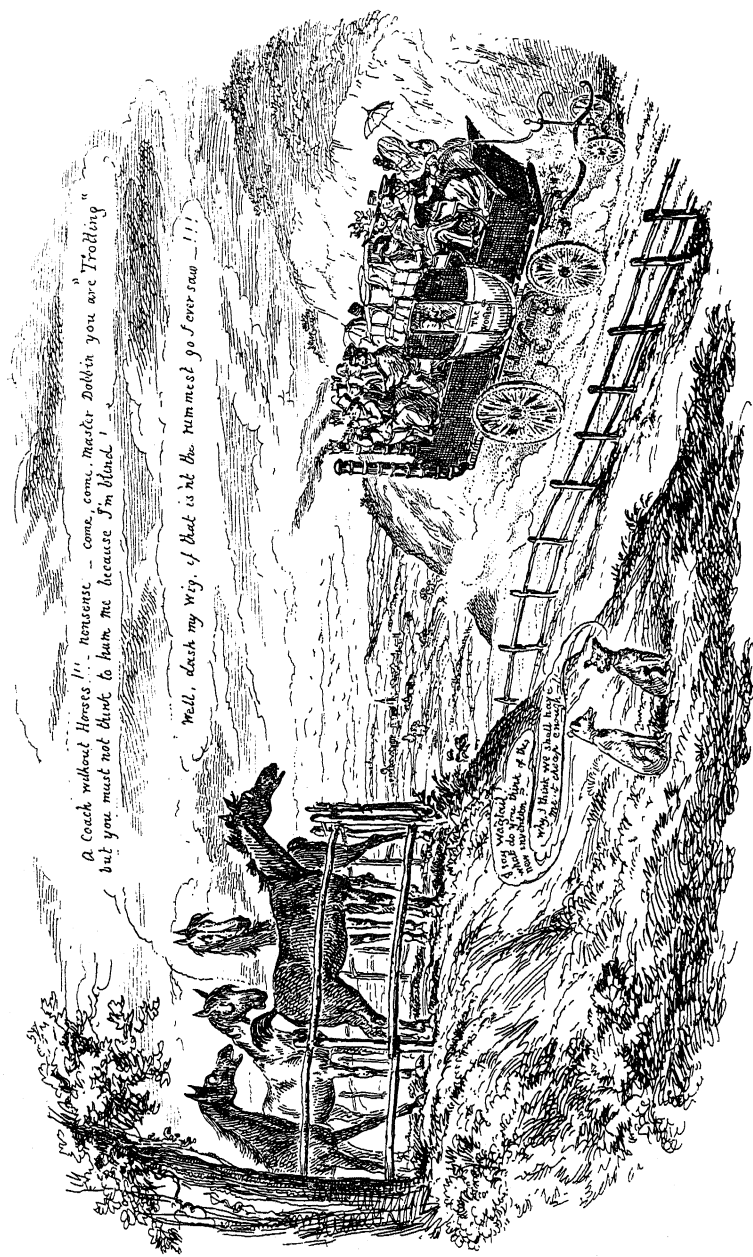
Lady Morgan.

Mrs. Norton.

Lady Blessington.

LITERARY LADIES.

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.



A Coach without Horses!!! nonsense — come, come, Master Dobbins you are Trotting
but you must not think to harm me because I'm blind!

Well, dash my wig, if that is n't the funnest go I ever saw —!!!

Long wagged
tail and
long
ears
think of the
fun I have
when I shall
have
the
dog
with
me

THE HORSES GOING TO THE DOGS.
From Cruikshank's "Scraps and Sketches."

intensely irritating) and live above their income. Richard beat her, and she ran away, to return, to quarrel again, and again to leave him. While visiting one of her sisters, her husband removed their three children into the care of a cousin, who was instructed to refuse their mother access to them. He then brought an action against Lord Melbourne, now the young Queen's still-handsome, kindly Prime Minister, for "criminal conversation" with his wife. The action was dismissed in 1836, but during its course Caroline learned that in a court of law she had no standing whatever. She could neither sue nor be sued nor be represented by counsel. Richard Norton refused his wife money, he retained her furniture, he sent the children away to Scotland, and for a long time she could not find out where they were.

"I have learned the law respecting married women piecemeal by suffering every one of its defects of protection," wrote poor Caroline, and in the same sad way had Alicia-Rose learned the law, and, being of less stern make, and knowing in what hands her children were, she had returned to her hated home, her dreaded husband, protected only by the threat of her father, who bade his son-in-law mark that, should he venture to further ill-treat her or her children, he would shoot him and hang for it, if hang he must. But Mrs. Norton fought on, her pen her weapon, and, because it was a "feminine pen," her pamphlet "A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor," was signed by the name of Pierce Stevenson. "I feared if they knew it was a woman's writing it would have less weight," its author explained. "You cannot get the Peers to sit up till three in the morning listening to the wrongs of separated mothers . . . they are disturbed by the preposterous importance set by women on the society of their infant children. What I suffered respecting those children, God knows, and He only. What I endured, and yet lived past—of pain, exasperation, helplessness and despair—I shall not even try to explain. I believe men have no more notion of what that anguish is than the blind have of colours. . . . I *really* wept and suffered in my early youth, for wrong done not *by* me, but to me; I *really* suffered the extremity of earthly shame without deserving it (whatever chastisement my other faults may have deserved of Heaven); I *really* lost my young children—craved

for them, struggled for them, was barred from them—and came too late to see one that had died . . . except in his coffin. I *really* have gone through much, that if it were invented would move you ; but, being of your everyday world, you are willing it should sweep past like a heap of dead leaves on the stream of time, and take its place with other things that have gone drifting down.”¹

It was thought by many people of every class that Caroline should have endured her griefs in silence. The way of silence and endurance was the only way for respectable women, and had it not been that John and Emily were socially so well placed and, by reason of John’s great wealth and friendship with Sir Robert Peel, so politically important, their acquaintances might have viewed the association of Alicia-Rose and Caroline with disapproval. As it was, those who disapproved voiced their sentiments only in safe quarters.

It is strange to think that women should have been in so helpless a position at a time when a Queen occupied the throne, and one who, although an unmarried girl of eighteen who had led an unusually sheltered life, already showed an obstinacy, a wilfulness which would have been thought most ill-fitting in one of her young female subjects. Apart from the position of married women as regards divorce and desertion, the position of woman in general was decided by a public opinion which considered her to be by nature the inferior, not only physically, but mentally, of man. Women of the upper classes, provided they behaved themselves, should be sheltered and protected, and, at all events while young and attractive, indulged. A woman was regarded not as an individual, but as the wife, the daughter or the mother of some man, and, in that capacity, nine times out of ten it was humility, obedience, sympathy, a sufficient measure of sense to save her from making a nuisance of herself, and a competent handling of domestic affairs which was asked of her. “Poor” women were required to work very hard, and in many cases to combine the part of wage-earner and that of housewife, and always to be far less well paid than men.

¹ The exertions of Mrs. Norton and of Mr. Talfourd secured alterations in the custody laws. As the years passed and public opinion regarding the position of women changed, other amendments were made, until in our own time all injustices were swept away by the Infant Custody Act of 1925.

As a woman of the upper classes was merely an appendage of a man, it became, in a country where there were no longer nunneries, most inconvenient to provide for unmarried women. A woman who was no longer a dependent daughter because her parents were dead or had become unable to support her, and who had failed to obtain a husband, was an embarrassment, and unless she could be absorbed into the household of some well-to-do relation, all that could be done with her was to turn her into a governess or a companion, or allow her to live in poverty-stricken gentility on a minute income, as spinsters lived in "Cranford."¹ As Jane Austen writes, "A single woman with a narrow income must be a ridiculous old maid, the proper sport for boys and girls; but a single woman of good fortune is always respectable, and may be as pleasant and sensible as anyone else."² Even with a good fortune, however, the unmarried woman was thought to have failed in her life's work, which was to procure a husband. Spinsters of the working classes were rather better off, for they could work, though the better educated and the more refined they were the fewer were the occupations open to them. They could not become clerks or shop assistants (except in milliners' shops), none of the learned professions was open to them, and, in any case, to earn a living deprived them of their gentility and procured for them no respect.

In a genteel family a young woman who was earning her bread was a misfortune to be kept secret where possible, and at other times to be glossed over as best one might. The economic dependence of the wife, daughter and sister made the domestic male tyrant possible, and enabled the mother, as his second-in-command, to exact obedience from her unmarried daughters.

The young Queen, whose father, the Duke of Kent, had died while she was in her infancy, was brought up until she became Queen simply, carefully and with considerable severity. She had always slept in her mother's bedroom, and as far as her mother was aware, had never walked downstairs without someone to hold her hand. The London ladies are much interested in all the gossip about their young Sovereign, who, as everyone knew, had been a bone of contention between the Duchess and the late King, but as Parliament had given the

¹ "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. Published 1853.

² "Emma," by Jane Austen. Published 1816.

Duchess charge of the Princess, His Majesty King William was unable to interfere with her upbringing or her liberty, though he was able to snub the Duchess, whom he greatly disliked, and, in consequence, that lady often kept her daughter away from Court when the King thought she ought to have been present. The young girl did, however, attend some of the Drawing-Rooms, at one of which Mrs. London had seen her and described to her own daughter the pink-and-white complexion, the prominent blue eyes, the little pouting mouth and slightly protruding teeth of the tiny Princess, who stood by the side of the King and of her kind, affectionate aunt, Queen Adelaide, dressed in Court dress, the puffed sleeves well off the childish shoulders, a necklace of four rows of pearls, ear-rings hanging nearly to her shoulders and her hair parted, looped over the ears and drawn into a high coronet of plaits—a perfect copy in miniature of her elders.

Emily told, too, of her dignity of manner, which, people said, she owed more to the training of her State governess, the Duchess of Northumberland, who was a stately, graceful woman, than to her mother, who was considered to be rather homely, both in manner and appearance.

It was to Emily's now-widowed peeress sister that the Duchess had spoken of the Queen's youth, and it was she who recounted to Emily how bitterly disappointed the little girl had been when her mother refused to allow her to attend the coronation of her uncle and aunt, because the King would not grant the degree of precedence which the Duchess of Kent thought should be allotted to the heir to the throne and her mother.

Queen Victoria in after years used to tell her own children how she cried for hours at being refused this treat. "Nothing could console me," she said—"not even my dolls." The Duchess became very fond of her State pupil, describing her as "the most upright child I ever knew, and yet arch. One could do anything with her if one gained her affections." The everyday governess, the Baroness Lezhen, also discovered that she must be managed by her affections, and acted accordingly.

From a time-table called "The Distributor of the Day for the Princess Victoria" it seems that the little girl did lessons for two hours in the morning and three in the afternoon,

with one and a half hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon for playing and walking, and half an hour before bed-time for playing.

The arch but upright child from her earliest years had great independence of mind. When told by her mother, "When you are naughty you make both *me* and *yourself* unhappy," she replied, "No, Mamma, not *me*, not *myself*; but you," and refused to think otherwise.

The rooms in Kensington Palace in which the Princess destined for such a great future spent her childhood looked out over Kensington Gardens and away to Hyde Park. The bedroom had chairs of white wood, with cane backs painted in green and white, and with cushions of ivory Chinese silk embroidered with green leaves. Amongst her toys were a little loom for weaving, a yellow-and-black chariot with a crown upon its panels, four Chinese dolls under a glass globe, a mechanical dancing-doll, a simple little two-roomed dolls' house, a German village cut out of wood, an Indian Prince without a head, and a set of tiny bibs with the initial of each doll worked upon them by the Princess herself—the toys of a lonely child, who spoke afterwards of the sadness and unhappiness of her childhood.

In 1830, when the little girl was eleven, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Lincoln were asked to give their opinions regarding her education, which they found to supply "a degree of information as great as, at such an age, could be expected." They mention that the absence of mind lamented by her mother "has been in a great measure corrected by the improving understanding of Her Highness." The French master reports that she spoke the language better than she wrote it, the German master that she knew most words of common occurrence (about 1500), and the arithmetic master considers that the Princess has a peculiar talent for arithmetic. The little Highness read during four years some hundreds of books on Religion, History, Geography, Grammar, Natural History, Poetry, General Knowledge, and a very few moral stories.

The under-current of gossip about the Princess which has never ceased since her birth breaks out at her accession into a flood of talk. People speak of that bogey-man who is sup-

posed to have murdered his valet and committed who knows what other crimes, her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover. They say that when the Princess was a child in arms at Sidmouth he attempted to have her assassinated. A boy shooting rabbits appeared to think that the rabbits lived in the nursery of the Princess. A shot grazed the sleeve of the nurse in whose arms was the little Victoria. The Duchess of Kent laughs at the idea, but the Duke is alarmed. He catches cold, he will not change his boots. He will stay and play with the baby. He will not take his medicine. He becomes ill. He dies. The Duchess never lets her child out of sight—she dare not do so. . . . They say that ill-feeling develops between the Princess and her mother, they say that she is a cruelly treated angel, they say that she is a cold-hearted, obstinate girl. . . . There are rumours that the uncles have tried to inveigle the little Princess into a secret marriage. Heaven knows what is said, contradicted and repeated. . . .

The ill-feeling between the Duchess of Kent ("the Cat," as her brother-in-law called her—her daughter he called "the Kitten") and the King culminated the year before his death, when, at a State banquet at Windsor in honour of his birthday, he informed the company that he hoped to live until his niece came of age, in order that the Kingdom might be spared the Regency of the Duchess, "who was a person incompetent to act with propriety."

We may imagine the grand company seated at the long tables not knowing which way to look, the gold plate, the footmen in scarlet and gold. The red-faced King gobbles and chatters furiously, Queen Adelaide is in deep distress, the Duchess becomes a figure of stone, the seventeen-year-old Victoria bursts into tears. . . .

The following year the Princess came of age,¹ and the King offered her £10,000 a year from his private purse to be at her disposal independently of her mother. The girl accepted it against her mother's will. A few weeks later the King died, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Archbishop of Canterbury set off to drive from Windsor to Kensington, and arrived at five o'clock in the morning, to knock many times before they could wake the porter, who at first refused to let them in.

¹ 1837.

At length Victoria was awakened, and in dressing-gown, slippers and shawl, her hair hanging loose, came to the room where the Chamberlain and the Archbishop knelt to salute her as Queen.

The next day, after she had held her first Council, she asked of her mother, "And now am I truly Queen?" "My dear, you see that you are." "Leave me alone for an hour," was her request. She ordered that her bed should be removed from her mother's room.

From that time onward the Duchess was to realise that the great day to which she had so looked forward had been the day of her undoing.

CHAPTER XI

Keepsakes, Amulets and Bijoux—"Oh, blessed be my baby boy!" thus spoke a mother to her child"—Life in a great country house—Pug's Parlour—Mrs. Rundell's cookery book—A good figure, with proper economy—"As she will receive no emolument, she hopes it will escape without censure"—Life in a mining village—Wild, queer-minded folk—Sir Humphry Davy and the safety lamp—The child miner—Twelve hours in silence and darkness—"Women was spirity, and yet a man could manage 'em"—"Their mam-mies be down the pit"—"One day she'd stopped crying, and her eyes were squinting and her head jerking about"—"Work or go clemmed"—The truck- or tommy-shop.

BY the end of July the Londons are once more travelling homewards, and an event has occurred which lifts a load of anxiety from their minds.

The husband of Alicia-Rose is dead. His body had been found on some stone steps leading from a villa of ill repute down into Naples. A broken neck was the cause of death, but from the hysterical evidence of the English girl who was travelling with him, and who already regarded him with terror and dislike, it seemed likely that there might have been foul play.

The reason of his death is of little interest to anyone, the fact that he is dead a matter for thankfulness. Now Alicia-Rose, her boy and her two girls are travelling northward with her parents, who will, after staying a few days at Conisbrowth, go on to Framlington Park to see their daughter settled in her home, while John and his co-trustee arrange certain matters of business.

It has been decided that Alicia-Rose for the present shall keep Adala with her to educate with her eldest girl Antonia, and the six-year-old Sir Harry, for Lucinda, after a dangerous confinement and the loss of her baby, is, if indeed she ever was, in no fit state to deal with her high-spirited, determined daughter.

To us, accustomed to speedy methods of travel, the long

drive and the nights spent at inns would have proved tedious; the London party accept them as a commonplace of their existence. The children have toys and games and picture books wherewith to while away the time not spent in eating, talking and looking out of the windows. The elders also have their books.

Alicia-Rose, whose literary taste inclines to the sweetly pretty, reads Keepsakes, Literary Souvenirs, Amulets and Bijoux, which for some time past have been popular. This style of literature was first introduced by a German gentleman, Mr. Rudolph Ackerman, who had an enterprising mind. He designed Nelson's funeral car, he was one of the first to use gas in his shop, he introduced the art of lithography into England and patented a method for rendering cloth and paper waterproof.

His first gift book, "Forget-me-Not," was published in 1828, and thousands of copies were sold. It contained verses by Mrs. Hemans, entitled "Evening Prayers at a Girls' School," and some "Lines to a Lady who had Refused three Separate Proposals." (It did not seem to have occurred to the author, as Emily remarked when she read them, that gentlemen do not usually propose in groups.)

In a juvenile "Forget-me-Not" of 1831 a delightful story, called "Pink Satin Sashes," appeared, and although some of the stories and poems were paltry, others were well worth reading, for such authors as Lady Blessington, John Clare, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mary Russell Mitford, Thomas Moore, Alfred Tennyson and his brother Frederick Tennyson, Charles Lamb, Lord Byron and even George IV wrote for the publishers of these booklets.

Alicia-Rose sheds a tear or two over one of the poems in the Amulet.

"Oh, blessed be my baby boy!"
Thus spoke a mother to her child—
And kissed him with excess of joy,
Then looked upon his face and smiled.

Then, as the mother breathed his name—
The fervent prayer was scarcely said—
Convulsions shook his infant frame—
The mother's only babe was dead!

But still her faith in Him she kept,
 In Him who turned to grief her joy;
 And still she murmured as she wept,
 "Oh, blessed is my baby boy!"¹

Seeing that her little son is distressed at her tears, she wipes them away, and, opening "The Cabinet of Lilliput," reads to him "The Story of Charles and his Little Poney," a tried nursery favourite, following it, at the petition of her youngest girl Sophia, with the sad story of "The Hoyden."

Miss Agnes had two or three dolls, and a box
 To hold all their bonnets and tippets and frocks,
 In a red-leather thread case that snapped when it shut
 She had needles to sew with and scissors to cut;
 But Agnes liked better to play with rude boys
 Than to work with her needle or play with her toys;
 Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
 Yet Agnes was seldom drest fit to be seen.
 I saw her one day attempting to throw
 A very large stone, when it fell on her toe.
 The boys who were present, and saw what was done,
 Set up a loud laugh, and call'd it fine fun.
 But I took her home, and the doctor soon came,
 And Agnes, I fear, will a long time be lame,
 And from morning till night she laments very much,
 That now when she walks she must lean on a crutch.
 And she told her dear father a thousand times o'er
 That she never will play with rude boys any more.

Emily, who has a liking for finer stuff, reads the poems of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet,² whose dominant passion was his native land.

And little footpaths sweet to see,
 Go seeking sweeter places still,

were favourite lines of Emily's.

After a few days stay at Conisbrowth, the party continued its journey to Framlington, a large and beautiful house with a great park and a formal terraced garden, situated some miles from the pits from which came much of the family wealth.

During the life of its former owner, Framlington had been

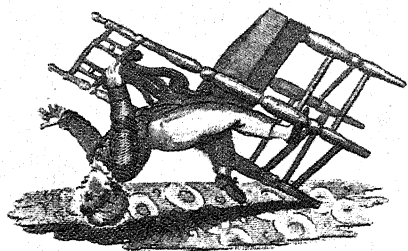
¹ These verses were, as a matter of fact, published in "The Amulet" of 1827, and were signed L. A. H.

² John Clare died in a madhouse, where he had been for twenty-seven years.

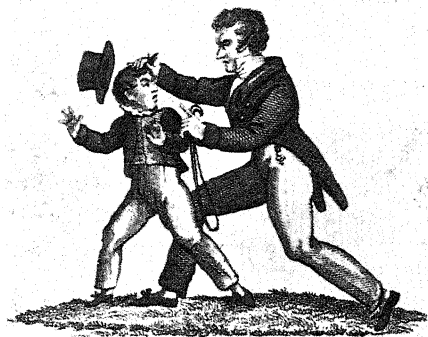
3. The greedy Girl who burnt her mouth.



9 Effects of Climbing.

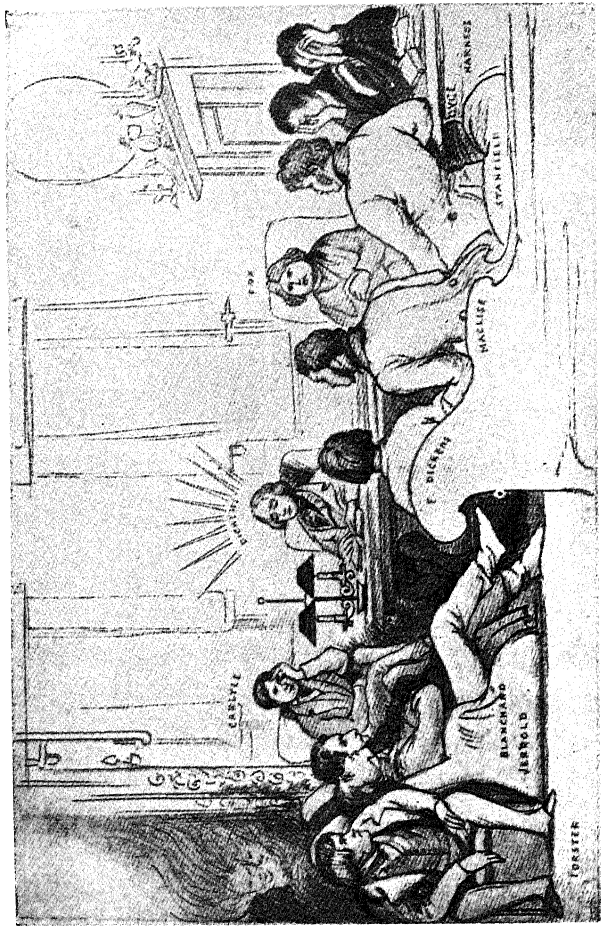


10. Innocent Sports.



12. Falshood Punished.

FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "EARLY SEEDS TO PRODUCE SPRING FLOWERS" BY MARY ELLIOTT.



THE FASHION FOR READING ALOUD.

Charles Dickens reading "The Chimes" to his friends at 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Monday, the 2nd of December, 1844.

From the engraving by C. H. Jeens, after the original sketch by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

a by-word in the neighbourhood for the extravagance and immorality practised within its walls, and now it is necessary for Lady Framlington to reorganise her establishment—no easy task, for at that time a large country house was in most ways self-supporting, with its home-killed meat, game, poultry, dairy and garden produce.

Lady Framlington and her mother, accompanied by Mrs. Rowley the housekeeper, visit the huge kitchen, in which hangs a black-and-gold lacquered clock, placed there when the house, built in 1672, had been modernised in 1743. Along one end of the room, with its vaulted roof, run the ovens and hotplates and the great open grate and roasting-jack, which not so very long ago had been turned by a spit dog, and is now turned by a fan wheel in the chimney, driven by the rising smoke.

In a cupboard by the side of this grate are the meat and poultry spits. A large, heavy table, home-carpentered from one great tree, fills the centre of the room, and here, too, stand the mortars on three-legged supports, in which the blue-papered cones of sugar are pounded. If lump sugar is needed, it is cut into cubes by means of sharp clippers made for the purpose.

Out of the kitchen opens the scullery, and also the meal-room of the kitchen staff, for Mrs. Cook and her cookmaids do not eat in the hall. In former days, when Sir Harry had kept a *chef*, that grandee had his own sitting-room, and dined in solitary state.

The ladies pass through pantry, strong room and the back hall. Here hangs the rope of the great bell by which the household keeps time, for clocks and watches then were luxuries for the well-to-do. Here, too, are the rows of bells, each with its name or number painted beneath, and along the floor a miniature railway runs to the coal house and on it trucks of coal are brought to be loaded into scuttles and carried to their destinations. A ton of coal and often more than that is used each day, yet, even so, in winter-time, and in spite of stoves in hall and gallery, the cold is piercing.

They rest for a moment in the housekeeper's sitting-room, and drink glasses of cordial. Mrs. Rowley, in her voluminous skirts, her black apron, three-cornered cross-over,

and net cap, trimmed with ribbon quillings, is queen of the comfortable parlour, with its red-and-black druggeted floor, red curtains, large round table and many cupboards, grandfather's chair and, on the high mantelshelf, row of daguerreotypes and funeral cards. Her tortoiseshell cat is asleep upon a rug made of pieces of scarlet and black cloth, this homely comfort contrasting oddly with a set of exquisite Sheraton chairs which have found a place in her domain.

Still led by Mrs. Rowley, they go on to visit the still-room, where jams and pickles, conserves and cordials, cakes and biscuits are made, valuable china and glass washed and the tea and coffee prepared. Clever Mrs. Rowley also bottles fruit, a method of preservation with which a certain Nicholas Appert made experiments in 1795, for it was during the Napoleonic Wars that the first effort was made to seal food in containers. Mrs. Hannah is greatly excited about this matter of bottling, and introduces it to the notice of stout Mrs. Cook at Conisbrowth.

The ladies gaze at the great larders—the meat larder, which the butcher opens once a day to give out the supply of meat, and woe betide the cook if she fails then to ask for what is required, for thereafter, such is the law of the house, she must hold her peace.

Next door are the game larder, the vegetable store and the cooked meat larder, and on the other side of the grassed yard the laundry.

Here is the lamp-room, where the colza lamps are filled and cleaned, there the brushing-room, the wood store and the back door, and by it the cask of home-brewed beer, with a row of mugs hanging above it, for no one who comes to the house leaves it without refreshment. Then back again past the cellars and the brew-house, to the servants' hall, with its long table and backless forms, from which the upper servants walk in procession after the meat has been eaten to partake of their pudding and dessert and to drink their glass of wine in the steward's room or the housekeeper's parlour.

A liveried usher and a hall-boy wait on the servants' hall, on steward and butler, and a stout, red-cheeked maid, who attends on Mrs. Rowley, curtsies and gapes with awe at the sight of the ladies.

Upstairs, away to the left, are the rooms of the men-servants, to the right, chaperoned by Mrs. Rowley, the bed-chambers of the maid-servants, the sewing-rooms of the housemaids, and the linen-room.

A stern etiquette is observed in this world, shut off by baize-covered doors from "the house." It is a world of its own, which the younger servants leave only now and again to visit their parents in the village, to take to mother a pinch of tea or a screw of sugar which they have saved from their allotted portions. Good tea is a rare luxury to cottage folk at this time of high prices. Often the labourers' wives make tea of the young shoots of the hawthorn or of burned crusts of bread. They are thankful if their boys and girls may be placed in good service, and so be sure of food and shelter and some measure of warmth. Although there are no weekly "days out," life in the great houses is cheerful enough. Once a month come fiddlers, and the young men and maids dance, and it is a pretty enough sight to see the housemaids sitting at their sewing, singing meanwhile. Every stitch must be put in by hand, for the sewing-machine is as yet unknown.¹



THE WARMING PAN

When speaking to her maid Hannah, that worthy woman informs her lady that in such establishments some of the under-servants never see their employers; that steward, butler and housekeeper are to them as Kings and Queens. The visiting servants take the rank of their employers, and, says she, one young man of her acquaintance threw away a situation as valet to a marquis because his high rank so often caused him to be placed at table by the side of the house-

¹ See page 230.

keeper, rather than by the young maids of the visiting young ladies!

Once, she says, there had been a pretty to-do at the Great House, because a lady's maid had been put at table out of her place. For the remainder of her visit, and in spite of apologies, she had insisted on eating in her bed-chamber, "and perhaps you are not aware, Ma'am," adds Hannah with a smile, "of the name by which the house-keeper's room is known—'tis 'Pug's Parlour,' though how it do come to be called so I cannot say. I well remember at the Great House being puffed up by being in such company, walking out before the pudding was put on the table and looking back to see one of the footmen with his fingers to his nose, bowing low to the backs of us. But high and low there must be, below stairs and above," ends Mrs. Hannah, giving a last fond touch to the once-golden hair of her beloved mistress.

Emily has brought with her from Town some copies of a book on household management, one of which she presents to her daughter and one to Mrs. Rowley. This is Mrs. Rundell's "New System of Domestic Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy and adapted to the Use of Private Families."

Mrs. Rundell's book was published originally in Exeter, and had achieved a great reputation in the West of England before Mr. Murray first offered his edition to the public.¹ For sixteen years after the date of publication in London, Mrs. Rundell's "New System" was *the* cookery book of the English household. In the advertisement the author says, "The following directions were intended for the conduct of the families of the Author's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to unite a good figure with proper economy. She has avoided all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the prices, and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those whose penury obliges them to abstain."

Sugars are mentioned as an article of considerable expense, and "Bread," she writes, "is now so heavy an article of expense that all waste should be guarded against; and having

¹ In 1829.

it cut in the room will tend to prevent it. Since the scarcity in 1795 and 1800, that custom has been much adopted. It should not be cut until a day old," advice which will be familiar to those who kept house during the Great War of 1914-1918, while in the chapter headed "Miscellaneous Observations for the Use of the Mistress of a Family," Mrs. Rundell's remarks are identical with those which appear at intervals in the correspondance columns of any modern newspaper: "There was a time when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns, now they know nothing of them," she says, and when speaking of the training of children, "There is no opportunity of attaining a knowledge of family management at school; and during vacations all subjects that might interfere with amusement are avoided."

"This little work," continues good Mrs. Rundell, "would have been a treasure to herself when she first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may prove useful to others. In that expectation it is given to the Public; and as she will receive from it no emolument, she trusts it will escape without censure."

To write a cookery book for gain seems to be an act too ungenteel for Mrs. Rundell to contemplate, but although she did not ask for remuneration for her book, it is said that it sold so well that the publisher sent her £500.

Yet at the time when Mrs. Rundell's cookery book, with its hints on economy, was selling by the thousand, Ude declares that if eight people are invited to dinner "you cannot send up less than a soup, a fish, four *entrées*, two dishes of roast meat and four *entremets*," while the menu for a dinner given by the then Lord Chesterfield consisted of two gargantuan courses, of twenty-six and twenty-three dishes respectively, and the dinner given by the Duke of Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo cost nearly £2,500.

No wonder Ude complained that in England too few assistants were allowed the head cook.

The day before Mr. and Mrs. London start for home, Alicia-Rose takes her father and mother to visit the nearest mining village. "It has always been against the wish of the manager that I should visit the mining people. Such folk are not fit for ladies to go amongst, he says, and indeed some of

them are a terrible sight. Had it not been that you had taught me that it was my duty to care for those who serve us, I do not know that I should have troubled to learn how they live. At first I was frightened that they might do me some harm, but they seem to bear me no ill-will. There is a Sunday School now, and food and blankets are given at Christmas, and comforts to the sick. Without authority I could do no more, and even now it is all too much for my mind," she sighs. "It seems that it is the will of the Almighty that there shall be rich and poor; you and my dear father at Conisbrowth and those others in the cotton mills, I and my children at Framlington, and other women and children in these sad, black places. It is the children that break my heart, but what, except to help if they are ill, pay a teacher for their school and give them a treat at Midsummer and at Christmas, can I do?"

"Well, my dear," says John, "in doing that you have done more than many another. We can but do what lies before us to do," with which reflection the carriage stops, and the manager of the pit, one Murgatroyd by name, comes towards it, polite, yet with the sturdy independence of the Yorkshireman in his greeting.

It is a comfort to that worthy to find that Mr. London is of the party, for what can ladies know of business? His duty is to see that the output of coal is kept up to the right figure; he must control a lot of wild, queer-minded folk, and the less they know, except about their work, the better, is his opinion.

Mr. London, being a man of affairs, will understand this point of view, and John does understand it, for he knows that one kind, timid young woman and one manager cannot reorganise the coal trade. But he also knows that much may be done to soften the rigours of existence for these particular people, and he has every intention of instructing the new agent that what can be done must be done. To render its doing more easy, he gains the goodwill of James Murgatroyd, who, if obstinate and lacking in imagination, is good-hearted enough.

It is a difficult business, this coal mining, and made all the more difficult now that the mines are deeper than they

were, and, in consequence, hardship greater and accidents more common. In 1825 a pamphlet, "A Voice from the Coal Mines," had been published, and had attracted considerable attention. The policy of the mine-owners to conceal accidents has had bad results. "Why, up to 1815, sir," says Murgatroyd, "no inquests were held on men killed Durham and Northumberland way. 'Twas Judge Bayley who made a main fuss about that, and Parson Hodgson, being a stout-hearted one, wrote a piece about the accident at Felling in which ninety-two out of his parish did lose their lives, and much disliked he made himself by the masters. You'll know, sir, that there was a Society for Preventing Accidents after that, and it was they that put Sir Humphry Davy¹ to thinking what could be done to make the mining safer."

John did know, and he also knew that the inventor refused to take out a patent for his safety lamp, thereby renouncing an income of thousands a year, his sole object being to serve the cause of humanity. But, owing to the introduction of the lamp, deeper and more dangerous seams were worked, and accidents increased in number, and work was carried out in still higher temperatures.

In one mine hewers had been paid sixpence a day for working in a temperature of 130 degrees, but twopence was deducted for every hour lost. So dangerous was coal-mining that miners became indifferent to danger. Mining was a hereditary trade, and those who had been brought up to it could not turn their attention to any other form of livelihood; if they were killed, well—they were killed, and that was all there was to it.

Conditions varied in different mining districts, but in all young children were employed. The care of the ventilating doors, on which the safety of the men might depend, was entrusted to children of five to eight years old, who generally sat alone, twelve hours at a time, in darkness. Sometimes their working day was longer. Slightly older boys were employed to let down and draw up the cage in which the work-people descended and ascended the mine. "It's wrong," said John, "it's wrong, and should be ended." "Well, sir, you can't pay a man's wages for what a child can do, and

¹ Sir Humphry Davy, born 1778, died 1829.

that they know in the cotton trade, too, if I may make so bold as to say so," was Murgatroyd's retort. "And yet I'm with you, as it don't seem as it should be. Why, I mind that in 'seventeen down Somerset way, in the Clan Donn pit, a bit of an engine-boy had it in his power to drown the whole lot of 'em. Twelve hundred feet deep the mine it was. As for women, why, yes, they work in this Riding¹ and in some other places—Cheshire, parts of Lancashire and

South Wales—but not much elsewhere now. Some of 'em and their men don't look on it as seemly. When I was a lad they was used most everywhere, and the men liked them, for they was spirty, and yet a man could manage 'em. They'd

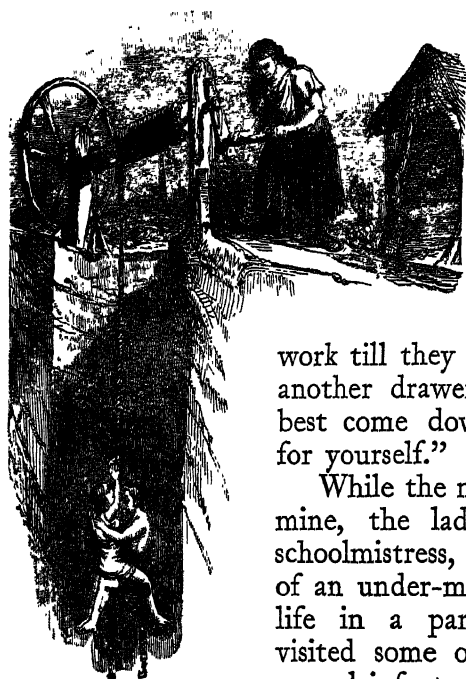
work till they dropped rather than let another drawer pass 'em. But you'd best come down the pit, sir, and see for yourself."

While the men disappeared into the mine, the ladies, conducted by the schoolmistress, Mrs. Bradbury, widow of an under-manager who had lost his life in a particularly bad accident, visited some of the houses. In one, several infants and young children were gathered together under the care of a shrivelled old woman. "Their mam-

mies be down the pit," she observed.

"That little Alice," explained the schoolmistress, pointing to a child of some three years old with a bandaged head and arm, "burned herself trying to boil the kettle. Her mother works in the pit, and her brother, but just six, is a trapper. The husband cannot work, for his legs were broken in an accident, and they set crooked, and there are days when

¹ The West Riding.



LETTING CHILDREN
DOWN A COAL-MINE

they pain him too much to move. She's a decent woman, but it's a hard life: twelve hours or more down the pit, and then the washing, cleaning and cooking.

"Oh, my lady," she went on as the party walked towards another house, "it's a heart-break to see those women. They'll work drawing the corves¹ with a belt round the waist and a chain fixed to it going between the legs, naked to the waist, and in trousers, and that alone is a shame to a respectable woman, though they, being used to do so, do not feel it as would others. And even almost to the last before their babies are born they do it. Is it a wonder that they miscarry (if I may speak plain), and that they and their children suffer? And the children . . . there's one who has gone crazed from terror. What can you expect, ladies? . . . A little girl sitting there alone in the dark twelve mortal hours, and no soul to speak to. And sometimes the rats running over her, and taking the food out of her mouth all but. Her father would carry her to the pit, and she crying and crying, and he, poor man, near crying too; and then one day she'd stopped crying, and her eyes were squinting and her head jerking about. We've done what we could, but I doubt me but her poor little mind's gone for good. Some of them are harder-minded, but it's a sad life—nothing but work and sleep, work and sleep, for little things that should be capering about like lambs in the sunshine.

"In some of the pits, my husband used to tell me, the hewers hired the women and children, and the cheaper they could get them and the harder they could work them the more money they made. It's not that way here, and the better men, if they can help it, won't let the children go down too young. But sometimes they can't earn enough without, and a child must work or go clemmed.² Oh, I do hope, madam, that I do not speak too boldly, but we know that her ladyship has a kind heart, and so perhaps I venture further than I should."

"I am indeed interested to hear all that you have to tell me," said Emily; "but you must spare my daughter, for she has had much sadness of recent years, and is now not free to act, except through the trustees of her little son. But I think you may be assured, Mrs. Bradbury, that all will be

¹ Trucks. ² Hungry.

done that may be done for the betterment of the people for whom you are so rightly concerned.

"Alicia, my darling, you are looking sadly wearied. Will you not go back to the carriage, and Mrs. Bradbury shall show me the school."

Mrs. Bradbury, an intelligent woman, who, as the daughter of an overseer and widow of an under-manager, had heard the coal industry discussed ever since she could remember, describes to Emily other hardships of life in the mining centres, when only too often the houses and shops belong to the employer. If the men strike or combine to put grievances before the masters, they may be evicted from their houses, while, in spite of the Truck Act, they are still paid partly in kind, and in many cases charged prices far beyond the real value of that which they buy. Often these shops are kept by the overseers, and before the strengthening of the existing Truck Act in 1817, evidence was given of twelve shillings having been charged for six shillings' worth of flour, a matter of terrible importance to men earning perhaps but fifteen shillings a week, she explains. It had happened, too, that in cases where the masters wished to reduce wages and had been afraid to do so too drastically, they got even with their workers by putting up the prices at the truck shops.

Another evil which prevailed was the custom of paying wages in drink shops, where men, women and children were practically forced to spend some of their wage.

The miner was treated as a getter of coal rather than as a human being; he was a rough man, and had terrible amusements. In Lancashire he was fond of "purring"¹ or fighting "up and down" on every part of the body, and throttling his adversary to the very verge of death. In the excitement of battle the throttling often went on too long, and as the men "purred" with wooden-soled, iron-plated shoes or clogs, it was no wonder that trials for manslaughter were the result of any holiday.

In Yorkshire horse-racing was a popular pastime, and to make up, perhaps, for a life lived amidst the darkness of the mine, the miner on holiday sported gay-coloured clothing of variegated pattern.

¹ Kicking.

Throwing at a cock tied to a stake, bull-baiting, quoits, cards, bowling and, when possible, poaching were the amusements of men and boys, but the influence of the Methodists had now reduced the amount of fighting and of the more grossly cruel sports.

While the Methodists appealed to the heart and to the spirit, previous to 1822 some of the magistrates could find no better deterrent than to revive the old punishment of burning in the hand. That brutality could be prevented otherwise than by greater brutality was only then beginning to dawn upon persons of any but exceptional intelligence.

It was a sad day for Alicia-Rose when her father and mother set out again for their own home. For a young and timid-minded woman the care of a large estate and a young family was a great responsibility, and although she could not mourn her husband, she was lonely and sad. And so we must leave her standing on the steps of her beautiful house, her youngest child in her arms, her boy by her side, her eldest girl turning to comfort the eleven-year-old Adala, who cannot bear that her darlingest Gran-Gran shall leave her even for the months which must elapse before the family will gather at Conisbrowth for Christmas.

CHAPTER XII

The young Queen—The Duchess of Kent—Baroness Lehzen—Baron Stockmar—Handsome, kindly, tactful Lord Melbourne—A velvet habit, trousers, a white petticoat and a top hat wreathed by a veil—After-dinner drinking—The Coronation—"Dripping with pearls"—Coronation feasts—"Surely this was one of the brightest days of my life"—"Our little trains caused us serious annoyance," explained Lady Wilhelmina—A badly managed ceremony—"Poor little Queen!"—said the great Carlyle—Victoria offends the Tories—The Lady Flora Hastings scandal—The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel—At Ascot—The people booed and hissed—"I have got well through this with Albert," said she—Mr. Disraeli marries Mary Anne—Mr. Gladstone marries Miss Glynne—Her Majesty marries Prince Albert.

DURING the next year or so the affairs of the London family flowed on more or less peacefully. Mrs. Lucinda had sunk into nervous invalidism, and took little interest in anyone but herself. Observation and treatment of her extraordinarily varied symptoms provided her with all the occupation which she needed. For this reason she made no objection to the absence of Adala, who continued to live with her aunt, occasionally and reluctantly visiting her mother (when she was at once ordered to lie on a back board and to wear a shoulder board while reading to improve her carriage, which, her mother said, was shocking), and gladly and as often as possible her dear Gran-Gran at Conisbrowth, and, in company with her eldest cousin, Antonia, at Grafton Street. Here they profited by lessons in music, dancing, calisthenics, painting and languages from fashionable masters and mistresses. The affairs of the new Court, now situated at Buckingham Palace or at Windsor, continued to be of great interest to the public, but already the enthusiasm with which the young Queen had been greeted was waning, and those who were in touch with members of the Court and her statesmen spoke of her hardness of character, her obstinacy and the way in which she had immediately deposed her mother from any position of importance.

As the Duchess complained to that same Madame de Lieven who had been one of the patronesses of Almack's, she had now no future, and was a mere nothing. There may have been some excuse for this harshness; it was whispered then, and boldly stated later on, that the daughter had surprised her mother and her mother's major-domo, Sir John Conroy, under circumstances which offended her. At all events, the Queen determined that she would have nothing more to do with Sir John, who was given a baronetcy and a pension of £3,000 a year, and became, like the Duchess, a mere nothing, being eventually persuaded to retire from her service.

The Queen's confidential attendants were her governess, Baroness Lehzen, a cautious, stiff, provincial German lady with a passion for eating carraway seeds, and Baron Stockmar, friend and formerly adviser of her beloved Uncle Leopold (now King of the Belgians), a cool, discreet, well-judging man, content to be a power behind the Throne. "One of the cleverest fellows I ever saw," was Lord Melbourne's opinion of him, and Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel thought likewise, and added probity to the list of his virtues.

But of all her advisers the one whom her Majesty finds most agreeable is Lord Melbourne, her Prime Minister. He is handsome, kindly, tactful; he knows to an inch how to handle the difficult little Queen. He no longer lounges in his chair; his language becomes correct; he is not too young to be a trifle fatherly, yet not too old to be a trifle—what shall be the word?—interesting to a young girl who, though she takes herself very seriously, is yet little more than a child.

Mr. Creevy sees her at Brighton, "A more homely little being you never beheld, *when she is at her ease*, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. . . . She eats quite as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles. . . . She blushes and laughs in so natural a way as to disarm anybody."

Of course the child is delighted to be free of the iron discipline of her childhood, to be Queen of England. She is very rich, very powerful, she enjoys her importance, "the

many communications from her Ministers . . . the *many* papers which she must sign." It was "the pleasantest summer I EVER passed in *my life*, and I shall never forget the first summer of my reign," she writes. The truth was that her great position turned her little head, and who could be surprised at that? She would have been an eighteen-year-old monster rather than a girl had it not been so.

She rides, wearing a velvet habit, neat trousers and a voluminous white petticoat, a lace collar and a top hat wreathed by a lace veil. She plays with children at ball, at battledore and shuttlecock. A little boy visitor hesitates to play ball in a palace, for fear he may hurt something. She says that her gentlemen shall sit but for five minutes after dinner before joining the ladies. No, no, they must do as they are told (Is she not Queen of England and are they not *her* gentlemen?), and so long and heavy after-dinner drinking begins to go out of fashion.

"It will not do for you to dine with the Queen, my love," says Emily to her John, who likes his leisurely two glasses of port. "I am not likely to be bidden to dine with the little wench," John replies placidly.

The Queen likes to dance, to sit up late; she likes to play duets, and is severe if her co-musician does not keep strict time. "She plays like a metronome," complains a worried lady. The first summer of her reign flies past, and the Coronation comes.¹ It is the proudest day of her life. Parliament votes £200,000 for the expenses. Marshal Soult has been allowed £1,600 for one week's rent of a house in London, and the diamonds of a Hungarian nobleman in the suite of Austria's representative are so magnificent that it is found difficult to insure them. Four hundred thousand people visit London to see the sight, though they are not all plastered with diamonds or, as was another member of a foreign suite, "dripping with pearls, looking as if he had been out in a rain of pearls." Some of the visitors to London walked bare-foot, others walked in clogs; they slept in the streets. Squires and Mayors gave feasts in honour of the Coronation, feasts to people who often subsisted on bread made from rye and barley meal and potatoes, feasts to people who often might

¹ June 28th, 1838.

not be able to buy enough bread to stay the cravings of hunger, and who ate toppings, grey peas and turnips.

At the time of the Coronation bread cost tenpence half-penny the quartern loaf, and the agricultural labourer's wage was eight shillings to ten shillings a week. Even "the best to do," as a poor mother told Emily, could take nothing with them to work but an onion with their crusts. To be able to get a red herring, though it had to be shared with several, was counted a treat. "As for tay, we toast a bit o' bread black as coal and put it into the tay pot an' pour water on't," explained the old Irishwoman who had years ago prayed for the lovely madam that every hair of her head should be a mould candle to light her to glory.

Amongst those who attended a local Coronation feast was a cousin of one of Emily's housemaids, a certain John Oldfield, who lived near Huddersfield, and he shall tell his own tale: "At the Coronation of our late beloved Queen Victoria I was a scollar at the Buxton Road Wesleyan Sunday School. So the Coronation day was fixed. I had neither shoes nor clogs to go in, but, like others, I was not to be bet that way, so I asked another lad much bigger than myself to lend me his clogs for the day. He did lend them to me. They were verely much too big, quite down at the heels and up at the frunt. I was not to be stoped by trifles, so I went to the grand affair. . . . I marched in the procession to the old market square at Huddersfield, and afterwards enjoyed a splendid tee. Shurely this was one of the brightest days of my life."

This was the story as given to Mr. Cobbett and set down by him. "A most well-meaning and at times ill-doing man," John thought Cobbett, and was not alone in that opinion, for the good soul did not always proceed with the wisdom which would have gained his opinions a better reception.

John and Emily are present at the Coronation, but, not being persons of any special importance, they do not see very much, but later hear a great deal of gossip concerning it.

Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, afterwards the Duchess of Cleveland, was one of the eight ladies who bore the Queen's train, and she told Emily that Her Majesty looked very well, and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid

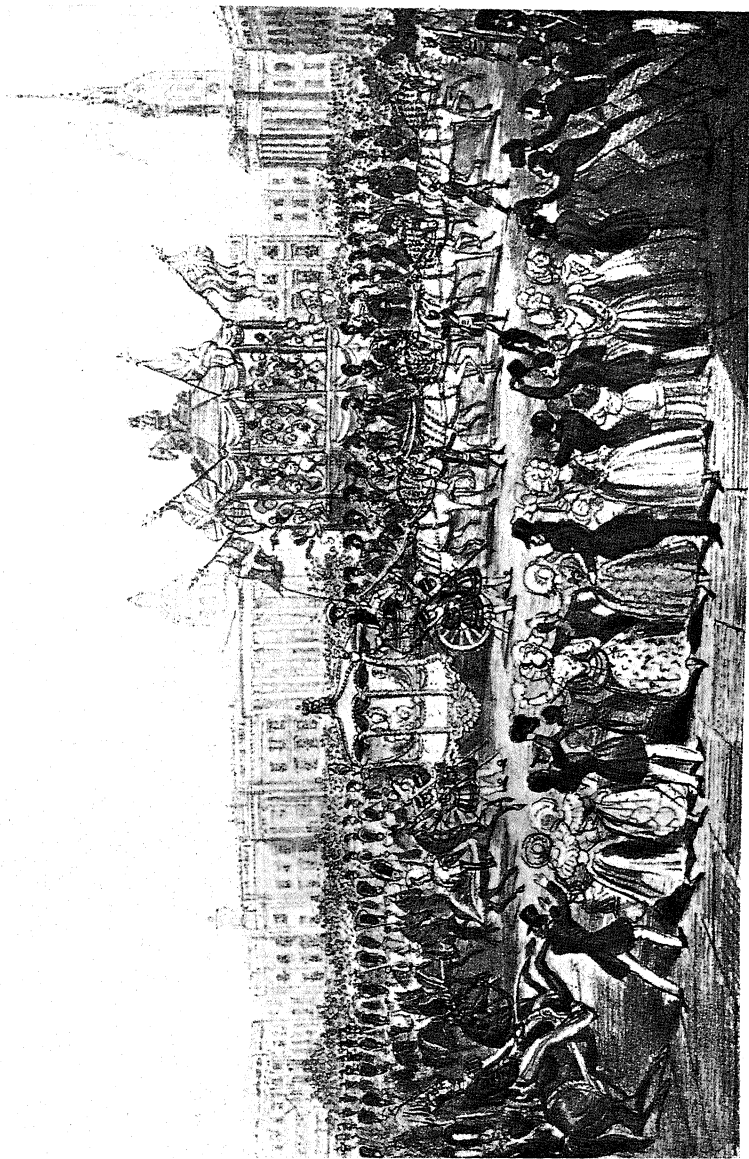
diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson-velvet mantle with a long ermine cape. "We," explained Lady Wilhelmina, "were dressed in white and silver, and I do not think that the effect was brilliant enough. Our little trains caused us serious annoyance, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them, and certainly there should have been a previous rehearsal. We carried the Queen's train very jerkily, never keeping step properly."

But in spite of her awkward train-bearers the Queen walked steadily, with grace and dignity, and acknowledged her reception graciously. Everyone agreed that the ceremony was badly managed. There had been no proper rehearsal. At various points of the service Victoria was at a loss what to do. Lady Framlington told her mother that one of the Thynnes had told her that the Queen had whispered to Lord John Thynne, who was sub-dean of Westminster, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they [the clergy] don't know." Neither did Lord John know. Mr. Disraeli said that no one seemed to know what was to come next. The Archbishop placed the Orb in Her Majesty's hand at the wrong moment, and it was so heavy she could scarcely hold it; agitated possibly by this mistake, he tried to force the ruby ring on to the wrong finger, and hurt her poor Majesty so much that she nearly cried out. When performing homage, a very aged Peer, Lord Rolle, fell on the steps of the throne. The Queen half rose as the old man again approached. "May I not get up and meet him?" she asked, and descended two steps from her throne, a kindly action which pleased everyone.

The ceremony lasted five hours, during which the Queen withdrew to be refreshed with food and wine set out on an altar in one of the side chapels.

The Duchess of Kent wept when her child was crowned. The child, though the uncertainty of the ceremonial agitated her, remained outwardly calm, and when arrived at Buckingham Palace changed her dress and washed her little dog.

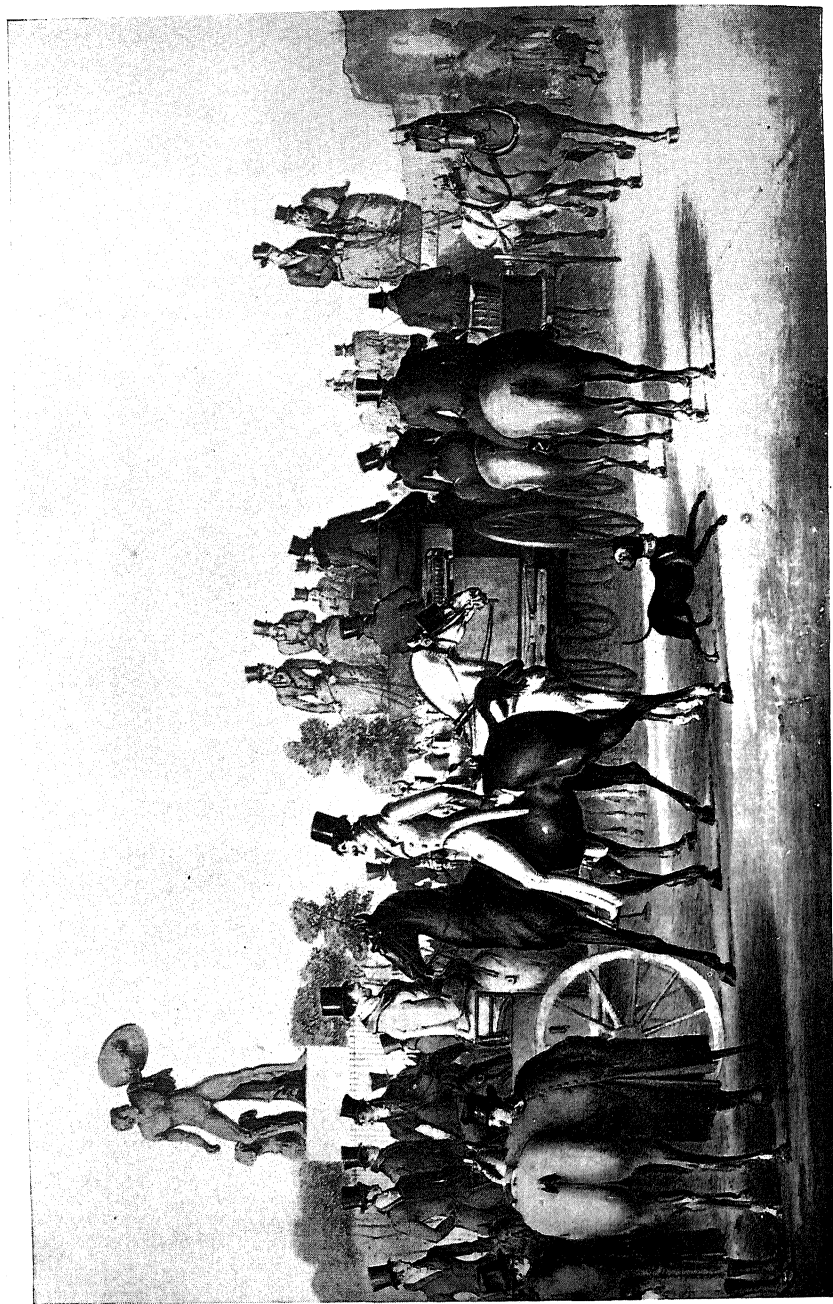
"Poor little Queen!" said the great Carlyle; "she is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink." But the nineteen-year-old Queen, buoyed up by the courage and the ignorance of youth, felt quite equal to



THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

(After her Coronation the Queen changed her dress and washed her little dog.)

From a print in the British Museum.



5 O'CLOCK WAS THE FASHIONABLE HOUR AT WHICH TO RIDE OR DRIVE IN HYDE PARK.
(The Central Figure on horseback is a portrait of Sir Lumley Skelington.)

her task, and, her dog's toilet completed, entertained a hundred guests to dinner, and, so someone who was present told John, looked as if a Coronation was of no more moment than the buying of a pair of gloves.

Although much kindly feeling was shown to Victoria at this time, it was not long before it died down. She had offended the Tories by her open espousal of the Whig party, to which her dear Melbourne belonged. Mr. Croker, the Tory writer, said that Lord Melbourne's situation was the most dictatorial, the most despotic that the world had ever seen, "Wolsey and Walpole were in strait waistcoats compared with him"—a fact which the Tories naturally resented. So when the Lady Flora Hastings scandal¹ was made public, this added to the excited buzz of gossip about the Queen. The Tory resentment of a Whig-controlled Queen burst out again with violence, for the Tories could not forgive the Whigs for passing the Reform Bill,² and now nothing they could do was right.

Lady Flora Hastings was one of the Duchess of Kent's ladies, and, as Emily and other matrons agreed, it was extraordinary that, what between the Duchess, the ladies of the Court and Lord Melbourne, the matter was not adjusted without implicating the young Queen.

Lady Flora was supposed to be with child, whereas the unfortunate woman was suffering from a disease from which she died a few months later. Her family were bitterly angry at the charges made against her, and demanded a public apology, which the Queen was advised that she could not give. A Queen could not make a mistake, therefore naturally she could not apologise for what she had not done. So angry was the Hastings family that no member of it would appear at Court, or on any occasion when the Queen was present. If by chance they did meet they ignored her. The Queen grew pale and thin. Being a Queen was no longer so joyful as it had seemed. Then came what appeared to her to be a terrible catastrophe, the fall of the Whig Government. Lord John Russell broke the news to her; she wept, and that night dined alone. As she could no longer consult dear Lord Melbourne, she summoned the Duke of Wellington.

¹ January, 1839.

² 1832.

He advised her to send for Sir Robert Peel, that shy, stiff Tory, who put himself into attitudes like a dancing-master and scraped the carpet with his toe. Sir Robert thought the Queen's Whig ladies must go. The Queen did not think so. The Duke was called again. (He regretted that he had no small talk, and Peel had no manners, which would make the management of Victoria more difficult than it otherwise might have been.) The Queen believed, mistakenly, that Sir Robert was determined to dismiss her dear Lehzen. "I will show them that I am Queen of England," said the little Royal lady, and showed them the fact so plainly that Sir Robert declined to form a Government and dear Lord Melbourne was perturbed.

But the Queen thought she had triumphed. She drove in State to Ascot, and was met by silence, then by booing and hissing. "Mrs. Melbourne," shrieked the people. Lords and Ladies and even Duchesses screamed abuse. The young girl faced the crowd coldly, but with courage and dignity. Perhaps if she ever knew what Carlyle had said she began to think it was true. It was reported now that her appearance had changed, and that she looked bold and discontented. She felt that she should marry, and did not yet wish to do so. Dear Uncle Leopold thought she should marry, and marry her cousin Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and she had thought so once. But dear Uncle Leopold, like others, had to learn that he must not meddle too much with the affairs of the Queen of England. She said that she had a great repugnance to changing her position. She told Lord Melbourne that seeing Albert would be a "disagreeable thing." Then, in the autumn of 1839, Prince Albert arrived, after having been terribly seasick during the crossing.

That was on Thursday evening, and on Sunday morning the Queen had a good deal changed her opinion as to marrying. On Monday morning she had quite changed it. On Tuesday morning she proposed to Albert (she admitted that "it was a nervous thing to do"), and after some little flutterings broke the news to Lord Melbourne. "I have got well through this with Albert," said she, and Lord Melbourne replied, "Oh! you have."¹

¹ "Queen Victoria," by Lytton Strachey.

What a gossiping! What a fuss! Engagements and weddings were in the air.

That noticeable young man Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who was making himself felt in the House of Commons, married in 1839 at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who had £4,000 a year and a house at the corner of Grosvenor Street¹ overlooking the Park, a sound knowledge of men and affairs cloaked by a flighty manner, and a great capability for unselfish devotion.

Mary Anne Wyndham Lewis was some twelve years older than her Dizzy, who at this time was thirty-three, but probably few marriages have been happier. She did not show any haste to marry after he proposed to her, but asked for a year in which to study his character. Benjamin writes charming love-letters: "Health, my clear brain, and your fond love—and I feel that I can conquer the world." "I cannot reconcile love and separation. My ideas of love are the perpetual enjoyment of the society of the sweet being to whom I am devoted, the sharing of every thought and even every fancy, of every charm and every care. . . . I wish to be with you, never to be away from you—I care not where, in heaven or on earth." But, in spite of these protestations, Mary Anne becomes alarmed. Dear friends say all the things which dear friends do say. Does he love, or is he marrying for money? She loves him, but has no wish to be fooled, and says so, and Disraeli flares out: "I would not condescend to be the minion of a Princess, and not all the gold of Ophir should ever lead me to the altar. Far different are the qualities which I require in the sweet participator of my existence. My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love."

So they were married, and, as far as their married life was concerned, lived happily ever after.

Mary Anne entered in her account book, "Gloves 2s. 6d. In hand £300. Married 28.8.1839. Dear Dizzy became my husband."

Dear Dizzy expressed his feelings differently, for just before the wedding he wrote, "I feel that there never was an instance where a basis of more entire and permanent felicity offered itself to two human beings. I look forward to the

¹ Used during the Great War as the Ministry of Food and since demolished to make way for The New Grosvenor House.

day of our union as that epoch in my life which will seal my career, for whatever occurs afterwards will, I am sure, never shake my soul, as I shall always love the refuge of your sweet heart in sorrow and disappointment, and your quick and accurate sense to guide me in prosperity and triumph.”¹

Another marriage which took place that year was that of William Ewart Gladstone. No two men could have been more unlike; no two wives more different.

Miss Glynne was travelling in Italy with her family, and it was at Florence that the young people met, and Miss Glynne was told that young Mr. Gladstone was certain to become Prime Minister.

Mr. Gladstone looked all that was British and proper, was of sound middle-class birth and fortune, had wanted to become a clergyman, but his father had not approved the idea, so he resigned himself to politics, realising that a statesman can consecrate his power to the glory of the Church.

In his Diary and in his love-letters his style is somewhat that of Charlotte Yonge’s heroes, who, so Colonel Crawshaw, a friend of Alicia’s, declared, talked like governesses in trousers. When Catherine did at length accept William—he first proposed in the Colosseum beneath the Roman moonlight, and then in a garden near a river—he said to her, “We shall accept for our rule in life that line of Dante: *In la sua volontade a nostra pace*,” and at five o’clock on their wedding day they read the Bible together, and the young bridegroom said, “This daily practice will, I trust, last as long as our joint lives.” Possibly, even probably, it did, for William and Catherine were saintly people, but whereas Mr. Gladstone was a methodical, punctual saint in the grand manner, who made speeches of inordinate length, at the end of which few people seemed to be very clear as to what he had meant, his wife was a lively, untidy saint, who used to tease her husband, kick off her shoes, loose her lace lappets and fail to fasten the placket of her skirt. She had food served from the table into jam-pots, which were then taken to the “good poor,” and worked industriously to help “fallen women,” and to induce them to like life in laundries better than life in the streets.

¹ “Disraeli,” by André Maurois.

Mr. Disraeli, who was to become the chief opponent of Mr. Gladstone, was courtly, mysterious, withdrawn and often very gentle in manner, and looked, as John said, like a parrot in a fowl-yard. He fascinated Tory gentlemen quite in spite of themselves, and ended by fascinating the Queen, and calling her his "Fairy." But that was not yet, for the Queen is still an unmarried girl, and although she is engaged, not at all sure that she wishes to become a married woman.

The World said that the Queen was so happy; that she was so cross; that she was going to have measles (it was Sir John Clark who said that); but she did not have them, and in spite of this wrong diagnosis and of his connection with the Hastings scandal, her youthful Majesty desires Prince Albert to make "poor Clark" his Physician-in-ordinary.

The Prince expressed opinions about preserving the moral purity of the Court. Victoria, pupil of Lord Melbourne, thought that "one ought always to be indulgent towards other people, as I always think if we had not been well taken care of we might also have gone astray." . . . She thought, too, "that it is always right to see what is obviously wrong, but it is very dangerous to be *too* severe." "You'd better try to do no good, and then you'll get into no scrapes," Lord Melbourne used to tell her, so Sir Robert told John.

John disliked Lord Melbourne, because he was so unsympathetic to factory reform. He thought, as did others, and with some justification, that rough, uneducated folk could only be made to work by means of harsh discipline. M'lord did not believe in progress. Education was futile—that is, education for other people, and particularly so for the poor. For them it was positively dangerous. He himself was a great reader, especially of theology, and thought and studied far more than he sometimes appeared to have done. As for those wretched factory children about whom Sir Robert and Mr. London made such a fuss, "Oh, if you'd only have the goodness to leave them alone!" said Lord Melbourne. He also said that he wished the Bishops would leave him alone, "I positively believe they die to vex me," he complained.

The Queen chose a wedding dress of white satin and Honiton lace, a high wreath of orange blossom and a satin train, which, though six yards long, proved too short for the

twelve young ladies who carried it, all huddled together, kicking each other's heels, and treading on each other's gowns, so Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope afterwards confided to Alicia-Rose Framlington.

For the young ladies Her Majesty designed and sketched charming, demure dresses of tulle, caught up with white roses. The bridegroom looked very handsome, and wore a splendid uniform and two large white rosettes, one on each shoulder (a trifle reminiscent of a prize ox at a show), and was nervous. The Duke of Sussex was greatly affected, the old Duke of Cambridge gay and chattering, the Queen Dowager Adelaide dignified in purple velvet.

The wedding breakfast¹ took place at Buckingham Palace, and the two days' honeymoon (the bridal pair chaperoned by Baroness Lehzen and Baron Stockmar) was spent at Windsor. It poured with rain, and the wind blew violently as they drove there, but there were crowds everywhere to gaze at the young pair. The Queen was radiantly happy. "Such a new thing for her to *dare* to be *unguarded* in conversing with anybody," wrote one of her ladies. She herself said that her marriage brought her into a "safe haven," and later she declared that "a worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her."

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It was after the dinner-party which John and Emily gave in honour of the Royal wedding that Alicia-Rose came to them, blushing, smiling, looking, the pretty darling, as she had not looked since the days of her girlhood. She had consented to marry Colonel Crawshaw, a man of forty-five, still limping from a wound received at the Battle of Waterloo, a younger son of a good family, and of moderate means; a man who gave her love and happiness, who made for her a safe haven, such as that into which the Queen had also entered, though, if history speaks truly, it was some little time before

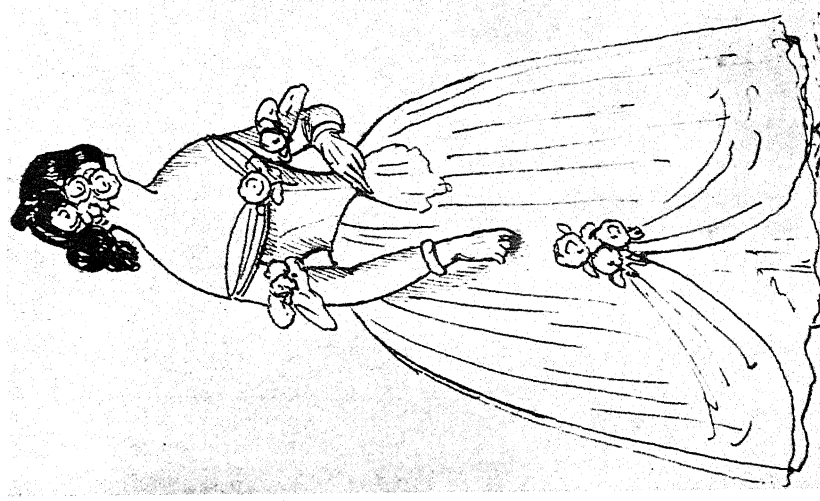
¹ February 10th, 1840.



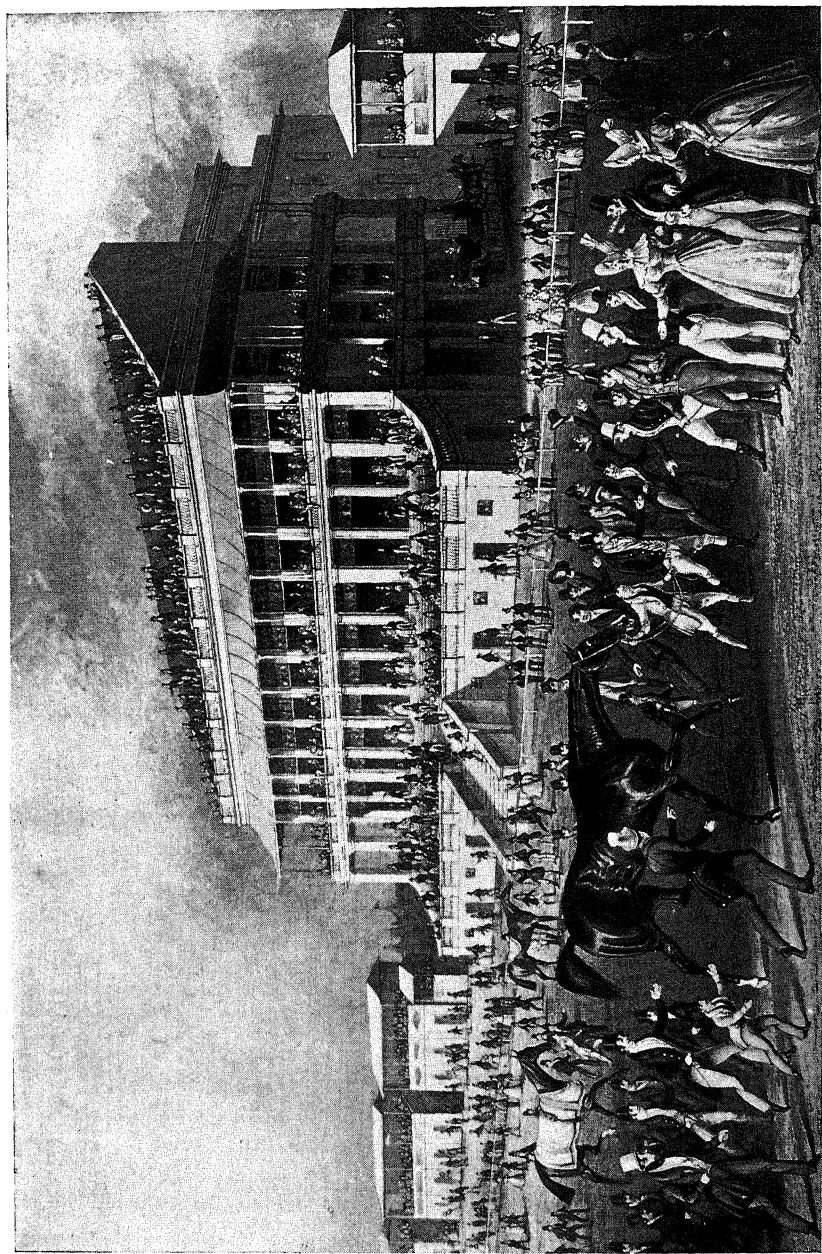
PRINCESS VICTORIA AGED SIXTEEN (1835)

From a painting by G. Hayter.

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A PEN AND INK SKETCH MADE BY THE QUEEN FOR THE
DRESSES OF THE BRIDESMAIDS AT HER OWN WEDDING,
1840.



LEADING IN THE DERBY WINNER.
From a Contemporary Print.

Her Majesty settled down in *her* haven. At first there were tiffs, and a disinclination on her part to allow her beloved Albert too much freedom of expression and of action.

After all, it was *she* who was Queen of England, was it not?

But time passed, and in the end it was Albert who was in reality King of England.

CHAPTER XIII

Fashions of 1840—Mr. Bradshaw of Brown Street—"No gratuity, but the utmost civility and attention"—A female in attendance—The Hungry Forties—They stole pig and chicken food—Five shillings' worth of salt to salt a side of bacon—Scaring birds for sixpence a week—"To see the children a-dying and a-dying"—The workhouse—"What is a pauper?" asked Cobbett—In a neat vicarage—Two snoring pugs and a screaming macaw—"Vipers and a bit of bacon to cook with them"—The British and Foreign School Society—Needlework not education—Too advanced in its ideas—The world's Anti-Slavery Convention—Women Delegates!!!—Indecorous, indecent, contrary to the Word of God—Jane Welsh Carlyle—"My bonnet . . . has an air"—"Neither cheap nor dear, just the price of the article"—"He brought salvation to me as needed it badly . . . to others who needed it more."

THE wedding of Alicia-Rose and Colonel Crawshaw took place in London in the March of 1840, so that the people at Conisbrowth and at Framlington enjoyed two bridal feasts, one in honour of the Queen's wedding on February 10th, and the other in honour of Alicia-Rose's wedding on March 12th.

Lady Framlington, being a widow, did not wear white, but looked a radiant bride in a full-skirted dress of palest grey satin, trimmed with tucks, as was the very latest Paris fashion, under which just showed the tips of her little grey kid boots, which were laced on the inner side of the foot. She wore grey kid gloves with one button and a narrow-scalloped gauntlet. Her pretty figure was outlined by a tightly fitting pointed bodice, and fortunate she was in that she was naturally slim, for every lady must now endeavour to reduce her waist measurement.

Alicia's flaxen hair escaped in ringlets from under the brim of a grey-satin bonnet trimmed with a wreath of pink and white camellias, and her bridegroom wore one of the new tall silk hats which had superseded beaver hats. Included in her trousseau was a travelling redingote of Scotch plaid, then very popular. These married lovers were more fortunate than the Queen and the Prince Consort, for, instead of a two days' honeymoon at

Windsor, they were starting off for a blissful six months' journeying in France, Switzerland and Italy.

The children safely housed at Conisbrowth under the care of Mrs. Hannah and their French and their English governesses, John and Emily departed south to pay a visit to her brother and his wife at her old Hampshire home, Emily taking with her as maid Hannah's niece Rose, so called after Lady Framlington.

"Now that there is a railway to Winchester we can be there and back in a twinkling," coaxed Emily, for her John had little liking for visiting, though a great liking for indulging the wishes of his beloved wife. It was now possible to travel from London to Birmingham in four hours (fare twenty shillings second class), and from Birmingham to Manchester in four hours more. What, then, was a mere journey from London to Winchester? So Mrs. London sent for a newly published, plum-coloured book by Mr. Bradshaw of Brown Street, Manchester, wherein the author made it known that he "would feel particularly obliged by any information being forwarded to him of any change in fares or times of departure of any of the lines in order that the correction may be immediately made in the work."

Mr. Bradshaw required that all carriages and horses should be at the stations a quarter of an hour before departure, which suggests that those who travelled in their own carriages lashed on to trucks were not many. Such persons were charged second-class fares.

The mixed trains consisted of first-class carriages carrying six inside and second-class carriages, which at that date were open at the sides, without linings, cushions or divisions, though on the night mail the sides were closed.

Mr. Bradshaw recommended that all passengers should have their names and addresses and destinations legibly written on each part of their luggage, when it will be placed on the top of the coach in which they ride, or such other package as may be conveniently taken under the seats inside, opposite the one they occupy. He further announces that no gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be accepted by any member of the Company, and all the Company's servants are strictly enjoined to observe the utmost civility and attention towards all passengers.

The passengers—male, of course, for who ever heard of a woman, other than some old Irish Biddy, indulging in tobacco?—are not permitted to smoke either at stations or in the Company's carriages. Smoking was a fast habit, a vulgar habit. True, some gentlemen did indulge in it, but only out of doors, in the stables or at night in some mean backstairs apartment. Even so, in an etiquette book of the period females are asked not to look with *too* severe an eye upon "the weed." Bradshaw also mentions that at Wolverton ten minutes are allowed in the station, where a female is in attendance and refreshments may be obtained.

The visitors were to find Sir James Lorinder and Susanna his wife greatly disgruntled. What was the world coming to, they asked, with labourers marching about demanding this, that and the other, burning ricks and frightening women and children, if indeed they did no worse?

"I think that many of them are hungry, and fear they may go hungrier still, and their hearts are hungry, too, for justice and for hope of better things," suggested Emily.

Sir James, a kind-hearted man, looked worried, for he knew that what his sister said was true, yet could not see in what way the state of the people could be improved. In any case, it was wiser not to discuss such matters in the hearing of his wife, who knew without doubt that the Almighty had put people in the places in which He intended them to stay, which made it unnecessary to do anything but piously accept His decree. Had Lady Lorinder's place in the world been less pleasant than it was, she might have thought otherwise, for indeed it was as Emily said—the people were hungry, and for the next few years, until the repeal of the Corn Laws,¹ they were to go hungrier still.

Had it not been for poaching and thieving, more of the less skilled labourers and their families must have died than did die. They stole roots out of the fields, they risked death or wounding from man-traps and spring-guns and sentence of transportation for the sake of a rabbit or a hare. They stole pig food and chicken food. Children scrambled and fought in the gutter for apple peelings, and raked the hedges for berries to eat and for twigs with which to make tea.

¹ 1846.

On a wage of eight shillings and sixpence or, for the better men, ten shillings a week, some sort of a cottage, some firewood, and, when in luck, maybe a trifle of skim milk, they strove to keep life in themselves and their families at a time when the quartern loaf cost as much as one and sixpence¹ and sugar was sevenpence or eightpence a pound.

Time was when a labourer might keep a pig. What was he to feed a pig on now? Even had it been possible to keep the beast alive, salt, owing to the salt tax, was so dear that it cost five shillings to salt a side of bacon.

The coming of a child was a horror to these people; a man might have to see his gaunt, hollow-cheeked wife with a starving babe at her shrivelled breast, might have to watch his children die. Babies of three or four were sent out with no more breakfast than a drink of hot water, and not even that if the meagre supply of faggots and dried dung had come to an end, to toddle about the lonely fields, scaring birds for sixpence a week, cramming grass or straw or Heaven knows what else into their ravenous little bellies, to make themselves sick or to scream with the colic. Parents were thankful to send little girls of eight and nine into service, but there were more little girls than places, and, in any case, these children must be provided with decent clothes before any employer would take them, and who could buy material for such when there was a family to feed, a man who must be kept at any rate sufficiently alive to work and earn? There were half-yearly hiring fairs then at Michaelmas and Lady Day. A stout girl might earn six pounds a year, an outdoor girl a little less or a little more, according to her skill. But stout girls were few and far between, and farmers' wives disliked the pale-faced, pot-bellied children, with their sticks of arms and legs, which was what the Corn Laws were making of thousands of English children. Some of the better-to-do farmer people were kind, and helped when they could. One such woman told Emily that she gave away the skim milk, though the "Master said as it should be fed to the beasts, but truly I cannot bear to see the children a-dying and a-dying."

In some places the squires and farmers did their best to ease

¹ The highest price to which bread rose during the period of this book, 1805-61.

the rigours of this awful time for their people, but the small farmers, themselves poverty-stricken, used the power which the extremest poverty of the labourers gave them to force wages still lower.

The roads were populous with men tramping in search of work. How, then, could a man call his soul his own? If he revolted against injustice and cruelty, he starved, and his wife and children starved with him, or went to the poor-house, to be parted from each other and to suffer scarcely less than they had suffered before.



THE PARISH BEADLE

Rumours of the cruelties and injustices suffered by inmates of the workhouse penetrated from county to county. It was felt that the paupers' fate had been bad enough before, but that the new Poor Law Commissioners would make everything worse, as indeed they did, for now a harsh discipline was added to other hardships. From 1836 to 1842 silence was prescribed at all meals in the Bastilles, as they had come to be called, and paupers could not see their friends except in the presence of master, matron or porter. One of the tasks imposed on male paupers in certain workhouses was the crushing of bones. At Andover the paupers accused the master of so starving them that they fought amongst themselves for the gristle and marrow found in the stinking bones.

So violent was the indignation roused about this that the Government had to yield to the demand for an inquiry,¹ and the revelations that followed deeply impressed the public mind, as did also the description of workhouse life by Charles Dickens in "Oliver Twist." The Commissioners were afraid of making the workhouse too comfortable, with the result that they made it such a horror to the poor that many preferred death to its cruel hospitality. Idleness and vice must be punished at the cost of the old, the sick, the unfortunate and their wretched children, who, for no fault of their own, were stigmatised as pauper brats.

¹ In reality the Commission was not set up until 1845.

Even in death the pauper must be placed apart. The bell must not be tolled at pauper funerals, the burial rites, even more dear to the hearts of the poor than the rich, were refused. Pauper coffins were so cheap that they fell to pieces, and it was suggested that there should be special pauper burial-grounds.

"What is a pauper?" asked Cobbett, and answered his own question, "A very poor man," and as no one has any business to be very poor—a practice inconvenient to other people—he who persisted in being poor, whether he could help it or not, must be punished.

All over the country there was unemployment, hunger, misery, sickness. Naturally unrest followed in their train. The Chartist agitation was one of the results of this unrest. To us the Charter which these people drew up seems harmless and reasonable enough. They asked for manhood suffrage, ballot, annual parliament, equal electoral districts, payment of members and abolition of the property qualification for Parliament, but these demands produced terror in the minds of the well-to-do classes, who thought that, if granted, they would bring about the ruin of themselves and the collapse of the nation.

But in spite of disaffection the social life of the neighbourhood went on much as usual, and it was a pleasure to Emily to meet again her kinswoman and acquaintance of early married days, Lady Louisa Trimmer, now a stout, cheerful, elderly lady living in a neat vicarage, sparsely furnished, shiningly clean and as ugly as any clean place in which people live happily can be.

Lady Louisa had no regrets for the grandeurs of her youth. She spoke with brisk pity of her youngest sister, Arabella, a haggard, nervous invalid, now in her town house and now in her country house, surrounded by obsequious doctors, chaplains, companions and waiting-women, and loathed by a leering old dandy of a husband who lived wherever his wife did not; and with affectionate contempt of her three maiden sisters, mouldering in a little house on the outskirts of their brother's great Park, supported by the family dignity, and dependent for their happiness on two snoring pugs and a screaming macaw, and for outside interests on the doings of their Marchioness

sister-in-law, who now and again threw them an attention, as a kind person throws a tit-bit to a little dog.

Louisa, on the contrary, lived her life to the full, adoring her prim, chill Josephus, alternately cosseting and bullying the village people, training young servants, taking the lead, as befitted her rank, in all doings of local society, and being lavishly "M'Ladyed," as was the fashion of the day.

Emily spent a few days with her Ladyship, and attended the little church in which the Rev. Josephus preached at some length—sermons quite beyond the understanding of his parishioners, who, however, respected his learning and his

piety, and thought themselves fortunate that their pastor was not one of those "black dragoons" who joined with the farmer and squire to keep the poor in such a state of sad harmlessness as should render futile any revolutionary feelings which might be crawling about in their minds.



A MAID SERVANT

It was at the Parsonage that Mrs. London met the Yonges,¹ whose daughter Charlotte, then a girl, was to become famous as the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Daisy Chain," "The Young Step-mother" and other novels and serious works. Mr. and Mrs. Yonge were pleasant people, and amused Emily by recounting some of their experiences.

When Mr. Yonge, newly arrived in his parish, had asked at what time service was held, he was told "At half-past ten or eleven, sir, or else at no time at all," for it was the obliging habit to set the bells ringing when the clergyman was seen at the turn of the lane.

Mrs. London and Mrs. Yonge consulted with each other regarding the conduct of their respective schools. Mrs. Yonge taught chiefly from Mrs. Trimmer's books, and from Crossman's "Questions on the Church Catechism," a work until then unknown to Mrs. London.

¹ "Charlotte Mary Yonge," by Christabel Coleridge.

When Mr. Yonge had begun his ministry the only week-day school in the village was kept by an old woman who sat in her chimney corner wearing a black silk, Quaker-shaped bonnet, and holding a rod ; later, however, a school was built, wherein an incompetent young woman—the best that could be found—taught reading and needlework, and there was a fiction that those who paid threepence a week learned writing and arithmetic. They also told Emily of an old parishioner who professed to eat vipers and would beg for a bit of bacon to cook with them !

In the years which had passed since Emily first set up her school at Conisbrowth the famous educationist Joseph Lancaster had gone bankrupt and quarrelled with his supporters—amongst whom were the Radical Member for Weymouth, Joseph Hume, Francis Place, the free-thinking tailor of Charing Cross, the Duke of Bedford and the Dukes of Kent and Sussex—and had been killed in a street accident in New York in 1838. Meantime various Societies with very long names had come into being, the chief of which eventually reduced its redundant title to that of The British and Foreign School Society. This Institution organised a training college, open to the public, and schools to which their teachers were sent were obliged to teach reading, writing, arithmetic and needlework.

The reading lessons consisted of extracts from Holy Scripture, but neither the Catechism nor any peculiar religious tenets were to be taught, though every child was to be enjoined to attend regularly the place of worship to which its parents belonged.

The attendance of ladies was earnestly solicited, and a committee of twenty-four ladies was appointed to superintend the Female Department.

In 1812 a School for Needlework and General Instruction had been opened in King's Road, Chelsea, which was reported to be "admirably adapted for the visits of ladies of rank." But when the ladies of rank did visit it, they found much disorder. There was also disorder in the school in the Borough Road, which ultimately was rebuilt, and both schools were united under the charge of a Miss Springman, who still retained her post at this date.¹

¹ Miss Springman retired in 1852.

But by now it had been discovered that if the Lancaster monitorial system was cheap, and kept the children busy, it encouraged idleness in the teachers, and a committee, of which Mr. Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill, was a member, suggested that "every youth in training for a schoolmaster shall be instructed, as far as may be compatible with the circumstances of the institution, in the following branches of education, viz., first, a knowledge of English grammar sufficient to qualify them to speak and write their own language with correctness and propriety; secondly, the improvement of their handwriting and knowledge of arithmetic; thirdly, geography and history, and in addition to these, when time and other circumstances permit, the youths may be initiated in other useful branches of knowledge, under the direction and inspection of a committee of superintendence."

This correct and proper desire of Mr. Mill met with approval, for thinking people, who had now begun to consider, like Mrs. Trimmer, that education would make the children of the poor "less disgusting," had been shocked at the revelations brought about by the Reform Bill riots of 1830-31, which had revealed the utter ignorance of the agricultural labourer, in the southern counties especially, for very few of those arrested were able to read or to write.

At the time when Emily and Mr. and Mrs. Yonge discussed the question of education, in Oldham and Ashton, with a population of 105,000, there was not one public day-school, and school-keeping seemed to be the refuge of those too unfortunate, idle or vicious to do anything else.

So-called schools, taught by discharged servants, barmaids, outdoor paupers, washerwomen, consumptives, drunkards and very aged people, existed, and were situated in bedrooms, cellars, kitchens—in any place, indeed, into which a few children could be packed, and which was cheap enough to enable the teacher to make a profit out of the weekly payments, which varied from one penny to threepence.

Now the British and Foreign School Society thought that a sound Scriptural education would steady the disaffected poor, and when John read that he smiled. "The more they know, the more they will want, and the more power they will have to get it," said he, and added, nodding at Emily, "You will say,

and I will agree with you, that we must see to it that they want what is right, and that is justice, peace and a delight in all that is good."

Soon the Society began to agree with John, for it declared that Popular Education must now take a wider scope, and said, too, something else of great import, for, turning to the education of girls "Needlework" it proclaimed, "useful as it is when associated with reading and writing, cannot be regarded as education; the duty of the Society is not merely to fit these children for Domestic Service, but to prepare them for the great vocation of Motherhood"; a statement with which many ladies disagreed. The Society was becoming sadly advanced in its ideas, they thought. Indeed, the British and Foreign School Society *was* advanced in its ideas both about education and in giving women some share in the management of its affairs.

Just at that time the World's Anti-Slavery Convention was called by the British & Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and held in London. All the leading anti-slavery agitators were invited to attend, and a particularly distinguished party of American delegates, including William Lloyd Garrison,¹ accepted the invitation.

John and Emily were much interested in this affair, and returned to London (where Eustace joined them) in order to attend various meetings and entertain some of the delegates. Mr. Garrison was delayed, and out of the seven delegates who did arrive no less than four were women! The horror of it!²

True, English women subscribed to the British & Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, as they subscribed to many other societies, but they had taken no part in its deliberations. Why, indeed, should they? Were there not plenty of sensible, serious men to attend to all that?

The abolition of slavery in British territory, which, as we know, had come about in 1833, had been achieved without female delegates, without the appearance of women in public. How could these American ladies so far forget themselves as

¹ William Lloyd Garrison, b. 1805, d. 1879. He founded the *Liberator* in 1831. Visited England in 1833, 1846 and 1848 in connection with anti-slavery propaganda. Final visit in 1867, when a public breakfast was given to him in St. James's Hall.

² "The Cause," Ray Strachey.

to become DELEGATES? It was indecorous. It was indelicate. Indeed, the leading British representatives considered it "subversive of the principles and traditions of the country, and contrary to the Word of God."

John was not quite sure that it became ladies to put themselves in such a position, but Emily, the rebel, laughed, "Do forget, my dear, that they are females, and think of them as Human Beings." But that neither John nor apparently anyone else was prepared to do.

"Then what is to be done with them?" asked Emily. "They are our guests, they are accredited delegates, and it does not occur to them that we shall not welcome them as such." The best that it seemed could be done with them was to put them in seats, and to draw a curtain over the distressing sight of female delegates, and there they sat behind the curtain as quiet as mice, while through the long, hot day the delegates who were male argued as to what should be done with delegates who were female.

London, and presently the large towns, and then the little towns, heard about these women delegates, and hummed with excitement, but meanwhile the ladies who were, and yet ought not to be, delegates conferred together, and next day retired to the gallery, which it seemed was a place where right-thinking yet silent ladies might properly be.

Emaciated, ascetic-looking Eustace, who had now become an itinerant preacher, trudging the roads and gathering together little congregations where and how he could, smiled in sympathy with his mother at the absurdity of this to-do, but reminded her that all nations have their own ideas of what is proper. "Do you not remember that Mrs. Trollope, when writing of her travels in the United States, described the horror of her American hosts when at a picnic she sat upon the grass? It was considered to be an act of which no delicately minded female could be capable. It was the same when I visited the States, for words we use here are not approved there, and it is the same with actions."

The hiding of the ladies, however, was not the end of the delegate incident. Mr. Garrison at last arrived; the Committee of Welcome came out to meet him, but he preferred "to join the ladies," and remained in public as silent as did the

ladies. This incident caused the beginning in America of the demand for women's rights. In England, the demand, perhaps, was born when, in 1792, that pretty young woman Mary Wollstonecraft, incited thereto by French Republican ideals, published "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," which then met with little recognition, but later became the text-book of the feminist movement.

At the time of the Queen's marriage, the ladies who were to work so untiringly to improve the position of women were either in their girlhood or early womanhood. Harriet Martineau was thirty-eight, Elizabeth Barrett, the invalid poet, with her nerve-worn face, her dark ringlets and her beloved little dog, thirty-three. Charlotte Brontë was twenty-three, George Eliot (Marian Evans) twenty-one. Florence Nightingale, already dissatisfied with her aimless young-ladyhood, was twenty. Frances Power Cobb, Frances Mary Buss, Emily Davies and Josephine Gray (afterwards Josephine Butler) were still in the schoolroom, and Elizabeth Garrett (afterwards Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson) but yet a child of four.

It was during this stay in London that Emily became acquainted with another woman who was to be famous, less for what she did than for what she was, a vivid personality, and the wife of the great Carlyle, whose publication in 1837 of his "French Revolution" had earned fame for the ex-schoolmaster and tutor.

Jane Welsh Carlyle¹ was, like her husband, of Scottish birth, and they had come to Chelsea some six years earlier. It was a damp, clouded day, but when the hackney coach containing Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, their servant Betsy and the canary Chico was crossing Belgrave Square, Chico burst into song, which Betsy decided to regard as a good omen.

Carlyle settled himself in his top-floor study, and straightway began to write his "French Revolution," and soon there were evening parties of three in the long, dim-lighted, neat, quaint room, with Leigh Hunt as the visitor, and a little supper of porridge, a tiny bowl of which Hunt always took, adding sugar and eating it with a teaspoon.

Sometimes that logical, honest, amiable, affectionate young

¹ "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

man, John Stuart Mill, would look in, "whose friendship lasted about ten years, and ended I never knew how," wrote Carlyle.

Mrs. Carlyle's¹ opinion of English housewives was low. According to her, they had little idea of turning to and doing anything out of the common.

She describes a neighbour who, when told that Mrs. Carlyle was painting, asked, "'What? Is it a portrait?'" 'No,' replied the artist, 'something of more importance. A large cupboard.' Asked how I could have patience with such a thing, having no patience for them herself, she is reduced to borrow my tumblers, my cups, even a cupful of porridge or a few teaspoonsful of tea."

Later she complains that this lady borrowed her brass fender, and she had difficulty in getting it back again. "She torments my life with borrowing. . . . Is it not a shame to manage so with eight guineas a week to keep house on?" writes thrifty Mrs. Jane, who did not stop at painting cupboards, but made and remade her mattresses, her linen, her clothes. She says of a remade dress that "it looks twenty per cent. better than when it was new," and adds, "I shall get no other this winter. I am now turning my pelisse. I went yesterday to a milliner's to buy a bonnet. An old, very ugly lady—upwards of seventy, I am sure—was bargaining about a cloak at the same place; it was a fine affair of satin and velvet; but she declared repeatedly that it had no air, and for her part she could not put on such a thing. My bonnet, I flatter myself, has an air; a little brown feather nods over the front of it, and the crown points like a sugar loaf! The diameter of the fashionable ladies at present is about three yards; their bustles (false bottoms) are the size of an ordinary sheep's fleece. The very servant girls wear bustles; Eliza Miles told me a maid of theirs went out one Sunday with three kitchen dusters pinned on as a substitute!!"²

Mrs. London greatly enjoyed the society of Mrs. Carlyle, whose witty tongue and kind heart made her an amusing

¹ The sayings of Mrs. Carlyle here repeated were not all uttered at this date, but are mentioned at the one time for the sake of the author's convenience.

² These bustles came before the crinoline, which was not worn until the 'fifties. Bustles came into fashion again in the 'eighties.

acquaintance. She took Eustace to see this remarkable couple, but "Cairlyll," as his wife called him, was not on view, and his lady entertained them. *A propos* of a mention of a railway journey, she told them she had been asked by her mother to go to Scotland to be "plumped up," but that "nobody was ever less than I a partaker in the curse of the man who was made like unto a wheel. I have no taste for locomotion by earth, air or sea," and complains that "all these prodigious efforts for facilitation to commotion seem to me a highly questionable investment of human faculty; people need rather to be taught to sit still."

She also tells her visitors a story about a sofa she bought which was neither "cheap nor dear," a saying adopted from a melancholy shopkeeper in Lamb's Conduit Street, with whom she dealt. This man replied, with mournful indifference, to a "puppy kind of customer" who, on being told the price of an article, asked, "D'you call that cheap?" "I call it neither cheap nor dear, but just the price of the article."

So amused was Eustace by Mrs. Carlyle that often when writing to him his mother would repeat fragments of conversations which had taken place between them. In one letter she writes, "Our dear Jane Welsh to-day would talk of nothing but bugs. She says that she finds them in her beds and chairs, and when it is not bugs it is fleas, and that when she came home after a visit it was to a home full of bugs and evil passions. I assured her that, as far as I was aware, we do not harbour bugs in our house, and few evil passions, to which assertion she replied that a painter she employs tells her of a house in Belgrave Square about the floors of which they crawl—the bugs, my love, not the passions."

Again she mentions Jane's kindness of heart, "She had just been writing to her man-of-genius husband to tell him that the cat produced two kittens in his bed this morning. The kittens were drowned, and now the cat thinks Jane can understand her feelings, and comes about her feet mewling in a way that quite wrings her heart. She declares that after she had been in London a short time her husband advised her—ironically, of course—to put an advertisement in the window, 'House of refuge for stray dogs and cats.' The number of dogs and cats in distressed circumstances which have imposed themselves on her country simplicity is, in fact, prodigious, she says.

"Not content with offering hospitality to distressed cats and dogs, she entertained the other day a lost child, whom she found weeping in the King's Road, and from whom neither she nor anyone else could elicit more information than, 'I have a pretty brother, and they put him in a pretty coffin.' This infant the ever-careful Mrs. Carlyle placed upon a table-cloth upon the new carpet, and encouraged him to drown his sorrows in bread and butter. When Mr. Carlyle came home to dinner, he looked rather aghast at the child, and suggested that it had been 'put down in the King's Road for some such as you to pick up.' Eventually a grown-up sister claimed it, and it was carried off, again in tears."

But, alas! Emily was to write but few more letters to her beloved son, for that winter, when preaching and "piking,"¹ as tramping was then termed, because of the turnpikes on the roads, he fell ill, and died in less than forty-eight hours, nursed by a man in whose company he had travelled, a strange being who capered in gay-coloured rags, with bells and cymbals strapped to arms and legs, a panpipe in his mouth and beating a drum, to earn the few pence that he needed to keep life in him. "He brought salvation to me as needed it badly, and he brought salvation to many another as needed it even more," this man told Emily.

Sitting that night before the fire in the Chinese room, her hand in that of her husband, they spoke of the years of their youth, of the birth of the child who as a man had given up wealth and pleasure and ease and had brought salvation to one who needed it, to others who needed it more.

But Robert John, lounging in the room in which sometimes he, as Justice of the Peace, pronounced judgment on some poor devil, was relieved to know that his dam'd preaching brother, of whom he had always been ashamed, was dead.

¹ Tramps, of whom there were great numbers after the ending of the Napoleonic Wars, were known as "pikeys."

CHAPTER XIV

Income tax—The Prince—Lord "Pam"—The governess goes—Lord Melbourne—The Royal housekeeping—Hears the Princess Royal squall—"This has made me feel quite faint"—Anæsthetics and original sin—"He kissed the little locket"—"It is time, Robert, that you learned"—The Queen seemed quite fussy—"He *wishes* to be told, I know. He does not see the clock"—Attempts to kill the Queen—"It was indeed an affecting occasion"—The Penny Post—Anthony goes to Rugby—John becomes a Baronet.

THE next few years¹ were years of domesticity, not only for the Queen and her husband, for John and Emily and their family, but for the country as a whole.

They were years untroubled by wars, other than those in far-off places,² but, in spite of that, Sir Robert Peel re-introduced the income tax, which until then had been regarded as a war measure. He fixed it at sevenpence in the pound, and everyone grumbled declaring that they would be ruined. He promised to repeal it in three years' time, but although it was once as low as twopence in the pound, he never did repeal it. Statesmen could now give their attention to home affairs, and the people, restless and dissatisfied, but becoming more articulate, saw to it that they did.

The young Queen was engaged in settling down to new conditions, for although she was Queen, and Prince Albert had yet no other position than that of the Queen's husband, she had become so blissfully in love that she could take pleasure in submissions which previously would have seemed intolerable.

Parliament had refused any grant of precedence to the Prince, thereby greatly annoying the Queen, when it occurred to Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council, to look through the archives of which he had charge. He discovered that the Queen had a right to grant any precedence which she chose to the Prince.

¹ 1840-1850.

² Revolt in Afghanistan, 1841. Destruction of British Army in Afghanistan, 1842. Sikh War, 1845.

She chose to give him precedence next after herself, and also created him a member of the Privy Council.

In spite, however, of what a lady, writing from Windsor, describes as the respectful, confiding affection which the Queen shows for her spouse—"It is the most perfect wife's manner one can imagine"—the Prince was not content. But he bided his time, gained the confidence of Lord Melbourne—"Victoria allows me to take much part in foreign affairs. . . . I always commit my views to paper and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers, but I often have the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said")—and studied the intricacies of English politics.

Presently Lord Melbourne gave up his post of the Queen's political private secretary to the Prince, and then began the joint labours at the writing-tables set side by side, labours which were to eat up so great a portion of the lives of the hard-working, conscientious Royal pair. At these tables many protesting letters were to be written to Lord Palmerston, whose conduct of foreign affairs often annoyed both the Queen and her husband, and their "worthy Peel," too. But Lord Palmerston, whose dyed whiskers caused him to look like a Baden-Baden croupier, had made himself master of the art of saying "Yes" and not doing it, which, together with the art of saying so much that people became too bored to listen, generally enabled "Lord Pam" to get his own way. According to Mr. Monckton Miles, he had plenty of mother wit, though but little culture, for when someone asked that literary gentleman how Lord Palmerston had presided at the Literary Fund Dinner, he replied, "For a man who never read a book in his life, I think he did very well."

But still there were circumstances which worried the Queen's husband, that tall, stiff-mannered young German gentleman, who was so indifferent to all the pretty ladies who might not have refused his attentions had he been pleased to show them any.

The Queen had confided to Lord Melbourne that her husband never looked at any other ladies, to which his Lordship, with less than his usual tact, hinted that "it might come later." But, so far as we know, it never did, and Albert at a party was seen dozing gently on a sofa with a well-known beauty on each side of him.

One of his annoyances was removed a little later, and that was the carraway-seed-eating Baroness Lehzen, that governess-in-chief of all the governesses that ever there were, who survived the downfall of Lord Melbourne's Whig Ministry and the coming into power of Tory Sir Robert Peel by more than a year, and then faded away to her native Hanover, where, in a cosy, small house, surrounded by portraits of her who, as child, girl and woman, she had tended, and whose mind she had helped to form, she passed from greatness into obscurity. The Prince became in her stead the Private Secretary as well as the Political Private Secretary of the Queen, and, before the birth of the baby which was now expected, was created Regent.

The day came, too, when Lord Melbourne also suffered eclipse. A year after he ceased to be Prime Minister he had a paralytic seizure, and "moody, restless, unhappy, wandered like a ghost about Town, bursting into soliloquies in public places." "I'll be hanged if I'll do it for you, my Lord," he was heard to say in the Hall at Brooks.

John heard much gossip about his Lordship, and repeated it to Emily, who grieved for the lonely old man hoping against hope to be what he was never again to be.

For two years of unhappy senility he lingered, and when Victoria heard that he was dying she wrote, "One cannot forget how good and kind and amiable he was, and it brings back so many recollections to my mind, though, God knows, I never wish that time back again."

Not that Her Majesty had been neglectful of her old friend. She wrote to him often, and sometimes he visited her. On one occasion when she was to dine out she asked if Lord Melbourne had been invited. "If you have not invited him, perhaps you would do so, as he would have dined with me had I stayed at home. If he cannot dine, I am sure that he will come in later. I shall see him this morning. May I tell him this?" But, as he himself said, "the fire was out," and it was inevitable that it should be so.

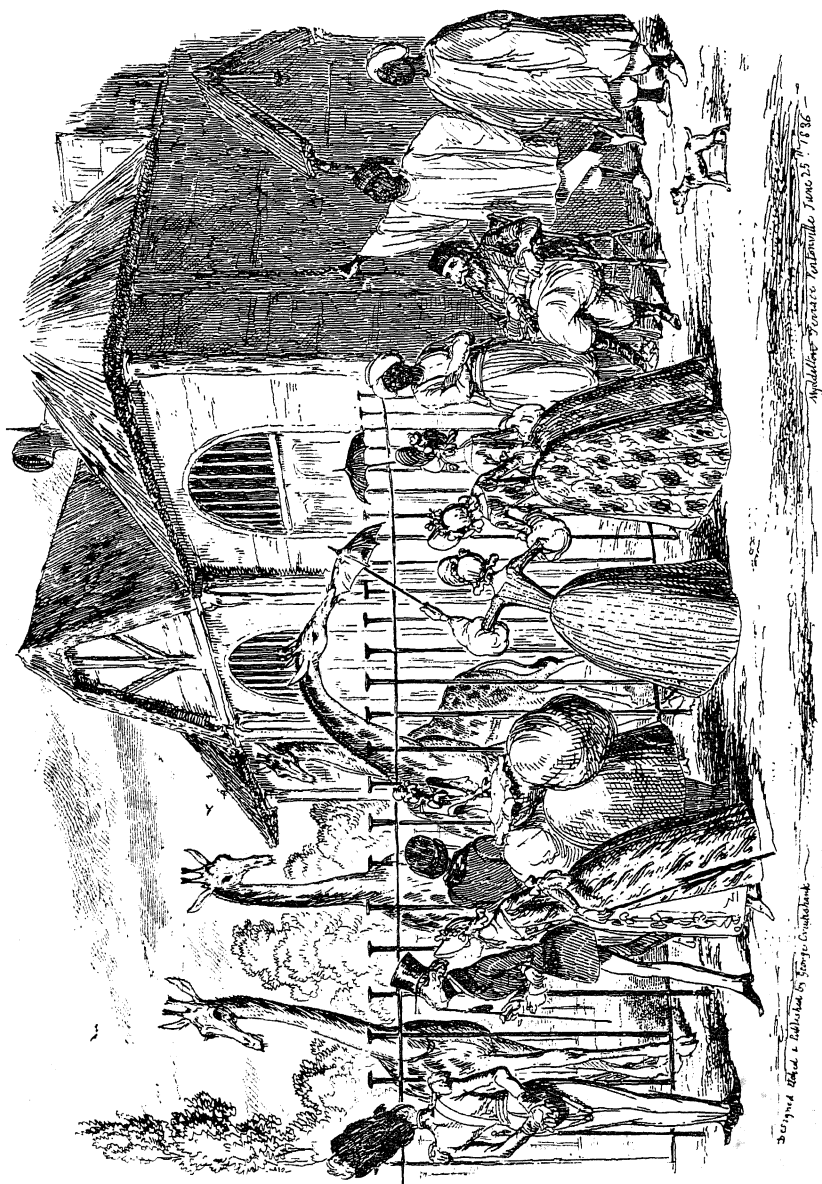
The Duchess of Kent, Lehzen, Melbourne are figures of the past. But Baron Stockmar still remains in power, and he and the Prince set to work to reorganise the Queen's Household, which certainly is sadly in need of attention, for it seems to exist at great expense to produce little but muddle and discomfort.

The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Office of Woods and Forests and the Master of the Horse are all concerned with the Royal Housekeeping. Footmen sleep ten to twelve in a dormitory, and play Jack's Delight. Visitors arrive, and there is no one to show them to their rooms. The outsides of the windows should be cleaned by the Woods and Forests, the insides by the Lord Chamberlain, and so they are seldom cleaned at all. The Lord Chamberlain lays the fires, the Lord Steward lights them, or does not light them, as the Queen discovers when she asks why there is no fire in the dining-room, and discipline is so lax that when the Princess Royal is born, "a boy of the most repulsive appearance," known thereafter as "the Boy Jones," is found under the sofa in the next room. He says he has spent three days in the Palace, sleeping under beds, helping himself to food; that he has sat upon the throne, seen the Queen and heard the Princess Royal squall.

The "Boy Jones" had a passion for visiting Buckingham Palace, and in the intervals of banishment to Houses of Correction returned to the Palace, and was eventually shipped to sea. Alicia-Rose is deeply interested in all the Palace gossip, for a month after the Queen has a daughter, Alicia has a son, and suffers considerably at his birth, unlike young Mrs. Richmond, the wife of the artist, who was so firm with her husband about painting Mr. Wilberforce's picture. Her baby was born in Rome, and one night George was awakened by his wife, "You must go at once for Mrs. Severn—my baby is going to be born!" But Mr. Richmond, though a tender husband, had too much of the artistic temperament to be a practical one, and he treated the intelligence with disbelief. "Nonsense, my dear," he said firmly; "compose yourself to sleep again!" With which advice he suited the action to the word. "George," called the poor lady some time later, "you really must go for Mrs. Severn. My baby is *here*—in the bed with me!" "Good gracious!" exclaimed the husband, really roused at last. "This has made me feel quite faint!"¹

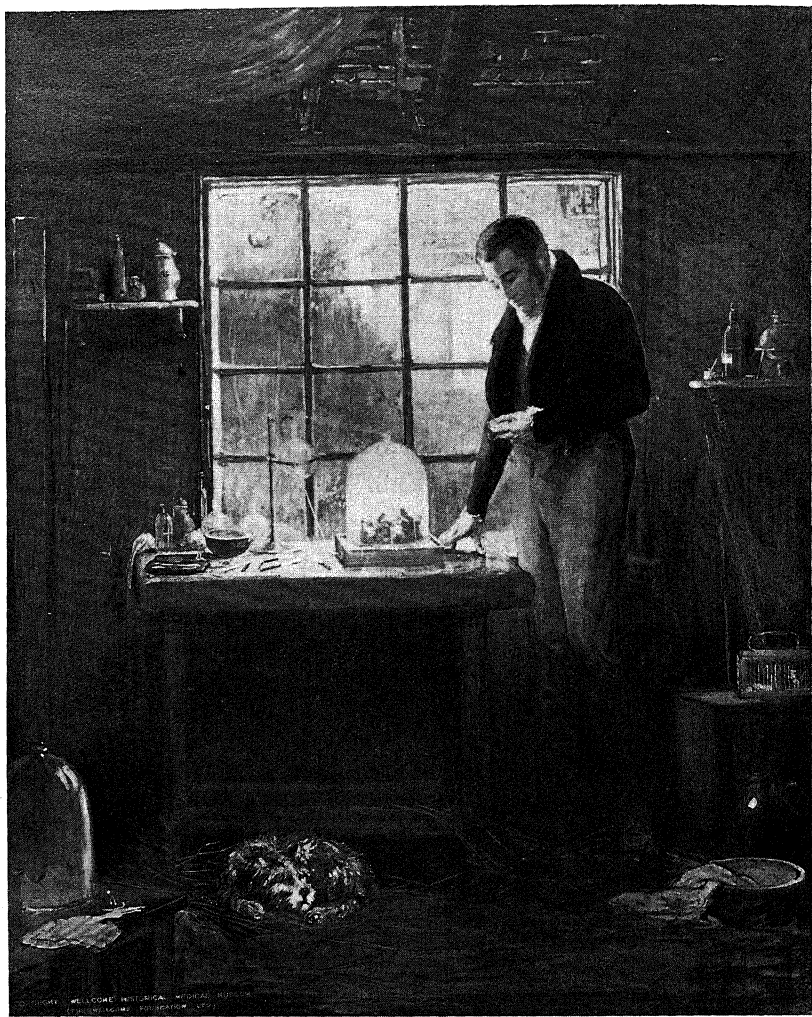
Knowing that they had to bear the pains of child-birth unalleviated, women bore them for the most part without complaint, for what, after all, was the use of complaining? If

¹ "The Richmond Papers," A. M. W. Stirling.



AT THE ZOO.
Giraffes, Granny-Bears and Other Novelties.
From *Cruikshank's "Sketch Book."*

Illustrated by George Cruikshank
London: J. Smith, 1836



Copyright, The Wellcome Historical Medical Museum.

DR. H. H. HICKMAN.

Dr. H. H. Hickman made experiments in anæsthetics between 1800 and 1829. It was not until 1847 that anæsthetics began to be generally known and fashionable ladies gave chloroform parties.

their sufferings were too severe and protracted, they died, and if not they lived. Not until 1847 did anæsthetics become known. Fanny Kemble, then Mrs. Butler, mentions that she has heard from America that Fanny Longfellow had been brought to bed most prosperously under the beneficent influence of ether, and that a friend expresses anxiety touching the authority of the Book of Genesis, which may be impaired if women, by means of ether, escape from the special curse pronounced against them for their share in the original sin. Fashionable ladies invited their friends to chloroform parties, the example being set by Lady Castlereagh, and Dr. Brand gave a lecture during which the unfortunate anæsthetised guinea pig died.

A certain country doctor, Henry Hill Hickman, had been making experiments in the use of anæsthetics from 1800 until 1829, but, like most persons possessed of a new idea, he found it difficult to make others believe in it. Poignant suffering was accepted as the inevitable fate of humanity and the dreaded accompaniment of the surgeon's knife. Dr. Hickman, however, had become possessed with the idea that vapours introduced into the lungs, and thence into the circulation of the blood, would insure insensibility so deep that the surgeon might work undeterred by the agony of his patient, but the Royal Society, of which Sir Humphry Davy was President, did not even allow him to read a paper. Dr. Hickman published in 1824 a pamphlet which became famous, explaining the experiments which he had made and their results, and a few years later died. He received some posthumous recognition in 1847, when others continued the work which he had begun.¹

At the time of the birth of Alicia's baby, Colonel Crawshaw is doing for her household what the Prince is doing for his wife's household—creating order and reducing expenses, a proceeding which made neither of them popular, though Colonel Crawshaw eventually became much beloved for his kindly manner, his sense of justice and his wise liberality, while the Prince was always rather coldly regarded by his wife's subjects, who did not seem to realise that it was he, rather than Victoria, who

¹ Full recognition of his work was made when Dr. (then Mr.) Henry S. Wellcome organised his Historical Medical Exhibition, which was held in London in 1913.

was the instigator of many changes for the better in the condition of the people which came about during her reign. But the Prince was a foreigner and the English were particularly distrustful of foreigners. He had a stiff manner, he did not hunt, he did not race, but he played the organ, and studied botany, and his morals were correct. He liked the society of scientific men and artists, about whom Victoria had not been accustomed to trouble herself. He was even interested in trade, which was all very well for tradesmen, but not for Princes and gentlemen. The men thought him a muff; the women agreed with them.

But Sir Robert Peel knew that he was nothing of the sort, and told John that he had a very good opinion of him, and permitted him to take more part in affairs, and so, naturally, the Queen forgot how much she had disliked this awkward-mannered Tory gentleman, and he became "our worthy Peel." And no doubt Her Majesty was kind enough to inquire now and then about his beautiful wife and his family, and to tell him about her own babes.

Perhaps he, who was a devoted husband and father, told the Queen how his little Julia would go to bed with her feet on the pillow and her head at the foot-board, and even if he did not make such confidences, we know that she would have approved of the loving letters he wrote to Lady Peel, telling her that he lay awake planning a house at the seaside where they might enjoy themselves "with our little ones, and not even an earwig to molest us," that he "kissed the little locket every time he took it off and put it on," and was her "own, own, own R.P." He wrote to her of the House of Commons as "that infernal place," and when free of it made a great collection of pictures, which became the property of the nation, and went out shooting and shot very well, and was interested in the garden, and drew pictures for his little boys and girls. John and Emily visited Sir Robert and his lady once or twice at Drayton, and enjoyed the particularly excellent fare which was offered them, for pretty Lady Peel was noted for the charming arrangement of her houses and the dinners which she gave in London and in the country. On one occasion when Mr. and Mrs. London were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peel of Burton-on-Trent, Sir Robert came over, and was escorted round the garden by

Mrs. Peel, and shown an offshoot of a shrub which his grandfather had planted, and remarked rather acidly, "I did not know that we had a grandfather," to which Dorothy, his cousin's wife, who was also his own cousin and a lady not easily daunted, replied sharply, "Then it is time, Robert, that you learned." Possibly the now so important gentleman had been made to feel during his earlier days that he had not quite so many grandfathers as some of the Tory grandees with whom he had been brought in contact.¹

Alicia-Rose also liked to hear how, when the Queen was recovering from her first confinement, it was her husband who lifted her from bed to sofa, who wheeled her into another room. As the Duke of Argyll said, "His care for her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a wiser or more judicious nurse."

The little Princess was christened at 6.30 p.m. at Buckingham Palace, and all the ladies wore white, and there was a full-dress dinner immediately afterwards. The baby, so the father wrote to his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was one of the godfathers, "behaved with great propriety, like a Christian," and antagonisms against the Tories were put away, and "the Duke," as the Duke of Wellington came to be called, attended the christening as proxy for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and became the "best friend we have."

That winter Prince Albert went out skating on the lake in the garden of the Palace, with the Queen to stand on the bank and admire. He fell in plump, and had to swim a few strokes. While the ladies screamed, his practical little Queen gave him



A HACKNEY COACH IN 1842

¹ Sir Robert evidently did not know that his family had been settled at Bolton-by-Bowland for many centuries before the Parish register was first started in 1558.

assistance, and he could not thank Heaven enough that he escaped with nothing more than a severe cold. Shortly after this incident the Queen provided a male heir to the Crown, and prayed that he would resemble his father in every respect, both in body and mind, and, as we all know, he did nothing of the kind.

Meanwhile, the Prince and the Queen spent domesticated evenings, he reading aloud Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" or St. Simon's "Memoirs," while she worked at her cross stitch; or they sang duets, or Albert played "double chess, very deep," and when it was eleven o'clock, and she was very sleepy, the Queen, instead of saying, "For Heaven's sake, my dear, come to bed," said, "Tell—— to let the Prince know that it is eleven o'clock. Tell him the Prince should *merely* be told the hour. The Prince *wishes* to be told, I know. He does not see the clock."

The lady who related this incident was lost in admiration at so much wifeliness, "Quite fussy she seemed, for fear of a disrespectful message or anything like a command being sent."¹ She was also quite fussy about having the second fire in the drawing-room lighted until she was certain that a warmer temperature would be acceptable to the Prince.

Much excitement was caused at this period by a certain John Francis, a carpenter, who shot at the Queen. Her Majesty behaved with great courage, and went to the Opera that very evening, and Jeremy, who happened to be present, wrote to his Aunt Emily (as she had desired that he should call her), and said that the house rose *en masse* and insisted that the National Anthem should be played. But the Queen had been braver than most people knew, for she and her husband realised what few others did—that Francis had shot at her the day before, and the pistol had misfired. As the Prince truly said, they could not stay at home for ever, or until the unknown miscreant was caught, so they drove together the next day without any Lady-in-Waiting, for, being kind as well as brave and sensible, they did not wish to risk more lives than was necessary. John Francis shot again, and this time he was arrested.

This was the second attempt on the Queen's life since her

¹ "Victoria the Woman," Frank Hird.

marriage, the first having taken place on Constitution Hill when a crazy boy named Orford fired two pistols, one after the other. No sooner had the boy been removed than Her Majesty drove to Ingestre House, Belgrave Square, where her mother then lived, and to whom she was now reconciled, to assure the Duchess of her safety. After that she drove in the Park at the fashionable hour of five, by which time the news of the attempt on her life had become known, and Mrs. George London, who was driving there too, told Emily how the people had cheered, ladies and gentlemen standing up in their carriages and waving their handkerchiefs, while all the ladies and gentlemen who were riding formed a body-guard and escorted their Sovereign back to the Palace. "It was indeed an affecting occasion," wrote Mrs. George, "and I wept to think how otherwise it might have been had it not happened as it did," a way of putting the matter which amused our dear Emily, who was very fond of her kind, silly sister-in-law, and caused Adala and Antonia to giggle in what their governess termed an "insufficiently restrained manner, my dears."

Mrs. George sent her letter by Mr. Rowland Hill's Penny Post,¹ then quite a novelty, and one greatly appreciated by the poor, who now, for the first time, found a method within their means of communicating with their far-off loved ones, though even yet many of them, being unable to write, had to pay a "writer" to indite their epistles.

Jeremy was in London often at this time, for he had lost his heart to a lovely girl who returned his love. Unfortunately, however, she was the only daughter of a man of rank and wealth. At no time would he have considered Jeremy a match for his precious girl, but when base birth was added to other in-



A GENERAL POSTMAN

¹ Penny Post, 1840.

feriorities, there was indeed no more to be said. My Lord had himself strewed a bastard or two about the country, but that made him no more sympathetic to the bastards of others.

Adala, now aged sixteen, and not supposed to know anything about this love affair, but who always managed to know everything, discussed the affair with her three-months-younger cousin, Antonia Framlington, and expressed contempt for the Lady Agnes. "Dear Jeremy"—she loved Jeremy fondly—"is well quit of the silly noodle. If she were worth the having she would be off to Gretna with him to-morrow," said Adala contemptuously. Agnes was not the kind that elopes to Gretna. She was a well-brought-up girl of her period, and knew her duty to her respected parents, whose chattel she was until she should become the chattel of her husband, so she remained at home, weeping a great deal, gazing at her father out of reproachful, tear-washed, blue eyes, swooning now and again, and becoming thinner and paler, until everyone prophesied that she would go into a decline; then, still swooning and weeping, but less and less often, she accepted a middle-aged, widowed Marquis, produced a son and heir, which his first wife had omitted to do for him, ceased to weep and swoon, and lived, plaintive of manner, but quite content, to a ripe old age.

But Jeremy, who had indulged in his grand passion in maturity instead of in youth, shut his disappointed love close in his heart, and looked no more on women, which was a sad waste of him, for he was cut out to be a charming lover and a devoted husband and father.

While all this was going on, John's brother George, who had married the well-to-do, rabbit-toothed girl, and after a year or two of childless matrimony had kept a discreet establishment elsewhere, died of some obscure disease of the spleen, so that there now remained of male members of the London family but John, his son Robert John, and his sons John Henry and Anthony, the elder at Harrow, the younger at Rugby.

Lucinda had wished both boys to go to Rugby, which dear Dr. Arnold,¹ now but lately dead of angina pectoris, had made so fashionable, but Robert John said pompously that the Londons always went to Harrow, well knowing that his father

¹ Dr. Arnold died in 1842.

had been to a private school, and thence to Oxford, while his grandfather had achieved his schooling at the local Grammar School. However, such trifles as these may always be forgotten does one wish to forget them, so it was established that the Londons always went to Harrow, but that a second boy might go to Rugby to profit by Dr. Arnold's compelling religious influence, and because so many boys of the first families were profiting by it too. Dr. Arnold, the good, earnest man, preached sermons which made a deep impression upon the boys who listened to them; they left Rugby to go up to Oxford or to Cambridge, and there went to Chapel even more often than they need have gone, and visited the respectable poor. They talked about their dear Dr. Arnold to other undergraduates as well as to their parents and friends, and naturally Dr. Arnold became very much the fashion. To us it seems that he may have been a godly, earnest bore, but at all events he *was* godly, and made his scholars think, and think not only of themselves. He taught morals and religion, he endeavoured to fashion his boys into "Christian gentlemen," and made Rugby something better than other Head Masters had made of other schools. The great man kept a Diary. In it he wrote, "The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed!¹ And then what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say 'Vixi.' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my pleasant place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still, there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh." But the next day he died, and the world was the poorer.

And now an event happened which threatened to cure Lucinda of her invalidism. John was offered a baronetcy. He had supported the Tory party handsomely, and had spent great sums of money for the benefit of others, and with the coming into power of a Tory Ministry it was felt that some recognition should be made of his admirable services. For some days John

¹ The expectation of life was considerably shorter then than now.

and Emily discussed the matter, for John had no desire to alter his state. He was John London, a man well known and well respected, with sufficient wealth and influence to ensure consideration of his views. But the news that the honour had been offered to him leaked out, and reached the ears of Robert John and Lucinda, who alternately rose from her sofa to follow her spouse, even into that Holy of Holies the Estate Office, expressing her opinion of the gross selfishness of persons who refused to become baronets, and returned to it in a state of hysteria so violent that at last Robert John—who rather agreed with her—was induced to visit his father and beg him not to prevent his son, and his son's son, and however many other sons should come after, from enjoying the respect which a baronetcy, especially when added to great wealth, procures.

So Sir John attended a Levée, and Lady London made her curtsy to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, who smiled at her very kindly. Emily wore a full-skirted dress of lilac satin, trimmed with cross-cut bands, and a train to match worked with silver thread, a tight-fitting bodice, becoming to her still-slim, upright figure, a bertha¹ and lappets of point lace, and three tall white feathers in her parted hair, which was looped back over her ears and held in place at the back by a high diamond comb.

The Drawing-Rooms are now held in the afternoon, and Her Majesty does not offer any refreshments to the guests, who begin their toilet in the morning, and refresh themselves from flask and sandwich case as they wait in their carriages until it is time to drive through the Palace gates. Alicia-Rose was presented on her re-marriage, by her mother-in-law, Lady Rose Crawshaw, at this same Drawing-Room, for, owing to her absence abroad and the birth of her son, she had been unable to pay her respects to her Sovereign sooner. And the Queen smiled very kindly at her, too, in spite of the fact that she is said not to have approved of second marriages, for she knew all about the pretty young woman from one of her ladies who was a cousin of Lady Rose, and from whom Lady Rose heard tales of the Queen's domestic happiness, and how "Pussy," as they called the Princess Royal, already objected to that familiar term, and would have them know that she was the Princess

¹ A deep-shaped collar generally of lace.

Royal,¹ even if her baby brother *was* the Prince of Wales.² A little later the Princess Alice³ was born, and a year after that Prince Alfred, and then Princess Helena,⁴ and then Louise,⁵ and after that again Prince Arthur⁶ and Prince Leopold,⁷ and last of all the Princess Beatrice,⁸ though the three youngest children were not born until after the decade with which we shall still concern ourselves in the next chapter.⁹

¹ Crown Princess of Prussia, later Empress Frederick, Mother of Wilhelm, ex-Kaiser of Germany.

² King Edward VII.

³ Grand Duchess of Hesse, mother of the murdered Tsarina of Russia.

⁴ Princess Christain of Schleswig-Holstein.

⁵ Duchess of Argyll.

⁶ Duke of Connaught.

⁷ Duke of Albany.

⁸ Princess Henry of Battenberg.

⁹ 1840-1850.

CHAPTER XV

Giving a Ball—"In a certain way I cut my own mother"—London society in the 'forties—"Don't be a fool, sir," said the Duke"—Various famous people—Five o'clock tea—Duller and duller—Going to church—"Papa smelled his hat"—Family prayers—Inside the Victorian home—Uglier and uglier—"Lost" and "fallen" women—A new outlook.

DURING the earlier years of the 'forties Adala London and Antonia Framlington left the schoolroom and became grown-up young ladies. Lady Framlington, or rather Mrs. Crawshaw, as she now was, took a house in Hanover Square, and prepared to give a large ball, while Emily entertained for the young people in Grafton Street.

The startling blonde beauty of Adala and the auburn prettiness of Antonia, together with the knowledge that both of these young girls would receive a handsome marriage portion, procured for them an amiable reception in the society of the day, especially as the Marchioness of Connington, who had no daughters of her own, took a fancy to them, and gave a ball in their honour, and Lady Peel was also very kind to them. John, amused by all the fuss of this party-giving, and also by the efforts of kind Alicia-Rose to be sufficiently worldly to secure the attendance of those who would shed lustre on her entertainment, and not too worldly to omit to invite persons of no importance but whose feelings would be hurt if uninvited, presented her with a novel which had amused him when it had excited attention several years earlier. This was "*Almacks*,"¹ the author of which was Miss Marianne Spencer Stanhope, who at the age of forty-two married Mr. Hudson of Tadworth Court.

There were professional ball-givers then as now, and in "*Almacks*" it is described how a certain Lady Birmingham had committed the care of herself and her conscience in the

¹ "*Almacks*" was published in 1826.

form of her visiting-book into the hands of a Lady Hauton. Much and long had the Countess to labour in order to weed away all Lady Birmingham's real friends and connections from the important list. "In this refined age, relationship goes for nothing; the freemasonry of 'set' is everything. 'So much do I think of it,' said Lady Hauton, 'that I assure you in a certain way I always cut my own mother; I never ask her to my *choisies*. She is not in the least *des nôtres*, and would be quite *de trop*, so I only admit her to my squeezes. When I first married, I was young and inexperienced; one night I remember, at Lady Norbury's, I was going to chat with my sister, Lady Richmond; but Hauton, who was always the finest of the fine, pulled me back. "I have at last got you into good company, Georgiana," said he, "and really I must keep you there."' "Bless me!" said Lady Birmingham, quite naturally, 'and Lady Richmond your ladyship's own sister, too; and married to a Peer! How strange!' 'I should have lost *caste* by being with her and all that sort of set,' said the Countess; 'and really, if I have to do with it, Lady Birmingham, your ball must be entirely composed of what everybody calls good company—of real *ton*. Now let me look at your list!'"

Alicia read this book, and looked reproachfully at her dear Papa, but comforted herself by reflecting that gentlemen had other things to think of, and could not be expected to understand how important it is that young unmarried ladies should move in the correct circles.

So Adala and Antonia polka'd and waltzed, having had special lessons in the polka, which was performed for the first time in public at Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope's, where people stood on the chairs and rout seats to watch it. Lady Elizabeth, writing to a friend, explains that by giving a dance she will ensure invitations for her own young people, but is annoyed that an acquaintance, though well knowing that Lady Elizabeth's ball has long been fixed, arranges to give hers on the same night, and fears that she may take away those whom Lady Elizabeth chiefly wishes to be present. It turns out, however, that the boot is on the other foot, and the fashionables prefer Lady Elizabeth's party.

Adala and Antonia wear full-skirted ball dresses of tulle,

taffeta, satin or gauze, with tight-fitting bodices cut well off the shoulders, and a number of full petticoats, stiff stays, chemise and drawers of fine nainsook, wreaths of flowers on their ringleted heads, and carry stiff little bouquets.

They are closely chaperoned at their parties by their mother, and often by Colonel Crawshaw as well, and drive to grand houses in Grosvenor Square, St. James's Square, Grafton Street and Piccadilly in a handsome chariot, which cost no less than £350, behind which stand two tall, powdered footmen whose calves probably owe a trifle of their roundness to padding sewn into their stockings, and who, when the equipage has to wait its turn amongst an entanglement of other carriages, are much annoyed by rude urchins, who throw mud at their exquisite white legs.

By this time Almack's has had its day as a select dance club, therefore our young ladies did not dance there, though they went there to one of Mr. Thackeray's lectures, where Fanny Kemble found him and shook hands with him, "Oh, Lord, I'm sick at my stomach with fright," the great man confided. They also went to a concert at Stafford House given by the Duchess of Sutherland.¹ The tickets were two guineas each, and Rachel recited, Liszt, tossing his long locks, played, and Miss Adelaide Kemble—Fanny's sister—sang. This was a very grand affair, and the young ladies were much impressed by the marble stairs and balustrades, the pillars of scagliola, the fretted roof of gold and white, and the skylight supported by gigantic gilt caryatides. Masses of flowers were piled in every niche, and single plants covered with exquisite blooms were placed in great china vases, which, as Fanny Kemble wrote, might have been stolen from the Arabian Nights. It was no wonder that when the Queen honoured the Duchess with a visit she remarked that she came from her *house* to the Duchess's *palace*.

Amongst other parties to which Adala and Antonia went were those of kind Mrs. Disraeli (who said such odd things), at the corner house in Grosvenor Street, and of Lady Palmerston (Lord Melbourne's widowed sister, who had now married Lord Palmerston), who lived in Piccadilly. They also drove across the Park to Lady John Russell's in Chesham Place,

¹ In 1844. Stafford House is now the London Museum.

where cross Lady Holland had dined, and no sooner had she sat down than she called the butler to her and snapped out, "Bring me a shawl." But no doubt her bark was worse than her bite, for she had been a kind friend to Lord John Russell in his youth.

Probably at one of these parties they saw unprepossessing-looking Lord Brougham, of whom Lord John wrote that his "chief faults were a recklessness of judgment and an obnoxious appetite for praise, also a disregard for the truth." According to the gossip of the time, Lord Brougham¹ told a friend that when he died, if there was an after-life, he would appear and tell him so, and appeared when his friend was in his bath. Another story told about him was that when inspecting a weaver's manufactory he saw some check tweed and ordered two pieces. They arrived, and he discovered that there were fifty yards in each piece, so he wore trousers of a large black-and-white check for the rest of his life.

The Duke of Wellington used to come to parties at 7 Chesham Place, and, after he had greeted his hostess, sauntered through the rooms, taking no notice of anyone. One of her *beaux* told Adala that on one occasion the old man had been about to cross Piccadilly, and had seemed worried by the traffic, so a gentleman standing near had escorted him across the road. Taking off his hat, he then proceeded to explain how honoured he was to have been able to do the smallest service to the great Duke, to which the old man replied peevishly, "Don't be a fool, sir."

Even if our *débutantes* did not see Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray at Chesham Place, they may have met them at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, where Lord and Lady John also entertained, and where people gathered for an informal Sunday supper.

Thackeray would bring his last book and read aloud, and "that talk-mill Macaulay," as Sydney Smith called him, used to go there too, and that middle-class person Mr. John Bright, who was so fine an orator that when he was due to speak ladies would flock to the Gallery of the House of Commons to hear him. Emily took Adala to hear him speak on one occasion, and in a book in which the girl wrote everything, be it prose

¹ "Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel."

or poetry, which had particularly impressed her, there is this extract: "I am not afraid of the future. We have not, as the chosen people of old had, the pillar of fire by night to lead us through the wilderness of human passion and human error, but He who vouchsafed to us the cloud and the fire has not left us forsaken. We have a guide not less sure, a light not less clear; we have before us the great principles of justice and mercy which Christianity has taught us, and the advantages of philosophy and experience have alike been sanctioned. Let us trust these principles. Let us believe that they exist for ever unchangeably in the Providence of God, and, if we build our national policy upon them, we may rest assured that we shall do all that lies in our power to promote that which is good, and which the patriotic amongst Englishmen have in all ages panted for—the lasting happiness and prosperity of this great nation."

It was of the man who could speak thus that when Lord John desired to take him to visit the Duke of Bedford, some poor fool wrote advising the Duke to "count his spoons."

Those were the days when it was fashionable to read aloud to a family assembled about a round table on which stood one of the new paraffin lamps.

Lord John Russell read "The Christmas Carol" to his family, while his girls sat working or painting. Possibly they embroidered bell-pulls in cross stitch, or made wax flowers to be imprisoned in a glass case, or sewed at a cushion on which was a dog's head in cross stitch, the eyes made of black beads, the white patches in the coat expressed by means of white beads, or possibly they made garments of flannel, linsey-woolsey or coarse calico for the poor.

Adala and Antonia heard Mario and Grisi sing, and doubtless, for there were Press agents then as now, were told how Mario, when in some French town, saw a woman leading a child and singing timidly. No one gave her anything, and he, feeling in his pocket, realised that he had come out without money. So he turned street-singer, giving to his humble professional sister the money which was showered upon him.¹

They also went to Panoramas, which were a fashionable educational entertainment, and, if they felt in a lighter mood,

¹ "Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel."

visited "the Performing Fleas." Possibly, too, they went to see the Siamese Twins, who had been sold by their mother to a showman, but probably their Mamma would not have thought this a proper entertainment for young girls.

Emily took the two girls to visit Mrs. Carlyle, who told them of a maid of hers who had left "to be made a lady of" to go to Ireland, and to live with a rich uncle, who had earned a fortune by making upholstery gimps and fringes, now needed in great quantity to finish off the cushioned seats of the new railway carriages.

Adala's brothers, John Henry and Anthony, now and then obtained leave from the Cavalry regiments in which they were dashing subalterns and joined in the fun of a London season, for fun it was, in spite of the stiffness of the etiquette and the difficulty of ever seeing a young lady of their own world alone.

Our two young ladies, if unaccompanied by Alicia-Rose or Colonel Crawshaw or their grandfather, who was devoted to both of them, and rode and walked with them when he could find time to do so, went abroad attended by dear old Hannah, still "as jimp as a young toad," as she expressed it, or by their own maid Rose and a footman.

Even when they walked with Alicia-Rose, a footman was in attendance, and very bored Adala was with all this state. "If we were poor we should be obliged to walk alone, and what would happen to us? Nothing that we could not settle for ourselves," said she scornfully.

But Antonia was more timid, and thought that rough, common men might annoy them. "And what if they did?" asked Adala. "You cannot be annoyed if you will not be annoyed, and however rude and common, they could not run away with both of us in broad daylight!"

It was in their second season that Adala surprised her intimates by asking them to afternoon tea-parties in the boudoir. The Duchess of Bedford, so it was said, had originated the idea, and the Paget family, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and the Sydneys, who lived in Cleveland Square, helped to establish the fashion.

Parents resented this innovation, though themselves quite willing to drink tea in the schoolroom, and ladies whose

establishments were not too large objected to giving the servants more to do. But the fashion spread, and the tea-parties of Adala and Antonia were quite a feature of the day's doings in their circle.

Although our débutantes found London society vastly amusing, foreigners who joined in the gaieties were not so favourably impressed. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister, considered that there was a profound gravity about it. People looked serious at balls, dinners, on horseback or in the carriage, in Parliament, at Court, in the theatres and galleries, he complained. They made a god of social position, they kept up expensive establishments not in order to enjoy them, but to impress others with their riches and grandeur.

Certainly the Court was becoming duller and duller, though to the Queen it seemed perfection. What more could anyone need than work, Albert, and a brood of babies combined with a severe and complicated social etiquette? Dullness seemed to flow from the Court to the people. There was fast society, and in some of the great houses there were gay doings, and jokes were made about Albert and Victoria and their middle-class ways. But slowly and surely society *was* becoming duller, and obsessed by the necessity of appearing respectable as well as wealthy, and if everyone was not quite so respectable as he seemed to be, well, human nature is human nature, and it was scarcely likely that the example of one correct young German gentleman should alter it altogether in the course of a few years.

Families now walked in procession to church on Sunday morning, Papa whiskered and top hatted, Mamma in her wide skirts, shawl and bonnet, boys and girls two and two, each with a coin for the collection clasped in a well-washed, well-gloved little hand. Behind Papa and Mamma came a footman, or perhaps a boy in buttons, carrying the Prayer-Books.

Some friends of Antonia's used to laugh about their own Sunday procession. Their Prayer-Books were always put on the hall table, with a penny on each for the children under ten, and sixpence on those of the children up to seventeen. After attaining that age they were considered to be grown up,

received a personal allowance, and were expected to give what they could afford.

At one time there were ten children of church-going age, and the Sunday procession was imposing. They lived in Kensington, and went to a new church situated in the rhubarb fields, where now is Earl's Court, via Hogmire Lane, where wild flowers grew, and which is now Gloucester Road. At one crossing an old man was always in attendance to sweep vigorously and wave his top hat at them. The old fellow was supplied with top hats and clothes by the father of the family, and the youngest child was provided with a sixpence to pay for the sweeping, and the boy who described the scene to Antonia declared that he had always imagined the old sweeper to be a poor relation as, clad in his father's cast-off clothes, there was a marked resemblance between the two.

Arrived at church, the children were arranged with an elder by each younger, the youngest of all by Mamma, and the eldest boy by Papa.

Papa prayed devoutly into his hat, or, as his profane son expressed it, "smelled his hat," but did not kneel. Mamma knelt on a high hassock, rustled a good deal, for she wore a stiff silk dress and several petticoats to support its folds, and smelt delicately at her vinaigrette. The service over, they all processed home again to eat, to doze, to read Sunday books, to say the catechism, to go for a walk, and to retire to bed feeling relieved that it would, as the children said, be a "toy-day" again to-morrow.

Family prayers were fashionable, and the London boys joked because their mother, who had now become interested in religion as well as in invalidism, made the reluctant Robert John read Psalms and prayers morning and night. Anthony swore that it was a sight to kill a fellow to see the cook's elastic-sided paramatta boots and fat legs in white cotton stockings sticking out from her stiff print dress, as she knelt before a dining-room chair, and her terror when the parrot, whose cage door had been opened by the graceless youth, nibbled her ankles and chuckled obscenely. Meanwhile all the maids wriggled and giggled and tried to tuck their toes in, for fear of what the irreligious bird should do to them. John Robert stumbled over the long Biblical names, and in

the evening, befogged with port, slumbered in the middle of a prayer, and had to be poked awake by his scandalised lady, who found religion such a pleasant change from invalidism that she now required her family to sing hymns of a Sunday evening.

But not only manners and customs were changing—even the interiors of the houses, the chairs and the tables were taking on a new appearance. The legs of the furniture looked like the legs of dachshunds, and the chairs and sofas and the back-to-back settees were covered in horsehair or heavy satin or rep, the last two being buttoned down, thus making hol-

lows, out of which house-maids endeavoured to brush the dust which collected in them. Windows were veiled with blue-white Nottingham lace, and maroon or rep curtains hung from brightly gilded cornices, and were looped back by gilded metal-holders or fat, tasselled cords. Panelling gave way to wallpapers, trellised or striped with gold or colours, or watered to represent silk, and gilt gaseliers with white glass



A HANSOM IN 1842

globes took the place of Waterford glass chandeliers with their burden of wax candles.

The contents of houses became uglier and uglier, and life in them more and more prim, yet, under the crust of rich, solid respectability there was a world to which "good" women, if they knew of its existence, shut their eyes. The Almighty had made man what he was, but had made good women quite different; therefore there must be bad women, otherwise what were the poor men to do?

Yet, all the same, women should not be bad, and if they were, they must be punished. The men need not be punished unless altogether *too* wicked, because it was their nature to be a little immoral, and also it was possible for them to be bad

at one moment and quite good at another, which women could not be. Once women were "fallen," were "lost," they must stay so, and, even if repentant, remain unfit for respectable society.

Only the very rich, important ladies whose husbands continued to countenance them could be bad without people minding, and even then they must be discreetly bad. In any case, men were the lords of creation, and if they wished society to be like that, like that it would have to be. It was a muddle-headed scheme, and led to much trouble and suffering for the good women, the bad women and the children of both, but most women accepted this standard of ethics; and thought that they did right to help to enforce it on others of their sex, and were just as scandalised as their fathers, husbands and brothers if anyone ventured to disagree.

It happens, however, that there are always a few people who are unwilling to think what everyone else thinks merely because everyone else does think it, and the few who were not content with the position of women were beginning to make their dissatisfaction known, demanding not only higher education for women, but also political representation and a better and more equal standard of sex morality.

CHAPTER XVI

A grand wedding—Cures and witchings—The parson—Good husbands—Another wedding, but less grand—A book of which the world has need—Mrs. Gaskell—The trials of a woman novelist—Unfit for publication—The Brontës—Charlotte Yonge—"That was not gentlemanly"—A new fashion in heroes.

AFTER two or three triumphant seasons, Miss London and Miss Framlington provided their families and friends with plenty of conversational matter by doing what was not expected of them. Adala's mother, her brothers and many of her friends had been prepared for her to do something "odd." Just as Lucinda had complained that Emily had too many ideas, she now complained that Adala had too many ideas, and lamented that the pretty, gentle-mannered and apparently idea-less Antonia was not her child.

The family waited to hear that Antonia was going to make a good marriage, and instead learned that Adala was engaged to an enormously rich young man in the Life Guards—a young man so rich, so well connected, so handsome, that he could have married in the very highest circles.

Why Adala, who certainly was full of ideas—about the rights of women, morality, cruelty to animals (now that the Queen had given her patronage to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it was becoming fashionable to afford to "the poor dumb beasts" some show of consideration), higher education and the rights of the poor—and who honestly did not care for rank or wealth, should have captured the adoring love of a young man to whom one might have thought her ideas would be repellent, and why she gave all the treasures of her passionately loving and pitying heart to a godlike-looking male who seldom said anything and did not appear to think very much, Heaven may have known, if her friends did not. But so it was. Emily, however, said that she quite understood why these young people

loved each other, and soon the godlike Captain Frederick Laws-Pledley loved her as he had never loved his own silly, affectionate mother.

The wedding took place at Framlington in July. Lucinda and Robert John, now so well occupied with invalidism, religion and the consumption of port, could not, of course, have the wedding at their little Manor House, and Lucinda was content to be the mother of an important bride without any of the bother of the occasion.

Adala would have liked to be married from Conisbrowth, but, large as the house was, it was not large enough to hold all the friends who must be invited, and so at Framlington they were wed, first attending a wedding feast at Conisbrowth, and then two more at Framlington—one for the pit people and one for the estate folk and villagers, at both of which gatherings Sir Harry, the young heir, made an excellent speech.

The guests who came to stay for the wedding provided a sight which lived long in the memory of the countryside, and the requirements of the ladies' ladies and the gentlemen's gentlemen nearly drove Mrs. Rowley distracted.

Breakfast was at ten o'clock, and the guests assembled in the drawing-room, the ladies wearing gloves and being armed by the smartly dressed gentlemen to the dining-room, where an almost interminable succession of dishes was served. After that, as in July there was nothing to shoot, there was rowing on the lake, archery contests and games of cricket, which the gentlemen played in their top hats, followed by a cold collation at two o'clock, at which few of the gentlemen ate more than a sandwich or a biscuit, and drank a glass or two of sherry.

At five o'clock Adala's new-fangled afternoon tea was served, and in the evening, after the grand dinner, at 7.30, there was dancing, and charades and whist for the older people, interrupted by the service first of coffee and later of tea. Fashionable dinners were now served *à la Russe* in seven or eight courses: two soups, thick and clear, two fishes, two *entrées*—one brown, one white—a roast, a bird, four sweets, a savoury and elaborate dessert.

Adala wore a bridal dress of white satin, its full skirt

trimmed with lace flounces, a wreath of orange blossom and myrtle, gemmed with crystal dewdrops, and a Brussels lace veil. Her underclothes were made of the finest linen, bordered with Mechlin lace, beautifully monogrammed, and her stays were of white satin. She carried a cobweb of a Mechlin-trimmed pocket handkerchief, and a round bouquet of myrtle and orange blossom in a silver filigree holder.

The bridesmaids were dressed in pale pink gauze, with narrow pink satin ruches scalloping their billowy skirts. Their white kid gloves had but one button, and chaplets of pink roses adorned their pretty heads.

There was a wedding breakfast with a gigantic cake. Speeches were made, and the young ladies were very feminine and sweet, and the young gentlemen, with their whiskers and tightly strapped trousers and elegant waists, very male and protective. And thin, gaunt people came out of their wretched homes to see the wedding, the women and children hard put to it to find clothes fit to wear in the presence of all the fine folk; yet, because the family were their friends, because Adala took her grand young man to visit them in their homes to beg them to share her happiness, because they were welcomed at the feast with the same courtesy as was shown to the grand folk, because Colonel Crawshaw was their friend and training the young heir to be their friend, they rejoiced with the young lovers, enjoying the sight, the music, the excitement, and the refreshments which were set out for them, and went back to endure poverty and the physical and mental sickness which poverty brings, with only a grumble here and there that some should have so much and others so little.

In the course of Adala's visiting she found Mrs. Torby, wife of one of the estate hedgers and ditchers, much put about by her youngest child's attacks of croup. She had rubbed his chest with oil that Madam Rowley had given her, she had even, at great pains, caught a shrew mouse and boiled the hapless creature alive, and with dandelion root and a bit of this and that made a cure that would cure nine out of ten croupy children. But her child was the tenth, of which peculiarity she seemed proud.

When Adala, horrified, begged her never to be so cruel

again, and suggested that God would not grant health at the cost of cruelty to a defenceless animal (which may or may not be so, but which did not then or after prevent cruelties, ignorant and scientific, from being committed in the same cause), the good soul regarded her protests as one of the whims of the gentry. Why, surely everyone knew that a shrew mouse hung on a string round the neck cured the whooping-cough. The mouse sopped up the cough, so to speak—and that was sense, not witching, which Mrs. Torby would not demean herself to, though plenty of others did, and she nodded her head in the direction of old Granny Withers' cottage. This old woman sat day in, day out, by the all but empty hearth in her dark little hovel, but knew all the gossip for miles round, and told her young visitors how Tom Jones' donkey had been witched, "fell dead, it did, and never moved no more," and how the White Witch over to Hornden had saved Mr. Gubbins' cow. Said words over it, she did, and said words over warts too, which faded 'em away as quick as quick, but as to what words she said Grannie, who was known to have done a little witching herself in her earlier days, professed herself to be entirely ignorant.

On the way home the lovers met Parson Weldon, who ruled his village with benign despotism. It was he who, years ago, had induced Grannie Withers to burn her witching-books, who would go into the beerhouse if there was trouble and take the disputants by their scruffs and put them into the ditch, who wore a full, stiff surplice almost as short as the skirts of a ballet-dancer, from which his black-cloth trousers protruded manfully. "One can never forget the man in the priest," laughed Adala; "or indeed the priest in the man," she added more seriously.

It was Parson Weldon who ordered the ending of that disgraceful yearly local saturnalia, Passmore Fair; who made young men make honest women of the girls they had led astray, and if the young pair married before the baby was born, it was only a crabbed soul who would blame them.

Although it was still supposed that the man was master, that he might beat his wife or even sell her, the village women had considerable power in their own homes. A good husband worked when he could get work, and did not keep more than

his fair share of what he earned, and interfered little with the conduct of domestic affairs. The lives of the women were hard, but they found compensation in their children, and sometimes in a deep love for their husbands, and in the knowledge that they had fulfilled themselves, and lived as Nature would have them live.

When Adala and her Frederick met Parson Weldon, with him was his tall, thin, serious-looking parson son, Charles, recouping from a fever caught in his crowded Manchester parish, which was now swarming with starving Irish, driven from their own country owing to the threatened failure of the potato crop, which was to develop into the potato famine.

Then, when the wedding was over, and the guests departed, the house restored to its everyday aspect and the family settled down to its usual occupations, delicately lovely, reserved, fastidious Antonia came to her mother and asked her consent to her engagement to Charles Weldon.

Alicia-Rose gazed at her child, too surprised for words, then burst into tears and hurried to find her husband and to throw herself into his arms.

Kindly, sadly, obstinately, the contest was waged. With dignity Charles acknowledged that he could offer nothing but his love, and sufficient to keep his wife from actual hardship, and Antonia admitted that she was not surprised that her mother, her stepfather—even John and Emily and her own brother and younger sister should beg her to desist from such a marriage. To marry a poor clergyman, to live in a Manchester street—she knew it sounded a crazy thing for her to do. Nevertheless, Charles was the only man she would marry, and where he went she would go.

So in the end she married him, and again there was a feast for the people, who ate the feast, but disapproved of the young lady for marrying out of her class. This time there was no brave show at which to gaze, for money which would be so spent was better added to Antonia's portion.

Parson Weldon and his wife feared for their son's happiness, but endeavoured to secure it as far as money was concerned by giving him a larger allowance than it would have been thought they could afford, judging by their style of

living. But Mrs. Weldon was the daughter of a Manchester merchant, a man of means, who wished his grandson to keep his end up with the quality, and saw to it that his income was increased.

He desired, too, that Mrs. Weldon should buy a fine dress for the wedding, also at his expense. Being a woman of sense, Mrs. Weldon did not buy a fine dress: she bought a suitable dress of grey silk made with the "Pagoda" sleeves, then fashionable, which opened bell wise to show under-sleeves of delicate net and some of the real lace which had been her mother's. The bodice had a net-and-lace collar clasped by a gold brooch set with garnets, and she wore a gold watch tucked into a little watch-pocket at her waist and attached to a long fine-gold chain. Her shawl was of cashmere and her bonnet of grey silk.

While her family had discussed her strange aberration, Antonia had sought counsel of Mrs. Rowley with regard to household matters, and took with her to her new home the newly published "Modern Cookery in all its Branches," by Eliza Acton, who derived from the sale of this book adequate provision for the remainder of her life.

It is said that Miss Acton wrote poetry when younger, and ultimately, when on the threshold of middle age, asked for an interview with Mr. Longman, the publisher, to whom she said that she had written a book which was little wanted. "Give me the subject of a book for which the world has a need, and I will write it for you. I am a poet, but I shall write no more poems. The world does not want poems." Mr. Longman said to the lady who was ready to write prose on any subject: "Well, Miss Acton, we want a really good cookery book, and if you write me a really good one I shall be happy to publish it for you." Miss Acton took years over the preparation of her book, and it was said that before long there was neither epicure nor *chef* in England who had not addressed to her highly flattering letters.

Amongst all the new acquaintances made by young Mrs. Weldon it was Mrs. Gaskell, the wife of the Rev. William Gaskell, who won her love. True, she was the wife of a Nonconformist minister, and Antonia enjoyed the superiority of being the wife of a Church of England clergyman, but, as

both moved in Manchester society, they met, and the friendship between the bride and the older woman was begun.

Antonia learned that Elizabeth's maiden name was Stevenson, and that she was born in Lindsey Row—now 93, Cheyne Walk—then rented at £20, as well as that Mrs. Stevenson had given birth to eight children in thirteen years, and lost all but two—no uncommon experience in those days—and had herself died at the age of forty, leaving little thirteen-months-old Elizabeth to be adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, whose life had had its tragedies, for her husband became insane, and her only child, who had leapt out of the window from her nurse's arms to reach her mother, a cripple.

Elizabeth was brought up at Knutsford, about which she wrote afterwards under the name of Cranford. She married in 1832, and, as she told Antonia, when Mr. Gaskell came to Knutsford—the young people had met in Edinburgh—Aunt Lumb asked laughingly, "Why, Elizabeth, how could this young man ever take a fancy to such a giddy, thoughtless thing as you?"

Antonia often wondered why Elizabeth had married so serious a person as William, who was Professor of History and Literature at Manchester New College, and an earnest Unitarian. Some time before Antonia's marriage the Gaskells had moved to a larger house, in which the bride spent many pleasant hours, for Mrs. Gaskell was a gay companion, with plenty of character and a love of the exciting and improbable, mixed with a love of what was touching and romantic.

Although already an author of repute, she had no study, but wrote when and how she could, disturbed at their will by husband, daughters and servants. And why not, indeed? The money she earned was pocketed by her kind, good husband, who promised that she might spend some of it did she need it. And again, why not? Those were the ways of the day.

"Mary Barton," written at a time of terrible unemployment, hunger and misery in Manchester excited some harsh criticism. It was published by Chapman and Hall, £100 being paid for the copyright. The author adopted the pseudonym of Cotton Mather Mills. The *Manchester Guardian* wrote of the morbid sensibility to the conditions of the operatives displayed by Mrs. Gaskell according to the fashion

set by the gentry and landed aristocracy, and she was bidden to note that such matters were above her comprehension and beyond her sphere of knowledge. On the other hand, Carlyle wrote a letter to her which must have gone far to console her for adverse criticisms.¹

She then wrote "Ruth,"² which was even more deeply disapproved, the subject being considered unfit for publication. Elizabeth told Antonia that she had had a terrible fit of crying at the unkind things people were saying, and Antonia wrote to her Grannie and to Adala begging them to read the book, and, if they approved it, to write to her dear Mrs. Gaskell and tell her so, which they did, and just then the *North British Review* had a "delicious review." "Who the deuce could have written it? . . . It makes me swear with delight," cried the author, whose language was not always such as one would expect of a Nonconformist pastor's wife and mother of Nonconformist daughters—for, sad to say, Elizabeth's only boy baby had died of scarlet fever.

It was about this time that Josephine Gray married Mr. Butler, the man who was to help her in her campaign against the fashionable do-not-speak-of-it-and-it-does-not-exist attitude towards immorality. Mrs. Gaskell's story of a "fallen" woman became mild meat in comparison with the disclosures of beautiful, saintly Josephine, who worked both at Oxford and Liverpool for the cause which she had at heart, but whose great crusade against the traffic in women and children did not take place until after the date at which this book ends.

In the meantime, Antonia heard much of that group of women writers who adorned the early Victorian period—including the Brontës—to whom Mrs. Gaskell paid a visit in their dreary, poverty-stricken parsonage, where "No one comes to the house; nothing disturbs the deep repose; hardly a voice is heard; you catch the ticking of the clock in the kitchen and the buzzing of a fly in the parlour all over the house," where the strange father of these talented girls ate his meals apart, and when annoyed wreaked his anger on inanimate objects such as chairs and hearthrugs.

¹ "Mrs. Gaskell and her Friends," by Elizabeth G. Haldane.

² "Mary Barton," "Ruth," and "Cranford" were published between the years 1848 and 1853.

The sufferings of his daughters at their schools—they asked to be sent to school—have been told again and again. Two girls died of the “fever” and two of consumption, and the health of Charlotte suffered from the privation she endured. She told Elizabeth that when she was nineteen she would have been thankful for an allowance of a penny a week. “I asked my father. He said, what did I want with money?” So in order to earn some money Charlotte became a governess, and went to Brussels, where she saw those two other great Victorians, the Queen and the Prince Albert. Then she came home again and wrote books, and when “*Jane Eyre*”¹ was published Mr. Brontë, after reading it, asked his daughter to tea with him, and said, “Children, Charlotte has been writing a book, and I think it is a better one than I expected.”

The kind, respectable family of Charlotte Yonge took more part in their daughter’s literary efforts, for Adala, whose neighbours the Yongses were, told Antonia that after Charlotte had written her first book, “*Abbey Church*,” there was a family council as to whether she should be allowed to publish it. It was permitted on the understanding that she would not herself take money for it. That would be unladylike. The money must be given to some good cause.

When writing her books she was required to read to her father every evening what she had written. He then criticised and altered her expressions, until the dutiful girl found it impossible to continue to write, and laid aside her book to be finished later on.

“*The Heir of Redclyffe*”² was an immense success, but Charlotte was distressed because an old friend thought that Guy should have gone first to Amy’s parents before he spoke to herself of his love. “That was not gentlemanly,” she said, and she voiced the general opinion, for such a matter as a young girl’s marriage was not for her to decide. If papa said yes, then yes it would be, but if papa said no, a well-brought-up daughter considered it her duty to accept the verdict.

Guy created a new type of hero. Julian Yonge said that nearly all the young men in his regiment had a copy of the

¹ “*Jane Eyre*,” published in 1847.

² “*The Heir of Redclyffe*” was written in 1850.

book, and it was largely read by undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge. Even scholarly old gentlemen wept over Guy's death, and being good became as interesting and romantic as being bad had been a few years earlier, when no young man would have been regarded as worthy of the position of a hero until he had seduced at least one innocent maiden.

CHAPTER XVII

A Victorian drawing-room—Manchester in the 'forties—The public-house his only resort—Two shillings a week for water—Mothers ceased to grieve if babies died—The gin palace—"Those who are not singing are sprawling"—The sweated tailor—The first Temperance Society—Religion—Monkeys, men and Darwinism—The dying words of Emily Brontë.

CONTRARY to the expectations of her family, Antonia's marriage was ideally happy. She had three boys, who escaped all the fevers which carried off by thousands the ill-nourished babes of the poor, and a simple, comfortable house with a drawing-room, a study for her husband, a small dining-room and a sufficiency of bedrooms, a nurse found for her by dear old Hannah (still as jimp as a young toad), and two little maid-servants, trained by good Mrs. Rowley, wages twelve pounds and ten pounds a year, paid quarterly. These wore print dresses, mob caps and bright-coloured cap ribbons, and, when they went out, plain straw bonnets, matronly-looking shawls and thick shoes, whereas the mill-girls wore shawls over their heads and clacked about in clogs.

Had the Weldons been richer or more pretentious, they would have kept a man-servant or, at all events, a page, for to be waited on by women was not at all the thing in fashionable circles.

They breakfasted at eight, dined plainly and sufficiently at two, ate an evening meal at any time which best suited Charles' engagements, and took light refreshment when they retired at eleven o'clock to their Marcella-quilted bed. The young people went to quite a number of handsome dinner-parties given by rich merchants who lived on the outskirts of the town, and enjoyed much good music, Manchester being a noted musical centre.

Antonia's drawing-room was furnished in the modern manner with rose-trellised carpet, rosewood furniture of shocking

design, rep curtains, an upright piano with a fluted silk front, a round music-stool which screwed higher or lower at will and which was a great amusement to the children, Antonia's harp, which she now seldom played, a round table on which stood some wax flowers in a glass case, a few albums and a musical-box, and another tiny box out of which when a spring was pressed came a little golden and jewelled bird which warbled prettily; a gentleman's chair and a lady's chair, each with its antimacassar, several occasional chairs of ebonised wood inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, an ottoman with a top of cross stitch, a rosewood work-table, from which hung a bag of pleated magenta silk, adorned with tassels, and bell-pulls of cross stitch enriched by glass beads. Over the marble mantelpiece hung an ornate gilt mirror, and on each side stood a ruby glass cornucopia with gilt mountings. The little boys used to amuse themselves by hopping across the pale background of the Brussels carpet from bunch to bunch of roses, which reminded Mrs. Gaskell—so she told Antonia—of an old lady at Knutsford who taught her little maid-servant to skip gracefully from pattern to pattern, so that she might not sully the freshness of the pale groundwork of a precious new carpet.

Mrs. Weldon's drawing-room was considered a handsome apartment, though how anyone accustomed to the Georgian beauty of Framlington, Conisbrowth and Sir John and Lady London's Grafton Street house could have endured it, is difficult to understand.

At this date it was evident that a great change had come about in the life of the people, and especially of those in the industrial towns. The last fifty years had seen an amazing growth of population, and the number of town labourers was now nearly double that of the country labourers. These men and their families had moved into the towns, and crowded into the already crowded and insanitary dwellings.¹ Here, then, was the opportunity of the jerry-builder, and as there were few, if any, building regulations, he was quick to avail himself of it. He built to make money, not to make homes, and his activities, and the neglect of the town authorities to guide and restrict them, brought death and disease, discomfort and the sadness which comes of living in ugly, squalid surroundings, to

¹ 1845, Health of Towns Commission.

many thousands of people. The authorities were indeed right when they admitted that amongst the town poor there was now "a low and grovelling style of living." True, the new houses did not have cellars, in which poor families could live rat-like, as they did in the old houses, but neither did they have foundations. The walls were but half a brick thick, the houses built back to back, without ventilation or drainage. Double rows of these close-packed houses formed courts with, perhaps, for twenty houses, containing as many persons as could be packed into them, a pump at one end and a privy at the other.

Such courts were well known to Charles Weldon, and later, when the claims of her young children were less insistent, to his wife. As a certain Mr. Ashworth pointed out, "whatever the weekly income, the housewife could never make such a house comfortable. . . . It might readily be supposed that the husband would not find the comfort he wished . . . the public-house would be his only resort." The Ashworths started an experimental housing scheme, led to do so by the outbreak of that dread bogey "the fever," which was due to filth. They began a system of health visiting, to learn that habits of life were in most cases caused by conditions of life, so they built bigger and better cottages, the tenants of which soon showed "better habits and a more respectable feeling in society."¹

The best-sized houses for general use were, they found, those with a living-room fifteen feet by nine feet, a back kitchen the same size, and three bedrooms. There were other gentlemen who built good houses, as, for example, the Earl of Stamford, Sir James Ramsden and the Duke of Norfolk, but as a general rule the town poor lived under evil conditions.

The window tax, the results of which had annoyed Emily when she came to Conisbrowth, was a curse to dwellers in tenement houses. To escape the tax, houses were built with as few openings as possible, and closets, privies, passages, cellars and roofs were left unventilated. True, the poor did not like ventilation, but they did like light and a pleasant prospect, neither of which were they permitted to enjoy. More often than not their few windows looked on

¹ "The Age of the Chartist, A Study of Discontent, 1852-1854," by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond.

to the close-set wall of another building or over a street into which the refuse was thrown, or, in some cases, into the yard of a slaughter-house.

As time went on the sewers which had been constructed to carry away water were used for the disposal of house refuse; this drained through them into the rivers, which in manufacturing towns provided water-power, and as the streams were stopped by dams, great open cesspools were formed.

Another hardship in poor quarters was the lack of water; it was no wonder that it was only when the infant entered upon breathing existence and when the man ceased to breathe that he was really well washed. If water could not be fetched it had to be bought from carriers or water-carts.¹

Mr. Thomas Ashton of Hyde, a cotton magnate, found that his workpeople often paid as much as a shilling a week to the water-carrier, and that some families paid two shillings a week for carted water, so he then built two hundred and thirty houses for his workpeople, and laid water on at a charge of threepence a week.

It is good, too, to learn of a humble man named Flower (of Frome), who had a spring and little else, yet gave its waters to all who asked, and even supplied the very poor with vessels in which to collect it. No wonder the poor were dirty; the wonder was that they went on trying to be clean, washing in the costly water clothes which when hung out to dry were quickly covered with smuts.

In some few towns there were wash-houses, but generally the prices charged were too high for the poor to pay. It was at Liverpool, as Charles told his wife, that an Irishwoman, Kitty Wilkinson, had offered her kitchen during the cholera epidemic as a wash-house, to be rewarded, when the public baths were established, by being put in charge of them.

The filth amongst which the poor working folk lived caused the courts and yards to swarm with flies, which added to life's miseries, although no one then realised that disease may be fly-borne, or that their presence accounted for the fact that food became putrid almost at once.

It was not surprising that when living under such conditions mothers ceased to grieve if their babies died. Life was

¹ 1845, Health of Towns Commission. "The Age of the Chartists."

full of hardship and misery, and God, so they thought, took special care of young children who died. No wonder, too, that these poor people escaped from the dreariness of life by means of drink and of opium.

As if the filth, the squalor, the ugliness of daily life were not enough, it became more and more difficult, as the town extended, to reach any place where the eye might be gladdened, the spirit soothed and uplifted by the sight of trees, grass and flowers. The poor were too rough and rude to appreciate beauty and decent enjoyment, said the rich, yet when a park or a playing-field or music under respectable conditions was provided, the poor flocked to avail themselves of these amenities.

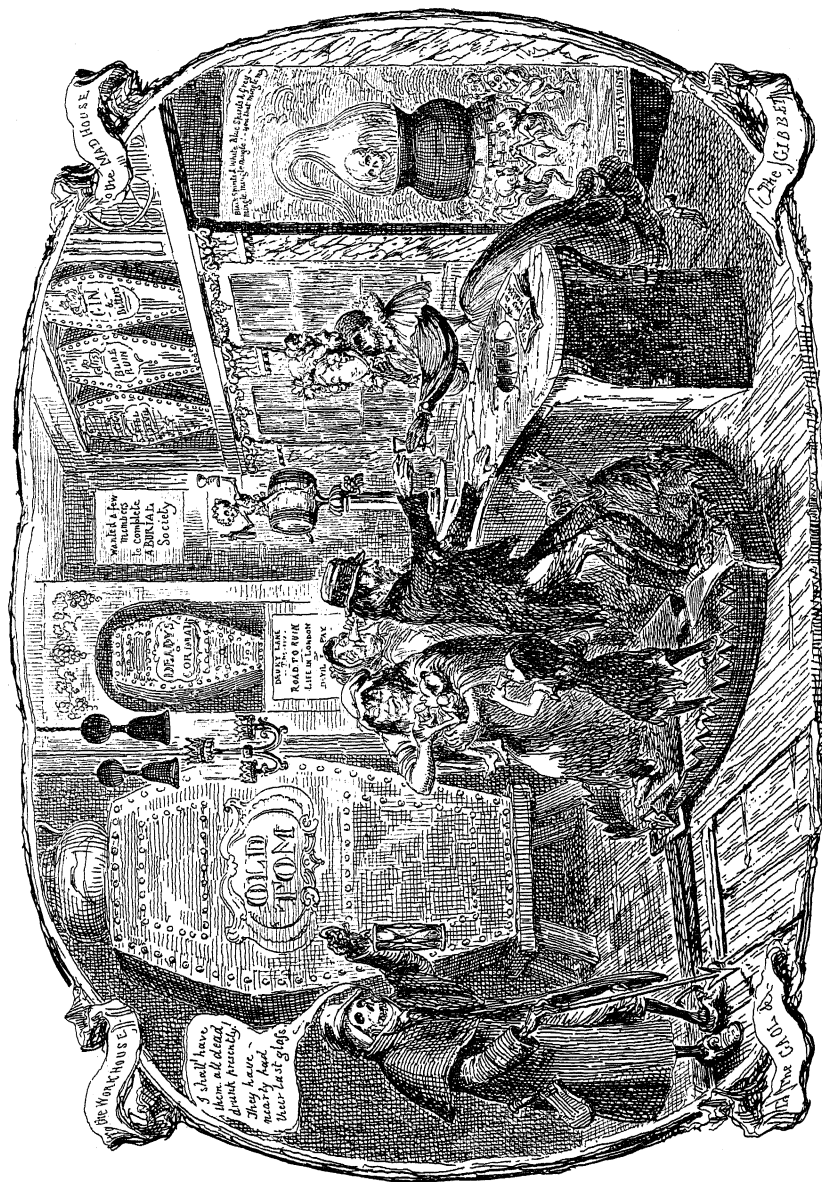
As things were, gossip and drink were the amusements of the women; drink, talk, and, if it could be obtained, some sort of rough sport, those of the men.

Drinking was made easy, for, as Charles said, you could scarcely walk a yard in any Northern town without coming upon a public-house.

The poor, who had drunk beer until the distilling of English spirits was encouraged in 1688, then began with all the goodwill in the world to drink spirits, and the fatal passion for drink was planted in the nation. Later attempts were made to check excessive drinking of spirits, and with some success, the most popular being to encourage more drinking of beer, so vast numbers of small beer-shops sprang up all over the country. In some cases the beer-houses were also tommy shops, which still thrived regardless of the law, and wages were paid in them, so that the workpeople should be encouraged to drink while they had the money. But during the 'forties and 'fifties, for those who had the money to buy it, gin provided the cheapest and easiest way of temporary escape from dreariness and misery.

As Sydney Smith wrote in 1830,¹ "Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state," and in a beastly state they still were, as the novels which Mr. Disraeli wrote made plain to his readers. "Sybil" was published in 1845, and in its pages is a horrible description of the life of file-makers, while in "Alton Locke," by Charles Kingsley, published in the same year, a no less horrible picture of life in tailors' workrooms is presented.

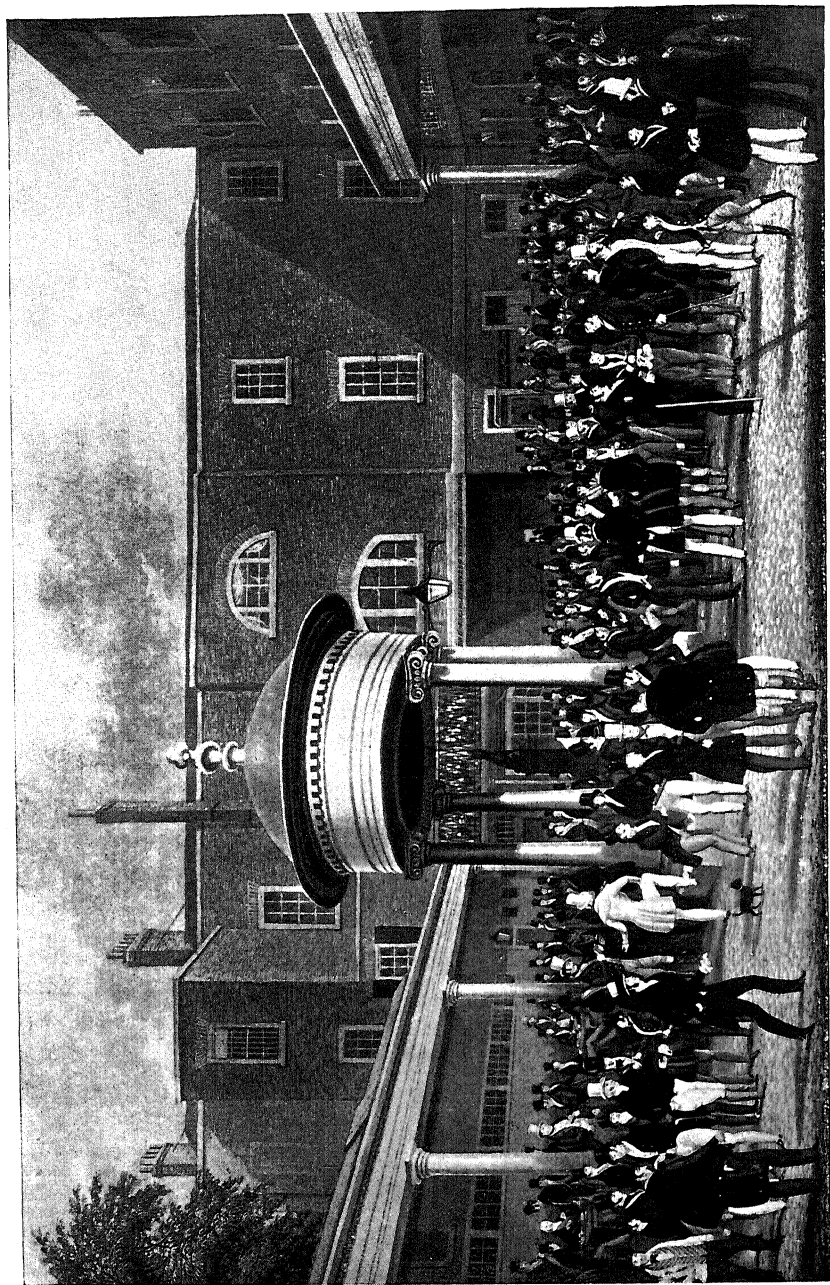
¹ "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Gregory King.



WHERE FORGETFULNESS WAS SOLD—THE GIN PALACE.

"One Manchester Gin Shop was entered during a Saturday evening by an average of four hundred and twelve customers per hour."

From Cruikshank's "Scraps and Sketches."



SETTLING DAY AT TATTERSALL'S (1836).

By James Pollard.

Charles read both of these books to Antonia, while she sat sewing, and Emily read them to John, whose sight was not as good as it had been. Possibly Prince Albert read them to Queen Victoria as she worked at her cross-stitch. Let us listen to one of these readings from : "Alton Locke" : "The trade was divided into what was called honourable and dishonourable trade ; in the honourable shops the work was done on the premises, at good wages ; in the dishonourable shops it was sweated work. In many cases the men lived and worked on their masters' premises, many of them together in one room. The masters kept more men than they wanted, so that each man got comparatively little work, because masters made a profit out of the meals supplied. The men had to pay fourpence to fivepence for their breakfast, mostly consisting of one pint of tea or coffee and three to four slices of bread and butter. A sweater usually keeps about six men. These occupy two small garrets. One room is called the kitchen, and the other the workshop ; and here the whole of the six men, and the sweater, his wife and family, live and sleep. One sweater I worked with had four children and six men, and they, together with his wife, sister-in-law and himself, all lived in two rooms. [" Oh, Charles, how *shocking* ! " cries Antonia.] We worked in the smallest room, and slept there as well—all six of us. There were two turn-up beds in it, and we slept three in a bed," continues Charles. " There was no chimney and, indeed, no ventilation whatever. I was near losing my life there—the foul air of so many people sleeping there at night and working all day in the place. Almost all the men were consumptive, and I myself attended the dispensary for disease of the lungs. We were all sick and weak and loth to work. Each of the six of us paid two shillings and sixpence a week for our lodging, or fifteen shillings altogether, and I am sure such a room as we slept in might be had for a shilling a week ; you can get a room with a fireplace for one and sixpence a week. The usual sum that the men working for sweaters pay for their tea, breakfasts and lodging was six shillings and sixpence to seven shillings a week, and they seldom earn more money in the week. Occasionally at the week's end they are in debt to the sweater. This is seldom for more than sixpence, for the sweater will not give them victuals if he has no work for them to do. Many who

live and work at the sweaters' are married men, and are obliged to keep their wives and children in lodgings. [Charles pauses in his reading for Antonia is almost weeping with indignation.] Some send them to the workhouse, others to their friends in the country," he continues. "Besides the profit of the board and lodging, the sweater takes sixpence out of the price paid for every garment under ten shillings, some take a shilling, and I do know of one who takes as much as two shillings. This man works for a large show-shop at the West End. The usual profit of the sweater, over and above the board and lodging, is two shillings out of every pound. Those who work for sweaters soon lose their clothes, and are unable to seek other work, because they have not a coat to their back to go and seek it in."

If the Prince ever did read to the Queen about the plight of sweated tailors, perhaps she sighed over her cross-stitch. Then perhaps she remembered the words of her dear Lord Melbourne, "You'd better try to do no good, and then you'll get into no scrapes," for indeed even a good great Queen with a good great husband cannot right all the wrongs of her people.

There were plenty of sweat shops in Manchester, as Charles well knew, and plenty of gimcrack gin palaces, in which the workers, when they had money to spend, might buy forgetfulness. One Manchester gin shop was entered during a Saturday evening by an average of four hundred and twelve customers per hour. Men drank, boys and girls drank, women drank, and with gin quieted their wailing babies into intoxicated slumber. Picture gallery, concert hall, museum, tea garden, library—all were closed or did not exist, but the gin palace, and its pretty, pert barmaids, were always there.

Presently the workpeople themselves began to see the error of their ways, and from 1830 onward there developed in the North a movement towards temperance.

Henry Forbes, a Bradford merchant, started the first Temperance Society; other reformers, chiefly Methodists, carried on the campaign, and rough handling they received sometimes. Generally speaking, temperance reformers asked that their listeners should restrict the amount which they drank, or cease to touch any spirituous liquors, but only slowly did it dawn upon them that the passion for drink was chiefly

caused by low vitality, depressing surroundings and lack of any other place to meet than the public-house.

What meanwhile was the Church doing to help the poor, or, indeed, the rich? Churches and yet more churches were being built, with comfortable upholstered, rented pews in the best positions for the well-to-do, and bare benches in side aisles for the poor.

If in the sight of the Almighty all men are equal, they certainly were not so in the sight of the clergy, the churchwardens, the vergers or the rich and respectable members of the congregation, who objected (rather naturally) to sitting in near proximity to dirty people from whom they might catch fevers. It was the same to a lesser extent in the chapels of the Nonconformists; only in little shabby chapels where all were poor could the poor feel at ease.

The varying forms of the Christian faith preached in these places brought comfort to many, but even in the chapels, as in the churches, religion was too often a religion of fear, of punishment. The people worshipped an angry and a jealous God, Who threatened them with eternal damnation, burnings in a fiery furnace, and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Even the helpless babies who died unbaptised were consigned to everlasting woe.

But for those who believe as Christians should believe (almost every sect required some different form of belief), there was an Almighty, everlasting, all-loving God, and Heaven with its seas of glass and clouds of glory for those washed clean by the blood of the Lamb.

Children were taught, believed, and continued to believe, that the world was created in seven days, complete with human beings and animals; that Adam and Eve, grown man and woman, no different from man and woman of their day, were driven from Eden because Eve was tempted by a serpent and Adam ate an apple, and that in consequence of their sins and those of their progeny, the whole world and those therein, except Noah, his family and retinue of beasts and birds and insects, who had been safely packed away in an Ark, in which to float about until the waters abated, were drowned in one vast flood.

Only comparatively few people had read the works of such

scientists as Buffon, Malthus, Erasmus, Darwin the elder, Lamarck, Robert Chambers, forerunners of Charles Darwin, whose "Origin of Species," published in 1859, burst like a thunderbolt upon the people. The man in the street—a term not then invented—who did not take the trouble to learn what Darwin did say, came to imagine that he had said that men were descended from monkeys, disliked the idea, ridiculed it or was horrified by it, and, as usual, being in the confidence of the Almighty, assured others that God would blast Mr. Darwin for his presumption.

Many of the clergy and most of their congregations considered that, if accepted, Darwin's theory of evolution would destroy the foundations of all religion, so pastors and masters continued to teach what they had been accustomed to teach, and assured their congregations that when the last trump should sound humanity would rise from the grave, to be drawn upwards by some mysterious force, judged by the Almighty and condemned for evermore to become angels in heaven or devils in hell.

Antonia once asked Charles if he believed that this would happen, but received no other reply than a rather sad look. The good soul was doubtless as puzzled as many others, and meanwhile did his best to make life more endurable for those amongst whom he laboured. Possibly his belief might have been expressed by the dying Emily Brontë when she wrote :—

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes cease to be
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Queen and the Prince pay visits—"And a damned good stink too"—Prince Albert keeps the key—Osborne—a principality palace—Soldiers no longer fight duels—"That you shall not wear," said Albert—"I think this will do. Is the grammar correct?"—At Balmoral—No holidays for them—The Prince has an idea—Repeal of the Corn Laws—Building Jerusalem—The revolting woman—"The Song of the Shirt"—Female knowledge—Colleges for women—What Florence Nightingale thought.

WHILE Antonia was living happily in Manchester, Adala was living happily, though very differently, in London, and at the family place of the Laws-Pledleys in Hampshire,¹ where she made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of the Nightingale family (one of whose establishments was in that county) an event which had considerable importance for her at a later date.

She met most of the interesting people of the day, worked hard for her husband, who had now left the Army and embraced politics, went to parties, stayed with relations and friends, entertained in her London and country houses and was presented at Court on her marriage by her mother-in-law, Lady Jane Laws-Pledley.

After several years, during which she began to fear that she would be childless, she gave birth to an unusually fine boy, who was christened Frederick John and Heaven only knows how many other names, but, to the grief of herself and her husband, little Freddie John remained their only child.

The Queen, on the other hand, continued to add to the family of infants in the Royal nurseries, and in the intervals of so doing went with her husband to stay with King Louis Philippe, enjoyed a little tour in Belgium (it was then that that little brown, bird-like governess Charlotte Brontë saw them), and made an expedition to Germany, where, as she expressed it, the staircase at Coburg was "full of cousins."

¹ 1844-1850.

That tall and terrible personage, the Emperor of Russia, who, so they said, had handed over fifty nuns to his Cossacks, visited the young English Sovereign, and now and then she and her husband visited the private houses of their subjects.

At Chatsworth the Duke of Devonshire entertained them with fireworks, at Burleigh Albert planted a tree, at the vast Palace of Stowe, where there were many suites of guest-rooms and all the glass, china, plate and food needed in the dining-room where three hundred persons may dine must be carried up a narrow, winding, stone staircase from the basement, and one might walk half a mile from end to end of the mansion, six hundred white-smocked tenantry lined the roads.

They visit *the* Duke at Stratfield Saye, and go to Belvoir, where, to the astonishment of supercilious sportsmen, Albert goes out hunting, and rides very well, and they honour Sir Robert Peel at Drayton, where the Queen wore a pink dress with three flounces, and played Patience with the ladies, while the gentlemen stood about, which does not sound too amusing. It may have been at this party that a hoity-toity guest looked round the room and remarked, "Pah! the place stinks of Peels." A member of the family, hearing this tactful speech, countered it with, "And a damned good stink too."¹

Emily was one of the ladies of the Royal Party at Drayton, and John—who we remember had once said that he was never likely to dine with the little wench—did dine in the company of the Queen, and, not being as young as he once was, disliked having to stand about after dinner.

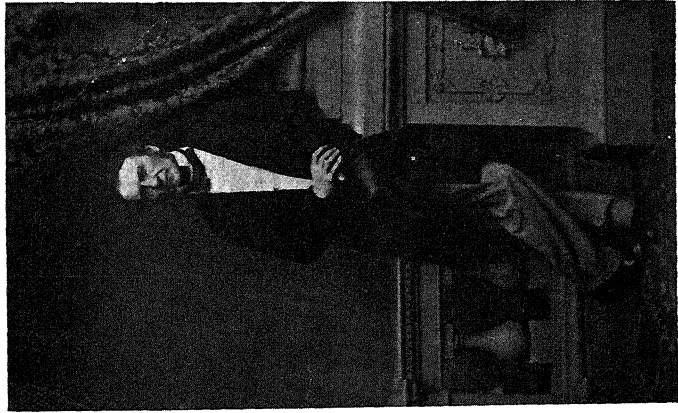
The Prince went alone to Germany when his father died, and wrote very charming letters to his "little wife." He sent her a pansy, and bought toys for the children, and dispatched sugar Easter eggs home by the courier.

Then he returns, and there are pretty tales told of him: building a tower of wooden bricks for Princess Pussy, and when the Royal nurse, Mrs. Sly, cannot fit a shrunken glove on to the little hand of the Prince of Wales, he takes the child upon his knee and gently coaxes it on, "Princey" gazing meanwhile at his father's beautiful face.

"I could not help saying," writes Lady Lyttelton, the Royal governess,² "it is not every papa who would have the

¹ Private letters.

² "Prince Consort," by Frank B. Chancellor.



W. Gladstone

MR. GLADSTONE.

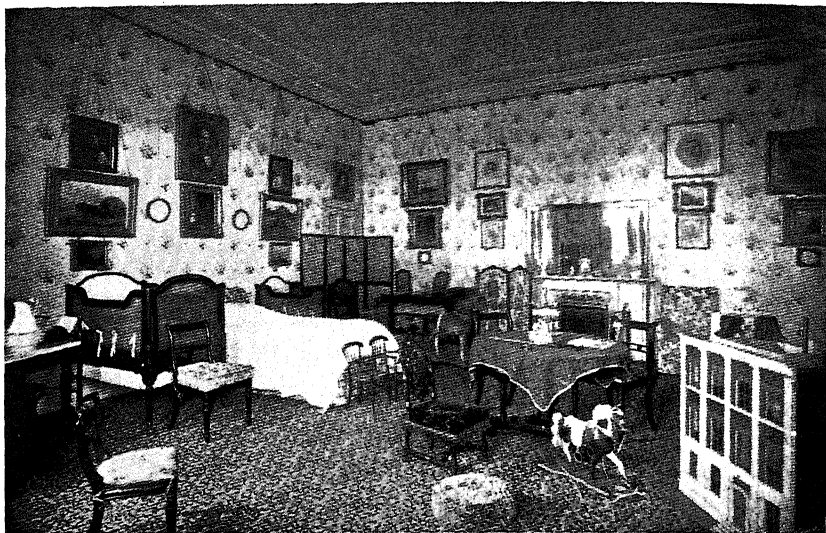
Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Mr. Gladstone and Miss Catherine Glynnie, and Mr. Disraeli and Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis, all became engaged to be married in 1839.



Catherine Gladstone

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Mr. Gladstone and Miss Catherine Glynnie, and Mr. Disraeli and Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis, all became engaged to be married in 1839.



THE NURSERY, OSBORNE.

Many precautions were taken for the safety of the Royal Children. The Prince kept the keys at night.

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THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM, OSBORNE.

After the death of the Prince Consort, his portrait and a wreath were placed above his pillow.

Reproduced by kind permission of Frank Hird, Esq., O.B.E.

patience and kindness, and got such a flashing look of gratitude from the Queen."

One of the last duties of the governess each night is to visit the access to the children's apartments. "The intricate turns and locked and guarded rooms, and the various intense precautions, suggesting the most hideous dangers, which, I fear, are not altogether imaginary, make one shudder! The most important key is never out of Prince Albert's keeping, and the very thought must be enough to cloud his fair brow with anxiety," Lady Lyttelton told Emily. But his fair brow is already clouded, for he and the Queen are anxiously planning the education of their children, and the ghosts of the Queen's wicked uncles, whose conduct, so Baron Stockmar assures them, has done so much to weaken the strong feeling of loyalty peculiar to the English people, mop and mow at the young parents.

Terrors of bad heredity, and the Prince's serious, anxious tend of mind, his passion for method, his lack of humour and understanding of human nature, drive them to a course of conduct which is to make poor "Princey's" life a burden to him.

Presently the Queen buys Osborne out of her private income. Although by the time the new house was built and the gardens arranged it cost two hundred thousand pounds, and looked, so Mr. Greville thought, very ugly, and like a small German principality palace (which probably was just what the Prince wished it to look like), she could afford it, for, owing to the husband's careful management of his wife's private fortune, she was now a very rich woman.

The Prince is busy with many other affairs than planning principality palaces: he stops the practice of duelling in the Army, and at the time when there is nervousness about the potato disease he arranges that extracts from a speech about potatoes shall be distributed. Then he and the Queen are worried by that sordid affair of the Spanish marriages¹ and by Lord Palmerston's indiscretions. Now the Prince becomes Chancellor of Cambridge University, and the Poet Laureate, Mr. William Wordsworth, aged seventy-seven, writes an ode:—

"Albert, in thy form we cherish
A nation's strength that will not perish."

Queen Victoria accompanies her Consort to Cambridge, and he blushes with annoyance when listening to a fulsome address, but, with naïve pride, writes to the old Baron who is nursing his health in Germany to tell him, "My Latin proved a success." Victoria on this occasion wears a claret-coloured silk gown with black stripes, an amber-coloured, embroidered Indian shawl, and a lilac silk bonnet covered with lace and flowers.

The Queen was not a tasteful dresser, and sometimes her Consort interferes. When her hair-dresser, newly from Paris, advised some mode, "That you shall not wear," said Albert, and it was not worn.

Then Albert made a good speech in a very slightly foreign accent at the Royal Agricultural meeting at York, and referred to "we agriculturists of England." He had started a model farm at Windsor, and someone described to Emily how he, with his long legs, strode about it, while the small, plump, little Majesty cantered along behind.

At Osborne the farming experiments were continued, and the Prince won several money prizes at cattle shows, and pocketed them, too, which caused some comment. He also became President of a Society for aiding the working classes, who through all this decade were aiding themselves by emigrating in very large numbers to New Zealand, Australia and Canada.

Always Victoria—unless her health forbade—and Albert were up early, and early at work, the Queen perfecting a style of letter- and diary-writing peculiar to herself and highly expressive of her personality. Passionate, vivid, a fierce fighter, but ready to give in when it became evident that she had better do so, of limited intelligence and having little understanding of the working people, though she loved her soldiers and sailors, adoring her husband, fond of her children, determined at any cost to do her duty, in appearance and tastes a middle-class woman, and yet a great Queen, her pen dashed along, scratching out, correcting, emphasising.

About the Prince there was no dashing and scratching. He did not make hasty decisions. On the contrary, he made drafts and memoranda: "I think this will do. Is the grammar correct?" Then more drafts and more memoranda—

writing, writing and still writing sentences which never lose a hint of German formation, which are long, a trifle ponderous, but always sensible.

Then, not for the first time, the Royal pair took a holiday in Scotland, the train stopping at intervals in secluded places, for only the Royal coach contained a lavatory. They leased a small, whitewashed house close to the River Dee, and, as that extraordinarily industrious diarist Mr. Charles Greville recorded, lived there like very small gentlefolks.

The Prince delighted in Scotland. He designed a Balmoral tartan. He liked tartan so much that when Balmoral Castle came to be built there was tartan wherever tartan could be, and, in compliment to the taste of the Queen and her Consort, little English boys were dressed in full Highland dress, and ladies wore tartan silks, and the pelmets of curtains were trimmed with tartan. There were, even, tartan floor-cloths. John told Emily that Robert Peel had told him that the Queen had invented a Peel tartan, though there seems to be no mention of his ever wearing it.

Little boys when not in kilts were dressed as sailors—there is a charming photograph of the Prince of Wales so dressed—and when they were brought down to dessert, as was the custom, wore velvet suits and sometimes long curls like those of their sisters, whose full skirts and tucked, embroidery-trimmed petticoats came within four or five inches of their ankles. There were no children's fashions, and girl children wore clothes which were replicas in miniature of those affected by their mammas.

As for Mrs. Nurse in a "good" family, she wore black silk, but the nursemaids of less important persons were content with prints.

Even in beloved Scotland it was not really holiday for the Queen and the Prince. For them it never was holiday. At seven Albert got up, dressed and went to his writing-desk. His correspondence must be kept up to date; each important letter must be reduced to a précis, and all must be written by hand, for there were neither typewriters, telephones nor dictaphones then.

A little later the Queen began her labours. Breakfast was at nine o'clock and the newspapers must be read. "Don't

disturb me, I am busy reading," the Prince would say. Then interviews with General Gray, Sir Charles Phipps the librarian, and Mr. Anson, the Prince's private secretary. Young as he was, Albert was beginning to show a thickening of the flesh beneath his chin, and although his whiskers were as beautiful as ever, his hair was receding from his broad forehead, and his movements showed a certain nervousness. He slept badly and looked ill of an evening, and, like other nervous, over-worked persons, declined to stop working—worked, indeed, harder than before.

The death of Mr. Anson distressed him deeply, for, as he said, "Anson was my only friend," an assertion which has a melancholy sound.

Towards the end of the 'forties the Prince conceived the idea of the Great Exhibition, which should lead to a better understanding between the peoples of the various nations and act as a stimulus to trade. Any scheme to improve trade was welcome, for the 'forties had been a time of great depression, discontent and continual quarrelling between Whigs and Tories about the Corn Laws.

By 1850, however, the Corn Laws had been repealed.¹ As the Duke of Wellington said, referring to the Irish potato failure,² "Rotten potatoes have done it. They put Peel in his d—d fright." But although he did not altogether approve of Sir Robert's action, he bowed his old head to necessity, and with his hat pulled over his eyes, his legs stretched out, as neat as a new pin, in blue frock-coat, white stock and waist-coat, he sat in the House of Lords silent and imperturbable, and also very deaf, with chin on chest, and folded arms, while the noble Lords said hard things about those who could desert agricultural Protection and the county families in order to save poor folk from starvation.

But although the earlier 'forties saw the working classes of England in sore straits, they also saw a steadily increasing desire on the part of the poor, the middle classes and the aristocracy to build at all events a modified kind of Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

Several committees had considered the health of towns, the condition of mines and of workhouses, the employment of

¹ Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846.

² 1845-1846-1847.

children and of adult workers ; some public parks were opened ; the ten-hours Bill was passed ; Sunday morning closing was made compulsory ; a Christian Socialist movement was started ; many public libraries were opened ; a Board of Health was established, a Towns Improvement Act discussed, a weekly half-holiday established by Manchester merchants.

Certainly the public conscience was waking up, and women were waking up, too. Here Adala becomes the chief figure of our tale, because, as her mother complained, having a husband and a son, riches and position—all that a woman could want—she disgraced her family by demanding Rights for Women.

It was the old story over again—ideas, ideas, ideas, and Freddie, who, one might have thought, would be as horrified as any other man by a wife with ideas, showed no signs of distress.

John had always provided money for Emily's ideas, and now Freddie, instead of drawing in the purse-strings and bringing his wife to heel, provided money for Adala's ideas, and even agreed with them.

Those vulgar, horrid, dangerous people the Chartists had been the beginning of it ; they had, so Robert John told Lucinda, included Women's Suffrage in their programme, but rapidly struck it out again. " Even they," said he, " saw how absurd it was to have such ideas about women," and Lucinda thanked Heaven that they had had that much sense. But Robert John and Lucinda were wrong. What the Chartists saw was that to adopt Women's Suffrage might harm the cause of the men. However, they continued to allow women to work for their cause, and women voted at their meetings and held meetings on their own account. Women also worked for the Anti-Corn Law League, and, as we know, Caroline Norton had done something to better the position of women in the eyes of the law.

Then the absurd fracas about the ladies of the Slavery Congress had caused a good deal of talk about Women's Rights, and in 1843 a Mrs. Henry Reid published a book called " A Plea for Women," which was much discussed.

That firebrand Richard Cobden, the friend of John Bright, actually told a Manchester audience that he wished

women had the vote, and Antonia, whose husband had been present, wrote to Adala and described how shocked respectable people were at the idea. "We are poor things, my dear, good enough to be wives and mothers, and to bring up children, but innately senseless, though capable of being dangerous if allowed the opportunity," said she.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt"¹ drew attention to the sweated needlewoman, and did something to make people understand that women needed political protection, for it now appeared that dressmakers and sempstresses worked under even worse conditions than factory hands. They suffered from lassitude, debility and pains in the back, caused by working in insufficiently lighted and overcrowded rooms, ventilated neither by day nor by night. Numbers of these girls lived in, existing chiefly on bread and butter and tea, and during the season earning four shillings and sixpence a week. For the rest of the year they were short of work, and, being too ignorant and too timid to help themselves, suffered, and when they could suffer no longer, died.

A witness before one of the many Commissions that that friend of the poor, Lord Shaftesbury, caused to be appointed during the 'thirties and 'forties, said,² "If a constant succession of fresh hands from the country were not provided, the business could not be carried on."

The only profession open to town girls, outside factory work, was that of domestic service, and of servants there were already enough, while the need for women clerks did not then exist, and even if it had, women of the servant, sempstress class were too uneducated to undertake duties which necessitated a knowledge of writing and arithmetic.

But while the indoor female workers deplored their conditions, the women employed in agriculture appeared to like their work, and thought it "desirable for health and spirits," in spite of the fact that after a day in the fields an evening and maybe part of a night must be spent in domestic toil.

The condition of women of gentle birth who might be condemned—for that was how they regarded it—to earn a living was little less hard than that of working-class women, for there was nothing for them to do if they would preserve

¹ Published in *Punch*, 1843.

² "The Cause," by Ray Strachey.

their gentility but to become governesses or companions, generally at trifling salaries.

In 1841 a Governesses Benevolent Institution had been founded, and besieged by women, who told piteous tales of want, the bank failures of the 'thirties being in many cases responsible for their poverty-stricken circumstances.

Knowledge of the sufferings of these women, and realisation of the fact that, if trained and certified, governesses might earn more, and be able to save for their old age, caused Mr. Charles Kingsley to take an active part in starting a series of lectures to ladies.

The lectures were a success, and resulted in the opening of Queen's College for Women in 1848, its object being to teach all branches of female knowledge. "You observe, John, my dear," teased Emily, "that our knowledge must be female. Is writing more or less female than reading? Is arithmetic male or female?" Then, instead of teasing, for John was beginning to look very frail, she kissed him fondly, and it was then that he said something which was as a precious jewel to her for the remainder of her days, "If female knowledge is the knowledge which has been vouchsafed to you, my love, they can do no better than to offer it to others."

Mr. Frederick Maurice, who was a believer in the cause of women's rights (the Queen thought that ladies who demanded rights should be whipped) and of higher education for women, when speaking at the opening ceremony of the College said, "We are aware that our pupils are not likely to advance far in mathematics," and *Punch* and other papers joked about Professors of Bead-Purse-Making and Pudding-Mixing. The scholars certainly were unable to advance far in mathematics, because most of them did not then know even the rudiments of arithmetic.

But, though ignorant, they were enthusiastic, and soon, in spite of jokes and jibes, even Philosophy was considered sufficiently female to be included in the curriculum, and Queen's College proved so successful that Bedford College was opened. Queen's College was governed by men, but ladies interested might show their interest by attending lectures as lady visitors or chaperones, for even girls who went up for examinations had to be chaperoned, just as they had to

be chaperoned if they visited the Reading-Room of the British Museum, where they were denied the use of books which were not considered nice reading for females.

But Bedford College was more go-ahead than Queen's, and actually had a mixed Board of Management. So the ball was set rolling, and in time knowledge ceased to be male or female, and became merely knowledge, and as a larger number of women became educated, the idea that they should enjoy political representation also grew, though very slowly and painfully.

Often did Adala discuss these matters with Miss Florence Nightingale, now a woman of thirty. Not that Florence was especially interested either in education or politics (in a letter to Harriet Martineau she says, "I am brutally indifferent to the rights and wrongs of my sex"), but she did writhe under the trammels which were the result of the general attitude towards "femaleness."

To mild-natured, indolent, and not too clever women the ways of the time were not repellent, but to Florence a life in which no young lady, with the exception of making herself so attractive that some man should marry her, had any but trifling tasks to perform, and no married lady was expected to do more than produce children and bring them up, please, or, if that was impossible, put up with her husband and keep house, was intolerable.

At the time when large families were the fashion (Mrs. Gladstone writes that in 1847 there were eleven children in the house under seven, five Gladstones and six Lytteltons, the children of her sister, and a few years later there were seventeen children under twelve), the task of producing them was perhaps enough occupation for many young women, and left them sufficiently exhausted to be willing to remain quiet in middle age, but this was not by any means always the case, for the Queen and Mrs. Gladstone, for example, made little ado about having their babies.

Florence, not being married, was expected to live the usual life of a well-to-do girl: she might be cultured, she might enjoy town life and country life, but she must sit in the drawing-room or in the morning-room with her mother and sister, and it would be indeed an ill-tempered girl who would object to

answer her mamma's flow of conversation because she was writing or reading or painting. "But why write, read or paint, when nothing could come of it?" demanded Florence, who thought that feelings ought to be distilled into actions which bring results. She hated the life of the domestic round table, the pieces of silly needlework, the reading aloud. She hated "looking merry and saying something lively mornings, noons and nights." She hated being read aloud to. She said it was like lying on one's back and having liquid poured down one's throat. She hated the visiting which consumed so much of the life of the women of her class, and many other women, especially those who did not marry young, or even marry at all, shared her hatreds, though few had the courage to say so or the hardiness of mind to escape from their comfortable homes and kind parents, who honestly believed that a parents' home was the place in which the Almighty had ordained that women should stay until some kind man removed them to a husband's home.


If no kind man did so, that was certainly regrettable, but it had its compensations, for spinster daughters, sisters and aunts had their uses, and time to perform all the odd jobs which married women and old or even elderly parents required doing for them.

Mrs. Lucinda by this time had found an old-maid cousin to do her odd jobs, in the performance of which she made the unfortunate woman's life a weariness to her.

Adala Laws-Pledley once asked Cousin Jane why she endured such an existence. Why not keep a little shop? Why not keep a nice home for young men in business? Freddie, she felt sure, would provide the necessary capital. But poor cousin Jane looked more distracted than before, and was understood to infer that her poor dear father, the Canon, would turn in his grave if his daughter should so far forget the family dignity as to adopt such ungenteel methods of earning a . . . a . . . a subsistence.

Florence Nightingale, however, cared nothing about gentility. She desired to be a nurse. Imagine it, a nurse! One of a body of drunken, disreputable, ignorant persons who took charge of the sick when no relative could attend to them. "O weary days, O evenings that never seem to end! For how

many years I have watched that drawing-room clock, and thought it would never reach the ten. We do the best we can to train our women to an idle, superficial life ; we teach them music and drawing, languages and poor peopling—‘resources,’ as they are called—and we hope if they don’t marry they will at least be quiet.” “Why,” cried poor Florence, in the bitterness of her heart, “have women passion, intellect, moral activity and a place in society where no one of the three can be exercised ? . . . I must strive after a better life for women.” And so she “dug after her little plan in silence,” as she expressed it, nursing the sick where and when she could, and studying great books on subjects quite unfit for “nice young ladies,” and waiting for what was to come.



CHAPTER XIX

The death of Sir Robert Peel—At the Great Exhibition—Hail and lightning to destroy the accursed thing—"Beautiful . . . imposing . . . touching . . . great . . . *his own and my own dear country showed she was worthy of it,*" wrote the Queen—The Georgian era trundling about the Exhibition—Sleeping in the streets—Making breakfast on the pavement—Where Londoners eat—The sewing-machine—The Duke of Wellington dies—"He looked like a State coachman and danced to amuse the children"—The shadow behind the Throne—The Crimean War—Florence Nightingale in sweeping skirts and five petticoats—"A box of weeds"—A commission on which, because she was a woman, she could find no place.

"**A**RE you to hesitate in averting famine which may come because it possibly may not come? Are you to look on and depend upon chance in such an extremity? Or, good God! are you to sit in Cabinet and consider and calculate how much diarrhoea and bloody flux and dysentery a people can bear before it becomes necessary for you to provide them with food? Is it not better to err on the side of precaution than to neglect it utterly? This night you will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England. Shall it be 'advance' or 'recede'? Which is the fitter motto for this great Empire? Survey our position; consider the advantages which God and Nature have given us, and the destiny for which we are intended. We stand on the confines of Western Europe, the link between the Old World and the New. . . . Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantages over every rival. . . . In ingenuity, in skill, in energy, we are inferior to none. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, an unshackled Press, spreading the knowledge of every discovery and every advance in science, combine with our natural and physical advantages to place us at the head of those nations which profit by the free interchange of their products. And is this the country to shrink from competition? Is this the country

which can only flourish in the sickly, artificial atmosphere of prohibition? Is this the country to stand shivering on the brink of exposure to the healthful breezes of competition?

"You may fail. . . . It seems to be incident to great prosperity that there shall be a reverse, that the time of depression shall follow the season of excitement and success. . . . Gloomy winters, like those of 1841 and 1842, may again set in. Are those winters effaced from your memory? From mine they never can be. Commune with your own hearts, and answer me this question: Will . . . it be no satisfaction to you to reflect that by your own act you have been relieved from the grievous responsibility of regulating the supply of food? Will you not then cherish with delight the reflection that, in this present hour of comparative prosperity, yielding to no clamour, impelled by no fear, except indeed that provident fear that is the mother of safety, you had anticipated the evil day, and, long before its advent, had trampled on every impediment to the free circulation of the Creator's bounty?"¹

In 1850 the man who had spoken thus died. After the repeal of the Corn Laws, Peel was never again in office. The Queen pressed on him an Earldom and the Garter. He refused both, and asked of her one favour—that she would not send for him again.

He was done with the Tories, and also, as he had once confided to John, he suffered when over-worked from pain and noises in the head, and in the depths of his mind he was afraid of dying mad or imbecile, as he had seen Liverpool, Castlereagh and Melbourne die.

On the night before his fatal accident he had told the House, "You will not advance the cause of Constitutional Government by attempting to dictate to other nations," then, wearied after a long, exciting sitting, he walked home through the twilight of a summer morning. He was much exhausted, and remained so long in his dressing-room that his wife became anxious, and went to look for him; she found him kneeling at his prayers. The next day Lady Peel, who had been ill, remained in bed; she sent a note downstairs to tell him how much pleased she was with his speech, but did not see him until, descending in the afternoon, she found him

¹ "Sir Robert Peel," A. A. W. Ramsay.

starting for his ride. "Oh, pray make haste," she said: "we dine at the Jerseys', and you must not be late."¹

He promised to return in good time, and, as she passed on, called after her, "Julia, you are not going without wishing me good-bye or saying those sweet words 'God bless you'?" She went to him, and he caught her in his arms and kissed her, "before all the servants."

John, who had come up to London on the news of the accident to his old friend, wrote to Emily, "Robert was but a poor rider. He should never have been riding that horse. It plunged, flung him and fell upon him. A bed was made for him on the dining-room table, and there he died."² He could not bear to be touched. Why, since chloroform has been used with success, it should not have been tried, I do not know. . . . The House of Commons met with half its members in black. . . . Graham was crying openly. The Duke rose, but at first he could not speak, for he, too, was crying. 'I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service,' he said. You and I, my little Em., have lost a good friend in Robert Peel."

From that time John London withdrew more and more into private life, and seldom left home. His sight continued to fail. "While I can yet see what, second to you, I have best loved in life—the trees, the birds, the flowers," he told his Emily, "here I will stay," and, for the most part, at Conisbrough they stayed.

But they like most other people who could afford to do so did journey to London to see the Great Exhibition.³ The Grafton Street house and the Arlington Street house were thrown open and packed with relations. To the relief of all, sleepy, stupid Robert John and tiresome Lucinda refused to be present, Robert John because he was too lethargic, Lucinda because just then she was particularly annoyed with her daughter, Cousin Jane having, in a moment of desperation, threatened to leave and keep a shop, as dear Adala advised, and partly because she had always preferred to be a great lady in a very little world, rather than a very little lady in a great world.

¹ Julia, Peel's eldest daughter, was married to Lord Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey.

² July 2nd, 1850.

³ 1851.

In Grafton Street and in the Laws-Pledley mansion in Arlington Street were collected Colonel and Mrs. Crawshaw, and their little boy, Alicia-Rose's eldest boy, Sir Harry Framlington and his sister Sophia, now engaged to marry a North-Country Squire, dear Jeremy, as handsome and delightful as ever, if a trifle thicker in build and grey of head, a pleasant Laws-Pledley cousin or two, Antonia and Charles and their eldest boy, Adala's two soldier brothers, and old, widowed, but still brisk Lady Louisa Trimmer, who, unlike most old people, thought the world was moving on very well, and did not regret the past.

A large dinner-party was held, to which came Lord and Lady Connington, Lady Jane Laws-Pledley, one of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry's¹ Gurney nieces with whom in 1840 and 1841 she had travelled about the Continent holding prison-reform meetings, the elder Miss Nightingale whose name was Parthenope (the sisters were known in their youth as "Pop" and "Flo"), and a young man or two, friends of the London young men. Naturally the Exhibition, Prince Albert and the Queen were the chief topics of conversation.

For two years the Prince had laboured incessantly to bring about the Exhibition. At first the idea was welcomed. Peel approved, the Duke made no objection, Government permitted the use of a site in Hyde Park, and the design of Joseph Paxton, once in the employ of the Duke of Devonshire, and, as the Queen remarked with astonishment, nothing but a common gardener's boy, but now a designer of conservatories, was accepted. It was said that Paxton had drawn the first plan of the building on the back of an envelope during a Committee meeting.

But all was not to go smoothly. Presently *The Times* began to make a fuss, objecting to the Park being used as a Fair ground, and those in the close confidence of the Almighty said that He regarded the Exhibition as an arrogant and sinful enterprise, and would punish a nation which dared to annoy Him by erecting a gigantic glass palace in a public park. A certain Colonel Sibthorpe, not content to leave the matter to the Almighty, directed His special attention to it by praying that He would send hail and lightning to destroy the accursed thing.

¹ Elizabeth Fry died in 1845.

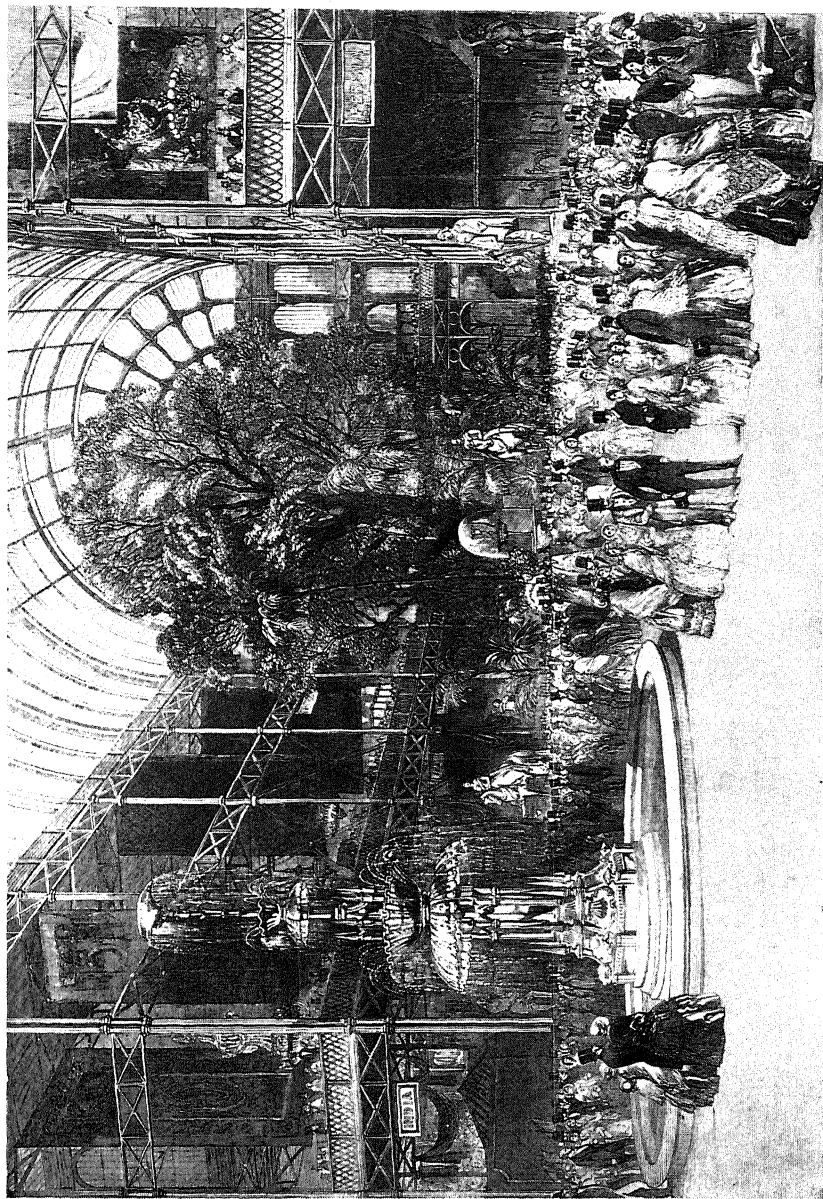
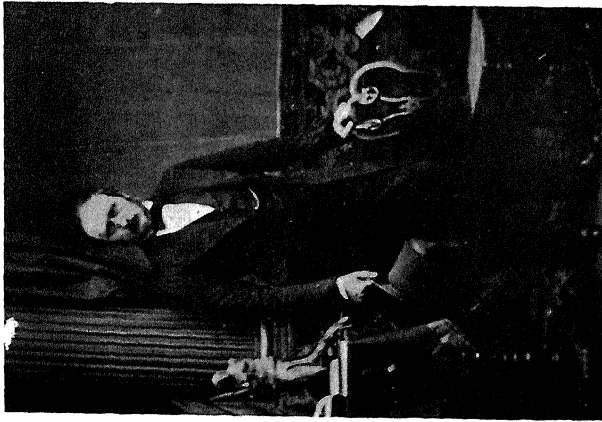


Photo. London Electrotyping Agency.

THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION—ERECTED IN HYDE PARK IN 1851.

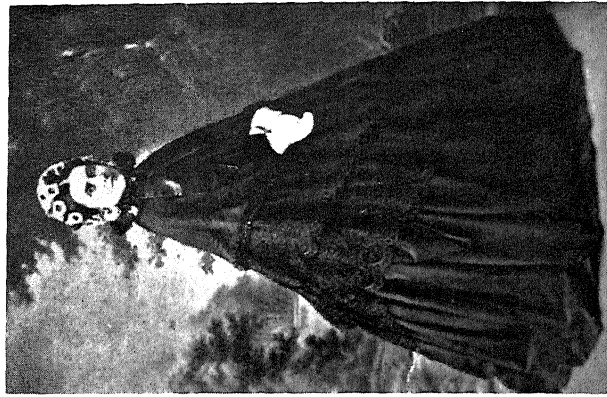
"The greatest day in our history, the most beautiful and imposing and *teuclung* spectacle ever seen and the triumph of my beloved Albert,"
Queen Victoria.



THE PRINCE CONSORT.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.
(PRINCESS "VICKY.")

People of more mundane mind pointed out that the roof was porous, and that the careless, objectionable habits of the London sparrows would cause every object beneath it to be ruined.

There would be riots, said one; revolution, said another; it would attract all the criminals in England and Europe, wailed a third; and finally—and that was the only sensible objection—there was not enough money to pay for it.

But the Prince held on to his idea: he knew that all the difficulties could be overcome, and intended that they should be overcome. He was ill, he was sleepless, but never would he abandon his exhibition.

So the glass palace was built in Hyde Park, and remained open from May until October of 1851, was visited by six million people, and after all expenses had been paid there was a sum of one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds to devote to the purchase of land in South Kensington for the purpose of erecting institutes for the advancement of Art and Science, which incidentally led to the building of commodious family houses in this newly popularised neighbourhood.

Queen Victoria opened the Exhibition, and wore a full-flounced pink dress (pink seems to have been a favourite colour with Her Majesty), her very best shawl and bonnet, and was accompanied by the hero of the day, Prince Albert, and by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales.

The Queen that day was as happy as a Queen should be. "The greatest day in our history, the most *beautiful* and *imposing* and *touching* spectacle ever seen, and the triumph of my beloved Albert. Albert's dearest name is immortalised with this *great* conception, *his* own, and *my* own dear country *showed* she was *worthy* of it." ¹

A great many people wept with emotion, even the Home Secretary cried, and *the* Duke, now well in his 'eighties, came to see the sights and to be stared at as one of them.

Another sight pointed out to Emily was that of an old lady with dyed black hair and raddled cheeks in a bath chair. It was Miss Mary Berry, friend of Horace Walpole, and, as Adala said, one felt when looking at her that there was the Georgian era trundling about the Exhibition. Emily told the young ladies that Mary Berry had been deeply in love with a

¹ "Prince Consort," by Frank B. Chancellor.

General O'Hara, and had thought that they could marry comfortably on two thousand five hundred a year, and that fifty-eight pounds would cover the cost of wages of four women-servants. But the marriage never came to pass, and now the sisters lived in Curzon Street and knew "everybody," and Mary sat there bolt upright, talking in a loud voice, and now and then rapping out a good round oath. The young people were glad to have had that opportunity of seeing her, for she died a year later.

The young Londons and their friends got up early on the opening day of the Exhibition and went to see how the people who had no Town houses and could not get lodgings fared. Many of them had driven up to London over-night, had had the horses taken out, and had slept in their carriages. Their footmen were now preparing breakfast on the pavement and there was a heartening smell of bacon about.

Poor families had tramped to Town bringing provisions with them, and had slept under arches and on doorsteps. People of every class crowded the streets—farmers in John Bull attire, labourers in smocks and beaver hats, fresh country girls in print dresses, shawls and simple straw bonnets, grand ladies and gentlemen, the ladies in the full skirts extended by stiff petticoats, which were the forerunners of the crinoline.

London was still a London of small shops with bow fronts and many-paned windows. Hotels were small and few and rather squalid. Restaurants did not exist. There were coffee-houses and eating-houses and taverns and *à la mode* beef shops and cook shops, to which humble folks could bring their chops and put them on the grill for the price of a half-penny each, and the "Flying Pie-man" also catered for such people, but at the Great Exhibition no attempt was made to provide solid meals for the sight-seers. They might obtain light refreshment, but that was all.

The London ladies gazed with all their eyes at the wonders of the great glasshouse, and other ladies, walking arm in arm with their husbands or other male escorts, who wore check trousers and cravats wound twice round the neck and tied in a bow, and top hats with but little brim, also gazed, but none of them took special notice of a little machine which a few years later was to play so important a part in their lives. It was the

sewing-machine, and its inventor, a poor French tailor named Barthelmy, died friendless in 1857, after which his invention was developed in America. Until that time every stitch in the voluminous skirts and petticoats, the pelisses and the pelerines of the day was put in by hand.

All the members of our party made purchases, and Adala bought a Purdonium for her mother as a peace-offering. "And what the devil is a Purdonium?" asked Robert John when Lucinda announced its coming. It was a new kind of coal scuttle, out of which swung a metal container, and called after its inventor, Mr. Purdon. She also bought a coal scuttle of japanned metal of more ordinary shape with a reproduction of Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence" on its lid, for Antonia's up-to-date drawing-room, and a glove box of alabaster ornamented with onyx for her grannie. This box contained glove stretchers, for the kid gloves of that day were worn very tight, and needed stretching before being coaxed on to the hand, and gentlemen found it a pleasant task to button a glove round a pretty wrist.

After this Great Exhibition party the guests returned to their homes, and life went on as usual. As usual, too, the Queen and the Prince were annoyed with Lord Palmerston. A few years previously Her Majesty had written to his Lordship with regard to a draft letter which she understood had been altered to meet her views, but which in reality had not been altered.

She told her Minister plainly that although she was always ready to listen to his reasons if he disagreed with her, she would not allow a servant of the Crown, and her Minister, to act contrary to her orders. She was very angry, and explained at great length to Lord Clarendon how she and the Prince felt about the matter, and then the Prince explained it all over again.

Lord Clarendon asked if Palmerston could not be induced to turn over a new leaf, to which Prince Albert replied, "No more, you may depend on it, than you could stop the tide which is now flowing."

After this dressing down M^rlord came with tears in his eyes vowing that he would "punctually obey" instructions, and went on disobeying them. Then Louis Napoleon became

Emperor of the French,¹ and Lord Palmerston was so tiresome about it all that at last he had to leave the Foreign Office.

Soon after that the Duke of Wellington died, and Victoria wrote to her uncle, "You will mourn *with us* over the loss we and this whole nation have experienced in the death of the *dear* and great old Duke of Wellington. . . . He was the pride and the *bon genie*, as it were, of this country! He was the *GREATEST* man this country ever produced, and the most *devoted* and *loyal* subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true, kind friend and most valuable adviser. . . . Albert is much grieved. The dear Duke showed him great confidence and kindness."

Albert regretted the old man's death, but with less emphasis: "The death of the Duke of Wellington has deprived the Crown of its most valuable servant and adviser, the Army of its main strength and support," said he.

Yet, in spite of such fine feeling, not even Albert attended the funeral.² Some verses were published accusing the Royal pair of indifference, and the Queen is supposed to retort:

"My conscience acquits me, *sans peur, sans reproche*,
For I sent to attend you my coachman and coach
And six spanking bays; and my Alby to-day
From his best Durham's calving I made stay away,
To do you more honour; and out at the show
Looked myself from the window of Buckingham Row.
And I hope that my people all saw in my eye
The tear that stood glitt'ring there as you went by."

Still, the Prince did write a memorandum about the Duke, and approved his funeral car, which an ungrateful onlooker denounced as tawdry, cumbrous and vulgar.

The Duke, who was Warden of the Cinque Ports, died at Walmer Castle. On the 13th of September³ he seemed well, but on the 14th, when his servant called him, he said he felt very ill, moved to his armchair, slept and died.

It was said that he had an unhappy childhood, that he was a delicate, shy, and unsociable child, and tried to escape out of himself by playing the violin. His marriage, by which he had two children, was unhappy, hence no doubt his irregular life; for, although what was termed a "deeply religious man,"

¹ 1852.

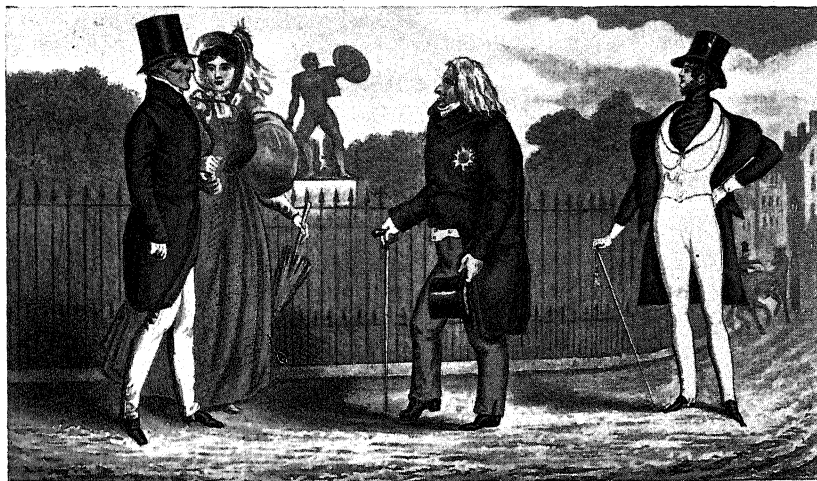
² Other authorities say that Albert rode in the cortège.

³ 1852.



SHOPPING IN BOND STREET (1823).

By W. Heath.



CELEBRITIES IN HYDE PARK: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, MRS. ARBUTHNOT,
PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND, AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

From a contemporary Print.



" I DREAMT I SLEPT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. "

From Cruikshank's " Comic Almanack. "

George Cruikshank.

he lived loosely, considering possibly, as did many others of his time, that sexual morality in a man was of little or no account, and failing to observe, as Josephine Butler, with what some people thought was a reprehensible coarseness, was later to point out, that a female partner is needed in such affairs, and that if she is to be regarded as a shameful and abandoned woman and a danger to society, it is scarcely just to exempt the man from all blame. But as people think only as they do think, and as Josephine's opinions were not the opinions of the day, doubtless the Duke managed, like Lord Nelson, to square his actions with his opinions, two of which were that democracy was an abomination and that education without religion would train up a lot of clever devils.

He opposed the abolition of flogging in the Army, believing it to be a necessary discipline, and, as Robert Peel once told John, he said that no woman had ever loved him. But if women did not love him, children did, and his servants were devoted to him.

A propos of his liking for children, Lady Rose Fane, who afterwards became Lady Rose Weigall, told Adala that she and other children had been taken to Apsley House to see the old man dressed for a fancy ball at Buckingham Palace. He wore a field-marshal's uniform of George II's day, with powder and a three-cornered hat, declared that he looked like a State coachman, and danced to amuse his small visitors.¹

Lord Palmerston did not stay out of office long. In eighteen months he had become Home Secretary, and was hobbling on two sticks, owing to the gout, and the country was drifting into war.

Now the good, hard-working Prince became the Shadow behind the Throne. The Press abused him soundly. He was the friend of Russia. He dined off Turkey on Christmas Day, drank the health of the Czar and led the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," which does not seem a thing that Albert would have done. His highly respectable family was referred to as the "Cobugs." It was whispered that he had been arrested and sent to the Tower. War hysteria had its way, and in consequence of all this worry the Prince had very bad indigestion.

¹ "Lady Rose Weigall," by her daughter, Rachel Weigall.

The Crimean War¹ lasted, as far as England was concerned, just over two years, and was an example of unforgivable muddle and mismanagement. The sufferings of the men were appalling; incompetent persons tied up in red tape sometimes could not, and sometimes, owing to obstinate stupidity or to fear of taking responsibility, would not do anything to alleviate them.

Then the "poor little plan" after which Florence Nightingale had "dug in silence," enlarging meanwhile her knowledge of sanitary science and sick-nursing, became a very important public plan.

Florence determined to go to the Crimea and nurse the soldiers. A storm of disapproving comment followed. A gentleman in the House of Commons denounced her as a shameless hussy. Her mother, with tears in her eyes, said, "We are ducks who have hatched a wild swan." But they had hatched something stronger than any swan, however wild: they had hatched a woman with brains, worldly wisdom, a quick temper, a satirical tongue and an almost fanatical devotion to a great cause.

Had Miss Nightingale been merely "the Lady of the Lamp," a sweet soul who laid a cool hand upon an aching brow and obeyed with gentle feminine submission the jealous or muddle-headed officials who were her superiors, the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea would have suffered, if that were possible, even more than they did suffer, and unless she had been able to approach persons of consequence and use the power of wealth, the provision of a trained nursing staff in military and civilian hospitals would have remained an idea and nothing more, at any rate for some time longer.

So Florence, in her sweeping skirts—under which she wore five petticoats—her prim lace collar and elastic-sided boots, went to the Crimea, and Freddie Laws-Pledley exercised the influence which he possessed and went to the Crimea, too, which caused Adala to rest neither day nor night until she joined Miss Nightingale, first placing young Freddie in the care of Emily.

Now the idle women of England had something to do: they made hospital comforts, swabs and bandages and, as time

¹ 1854-1856.

went on, the less well to do sat stitching at their own mourning. Their pocket handkerchiefs had black hems, their letter-paper black edges. Sometimes, indeed, it became black paper with oblongs of white in the centre.

Skirts consisted chiefly of crêpe, and jet brooches and chains were bought by the thousand. Even the youngest widows wore widow's bonnets with long black veils, and withdrew into melancholy seclusion. When "the departed" was a civilian of the middle or upper class he went to his grave in a hearse trimmed at the four corners with tall black bottle-brush plumes and drawn by horses with tight bearing-reins, plumed head-dresses and fringed velvet trappings. The chief mourners, who were men, for ladies did not go to funerals, wore black silk hat-bands and scarves and black kid gloves, the servants were provided with mourning, there was a great funeral feast, and, if the family importance warranted it, a hatchment was placed over the front door. Hat-bands might cost as much as two guineas each; the bill for hat-bands and gloves for Sir Eustace Lorinder's funeral had amounted to thirty-two guineas, Emily told the young people. Poor people, as far as they could, copied the fashions of the rich, and many were the bits of black begged of the lovely Madam by village mourners desirous of doing honour to their dead. Women would tramp miles from other villages to borrow a trifle of black, and in the end Emily kept what Alicia-Rose as a little girl once described as "a box of weeds for poor little boys and girls whose papas were dead." When one of the village people died, the funeral party always attended church in full force the next Sunday, sitting together, and all as black as their means permitted. The women did not rise, but sat throughout the service, their faces hidden in their pocket handkerchiefs, and sobbed loudly during the funeral sermon, in the course of which attention was drawn to the virtues of the departed. Were the funeral that of a child, the little coffin was carried by girls wearing white scarves and carrying white wands.

In addition to "a box of weeds," Emily also kept the "maternity bags," which contained necessities that many labourers' wives were too poor to buy. The clergyman at Conisbrowth was a bachelor, and so much which his wife might have done was done by Emily assisted by Mrs. Hannah,

who very well knew which were the deserving and which the undeserving "poor."

The Londons were now in mourning, for Robert John's eldest boy, John Henry, was killed at Balaclava, and Freddie Laws-Pledley died of dysentery at Scutari. Adala, anguished, watched him die, knowing that his death, like that of thousands more, was the price of inefficiency and conceit. He, with many other sick or wounded men, had been shipped from the Crimea across the Black Sea to Scutari—a passage which sometimes took as long as a fortnight or three weeks, though in normal times it could be done in four and a half days. The wounded, the sick, the dying, the dead, lay crowded together without beds, often without blankets.

There were a few invalid soldiers to act as nurses, the salt rations of ship's diet for food, and water sometimes so stored that it was out of reach of the sick. Men who, after enduring tortures worse than those of the Spanish Inquisition, lived to reach hospital, found a place with four miles of beds, dirt, vermin, stench, neither basins, towels, brooms nor brushes, and a scandalous lack of stores.

And yet when Florence Nightingale had consulted Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether she should take stores of any kind to Scutari, he had told her that "nothing was needed." Had it not been that soon Miss Nightingale had public opinion behind her, much of the work which she did would have been impossible. The feeling of those at home was expressed by the Queen, "Tell those poor, noble, wounded, and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest, or feels *more* for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops."

On Miss Nightingale's return to England, the Queen sent her a kind and understanding letter and a brooch designed by the Prince Consort.

After that the military authorities thought that Florence surely should at least have been quiet; but no; she persuaded, she stormed, she threatened, she nagged and ultimately she forced the authorities to appoint a Royal Commission to report upon the health of the Army, a Commission on which; because she was a woman, she could find no place.

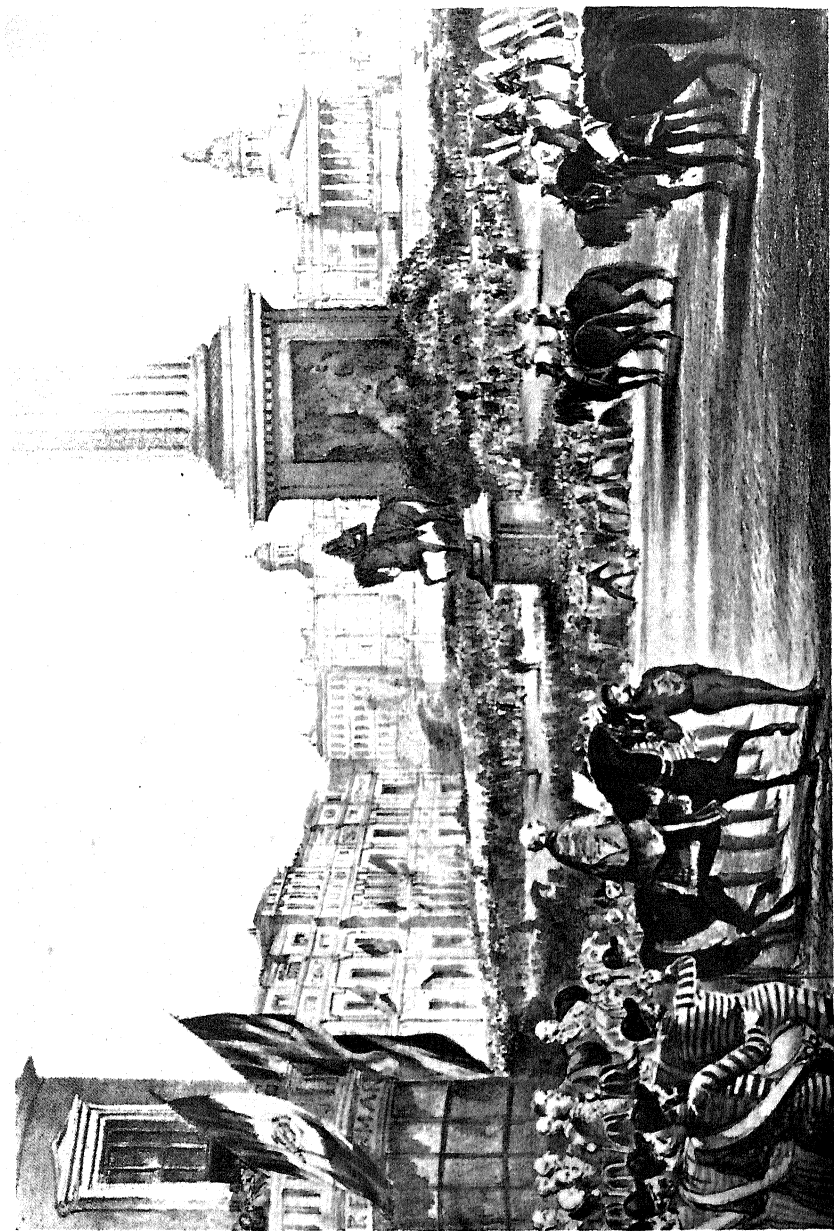
Camp before Sevastopol
Stk. May 31. 85-

My dear Fanny

Your merry kin letter came this morning at breakfast time and I have just come back fromaddy's diggings having given him a load of your letter and also of one from Harriet - You may take my word for it that things are looking up & not before very long. This D.omed city will be gone up to the hills - I shall plunder as much as possible for myself & my family - I have been dice out other high ways. it is so delicious. Lying over a green plain covered with wild flowers after the mud & brown of the camp -addy, Chapman & I are going out to Baidakhis evening - The evenings are so delicious but the days very hot, however we have made tent borrowed from that French in the trenches for the men on duty so that they do not feel the heat so much - I went up to the Rifle camp last night & saw Willie Frank & George Lige who all lie together - Frank is fighting up with the camp life & is agree with him & will do him good. Willie is twice his size & brighter. 13th Genl. Barneard came intoaddy's tent. He has so much such a contrast to his former Brigade

FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER WRITTEN IN CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL, MAY 31ST, 1855.

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PROCLAMATION OF PEACE AT CHARING CROSS, APRIL 29, 1856, AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR.
From a print in the British Museum.

Adala returned home with her now-celebrated friend, bade her good-bye in London, and from there made her way to Conisbrowth to rest, and, in the society of her little son and of John and Emily, to endeavour to regain some serenity of mind. She felt flayed by grief and by the horror and the filth which she had seen. Forget she never could, but if she was to remain sane, her memories must be buried in the depths of her mind, to be disinterred only when experience so agonisingly gained could be used for some right purpose. She was thankful that it had been possible for her to be with Emily at this time, for during her visit John London died.

CHAPTER XX

Pitch pine and tartan—For the guidance of young females—"Dress as well as they can, and play upon the pianoforte"—Being indelicate—In the Strand Union Workhouse—" 'No fuss,' said the nice gentlemen"—Philanthropy—Women want rights—A loathsome, intolerable, home-destroying idea—Loose notions about divorce—Selfish independence jarring to the poetry of wedlock—George Eliot—The Indian Mutiny—"The Queen decided to do it now in a simple way"—The engagement and marriage of Princess Vicky—A sad letter—The crinoline—A memorandum which caused tears—"So weak that I have scarcely been able to hold a pen"—No cause for alarm—"Dear little wife"—Another and a greater journey.

JOHN had told Emily that he would, if she wished, leave Conisbrowth to her for life, for he knew that she had come to love it dearly, and Robert John could now well afford to buy another and larger place. But this she would not allow, for she realised that her son would consider it an injustice, as he chose to regard Conisbrowth as the Family place with a very large F.

So Emily left the ugly grey house to which she had come as a bride and the people who had called her the lovely Madam, and Lucinda reigned in her stead—a stout, crêpe-attired Lucinda, hung about with jewellery of jet and bog oak, and at last Lady London, and wife of a very rich man. She looked with contempt at the old furniture, the faded brocades and velvets, the soft-toned Aubusson carpets in her new home. The saloon, all time-mellowed white and yellow and gold, the drawing-room, with its Chinese paper and lacquer cabinet, she considered very unhandsome. The Queen and the Prince admired pitch pine and tartan, and Lucinda, patriotic woman that she was, admired them too. She planned to desire Mr. Maple to redecorate her saloon in pitch pine, maroon velvet and tartan. She planned, too, to buy two Landseers (which were not at all expensive), one of a stag, because the Prince was so fond of stags, and one of a dog, because the Queen was so fond of dogs, a taste which Lucinda did not share, although to

be in the fashion she kept a toy terrier, round whose scrap of a body Cousin Jane twined the remnants of her shrivelled affections. Naturally Lucinda was greatly vexed when Robert John refused to have either the saloon or the drawing-room touched.

The heavy, foggy-brained man appeared to have a streak of sentiment in him. "It's the first thing I remember, the Chinese room. I remember my mother showing me the paper flowers and birds in the old cabinet. I won't have you lay a finger on it. There's plenty more rooms for you to throw away money on. No, damn it, I'll not have you lay a finger on it I tell you; and I'll thank you, my dear, to see that all the old ways—the feasts and soup and blankets and such—are kept up as my father and mother had them. What was good enough for them is good enough for me," ended the new Sir John, in his best old family manner, putting his foot down and being master in his own house, as befitted a mid-Victorian husband and father.

But although Sir Robert—for he ceased to use the name John—was now the head of the family, it was round Emily, who made her home in Grafton Street, that the family gathered, to whom they came to confide their sorrows and their joys.

To her delight, Jeremy suggested that he should make his home with her, travelling at regular intervals to Manchester, there to conduct the family business, and always to find a welcome from Charles and Antonia Weldon and their children, and as Adala, when in London, preferred to be with her grannie rather than in her own house she eventually closed the Arlington Street mansion and stayed in Grafton Street, while Emily spent most of the summer at Laws Place. Both ladies were much interested in the educational and philanthropic work which was now occupying the attention of a group of intelligent men and women, for they agreed in thinking that women might and should be citizens, in addition to being good daughters, wives and mothers. The fact that Florence Nightingale was the only person concerned in the conduct of the Crimean War who had emerged from it with a brilliant reputation had done much for a cause about which she herself cared little—that of the emancipation of women. Now girls who wished to "do something" used Miss Nightingale's name

as a stick with which to beat parents and guardians who wished to prevent them from doing it. They also quoted Jenny Lind, that singer of world-wide reputation, who was moreover a respectable and extremely charitable person, and approved by Her most respectable Majesty.

Nevertheless, public opinion still desired such women as were not forced to earn their bread to be quiet, and prudish little books for the guidance of young females continued to appear and to be purchased.

"My Life and What I Shall Do With It," by an author who signed herself "An Old Maid," exhorted grown-up daughters to nurse their mothers or teach their little brothers to read. Did their mothers persist in keeping well and fail to provide them with little brothers, and there seemed nothing at once "important and undoubted" for them to do, they must "dress as well as they can, and play upon the pianoforte." Young ladies were implored to refrain from being forward, and to be at all costs maidenly. Never must they be "indelicate," and always they must remember that their first duty in life was to persuade some man to marry them.

"Put on your gloves, you indelicate girl!" was the horrified exclamation of a mother whose daughter emerged from the front door, her gloves still held in her hand, while a certain Mrs. Jannetson, a distant connection of John's, bewailed to Emily that her Julia had so far forgotten herself as to run out of her Lowndes Square house to the carriage of some cousins and stand there talking to them with her foot on the step, showing her ankles to all and sundry in a most horrifying manner. This same forward girl, standing on the balcony, actually waved her handkerchief to a *young man* (he was her cousin) in the street. But as, three months later, she married another young man with five thousand a year, naturally her indiscretions were cancelled out by this successful feat.

Meanwhile Miss Louisa Twining, an acquaintance of Emily's, was one of the ladies who refused to remain at home being maidenly until they became old-maidenly. Louisa visited her old nurse in the parish of St. Clement Dane's, and then visited some friends of nurse who had retired to the Strand Union Workhouse. There she found underground dormitories and dismal wards, into which were crowded old and young, virtuous



THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN" or the EFFECTS OF FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT

From Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack," 1853.
The Queen thought that ladies who demanded rights should be whipped and most of her subjects thought likewise.

and vicious. The sick, some with infectious diseases, were packed two or more in a bed, linen remained unchanged for three months or more, and the only occupation provided was that of making shrouds and coffins.

Miss Twining's visits were so greatly appreciated that she asked permission to bring some friends to visit, to be told that unpaid and voluntary efforts were not sanctioned by the Poor Law Board, so she put on her best bonnet,¹ got into a hackney carriage (the horse probably was thin and dejected and the floor covered with straw), and proceeded to Whitehall. The porter told her that she need not be afraid, as the gentlemen were very nice gentlemen. They *were* very nice gentlemen, but so slow of mind and so afraid of fuss that it was only on condition that Louisa would not make a fuss that they would consent to consider the matter, and then it took them a year to consent to the visiting, an activity which soon blossomed into a Workhouse Visiting Society. Workhouses were managed by gentlemen only, and in spite of its being patent that they did not manage them very well, it was not for twenty years more that women could become Poor Law Guardians.

Then a lady named Mary Carpenter ceased to remain quiet, and wrote about child delinquency and organised Industrial and Ragged Schools, and Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts, who had inherited the vast Coutts fortune of her step-grandmother, whom Emily had known as Miss Harriot Mellon, followed suit and, refusing many proposals of marriage, cast herself into a vortex of philanthropy. She provided funds for churches, model dwellings, drinking-fountains for dogs, an Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem and Heaven knows what else. Lady Byron also was energetic, and Mrs. Jameson, author of various books on Art, on Shakespeare's heroines and other subjects enjoyed by the elegant and cultured, gave two lectures, entitled "Sisters of Charity" and "Community of Labour," which Emily and Adala attended, and which created quite a stir in advanced-thought circles.

In the course of these lectures Mrs. Jameson pleaded for the co-operation of men and women in setting right the evils of society, which to many respectable persons seemed a most odd idea. After that Barbara Leigh Smith,² a cousin of Miss

¹ "The Cause," Ray Strachey.

² Afterwards Madame Bodichon.

Nightingale's, wrote an article on "Women and Work," which was much commented on, for she was already known as the author of "A Brief Summary in Plain Language of the most Important Laws Concerning Women." The Law Amendment Society actually gave this summary their attention, and drafted a report in which it was suggested that property rights and the power to make wills should be extended to married women. Within the year twenty-six thousand men and women had given their approval to the reform. Then petitions were presented in both Houses, and when Lord Brougham took them to the House of Lords, they were so many that they had to be rolled in, and one from women, becoming unrolled, stretched the whole length of the Chamber.

Yet that women should wish to make wills and own property was thought by a large section of the public to be a loathsome, intolerable, home-destroying idea. A woman who could make her own will and own her own property would become a self-assertive creature no one could live with.

Yet another Bill was now introduced—the Marriage and Divorce Bill—and that was considered even more threatening to the sanctity of the home than the Married Woman's Property Act. Mr. Gladstone, who never wanted for words, made twenty-nine speeches about it, and the author of a pamphlet which had a vogue pointed out that "some loose notions have been thrown out of women's intellectual equality with men, and of the consequently equal right to all the advantages of society; these are speculative, extravagant and almost unnatural opinions." The *Saturday Review* thought that the women who wished to enjoy their own property, make wills and divorce bad husbands had no common sense and would revolutionise society, and, as if that were not enough, pointed out that such conduct smacked of selfish independence and jarred one's ideas of the poetry of wedlock. That made Adala laugh, but many other women, and most men, thought the writer had put the matter very well. After all, one knew what men were, and why make such a fuss about such a trifling "lapse" as unfaithfulness?

The idea that women should be made less subservient to men made the new Sir Robert London (who thought that his mother and his daughter had been left in command of far too

much money, which made them altogether too independent) very angry.

He said that all these jabbering women were a scandal, and Lucinda, too, said that they were a scandal, and that, Heaven knew, *she* had done her best to bring up *her* daughter decently. But of course, being so much with her grandmother . . . all those *ideas* . . . she always had said she disliked all those ideas. . . .

Then that tiresome woman Caroline Norton came forward again. "Even now my friends say to me, 'Why write? Why struggle? It is the law! you will do no good,'" she wrote to her old friend and co-sufferer, Alicia-Rose, "but if everyone lacked courage, without doubt nothing would ever be achieved in this world. This much I will do, woman though I be: I will put on record—in French, German, English and Italian—what the law for woman was in England in the year of civilisation and Christianity 1855, and the eighteenth year of the reign of a female sovereign!" As regards the position of women in other ways, Caroline did not care. She thought it very laughable that a woman should take the chair at a meeting, and ridiculed the idea of equality between men and women.¹

Yet another notable woman was drawing attention to herself in these years, and that was George Eliot. Prince Albert found time to read "Adam Bede,"² and sent a copy of it to Baron Stockmar, to whom he also sent Wilkie Collins' "The Woman in White," which was having a great success. Mrs. George London gave "Adam Bede" to Emily, and in an accompanying note says it is "rather a shocking book, my dear, but making so great a noise that one must read it. Everyone says that George Eliot is a fictitious name, and some think that the author may be a woman. If it is right to ask sympathy for a girl such as Hetty, I do not know, yet even to read of the poor child caused my tears to flow."

While all these "strong-minded" women, who really were a terrible bore, were writing too much and talking too much,

¹ The Marriage and Divorce Act was passed in 1857 and amended in 1858, and still a husband might commit adultery, though a wife might not, but the Act in other ways gave some protection to unhappily married women and their children.

² "Adam Bede," published 1859, "Amos Barton," 1857, "The Mill on the Floss," 1861.

the country was excited to frenzy by the news of the horrors of the Indian Mutiny,¹ which broke out on May 10th, 1857.

Prince Albert, conscientious as ever, set himself to study the history of India, and came to the conclusion "that the Indians are not a people capable of conquering independence for themselves, to say nothing of maintaining it, and that it would be better for Indian affairs to be administered by the Crown, rather than jointly with the East India Company."² The Queen and the Prince were horrified because the Government was so slow in sending out reinforcements. The Queen said it was truly *frightful*, and when the news of the massacres of Cawnpore and the siege of Lucknow became known, Her Majesty wrote that the "horrors committed on the poor women and children are unknown in these ages, and make one's blood turn *cold*."

Lady Jane Laws-Pledley had a daughter and two grandchildren massacred at Cawnpore, and this so preyed on her mind that she became insane, while the Mrs. Jannetson who had been worried by the indelicate conduct of her daughter lost her only son, a boy of twenty. For long nothing could be learned of his fate. The wretched mother, alternately haunted by terrors of torturing or buoyed up by hope that he had escaped, was at last quieted by the arrival of a letter from a fellow-officer who had been in his company when their men mutinied. "We mounted our horses and galloped away. Your boy fell dead, shot through the head by a scoundrel lurking with one or two others behind a wall. The murderer paid the penalty, but the others escaped. Jack was riding a grey horse, and it galloped on with us. You will realise, Mrs. Jannetson, that we should not have abandoned Jack, who was my dear friend, had it not been certain that he was dead. You may rest assured that he was spared a fate which others, alas! endured." A letter on black-edged paper, now yellowed by age, written in delicate, pointed handwriting, and marked here and there by a tear, acquaints Emily with the sad news. "My poor heart aches, and yet, dear Emily, you may understand the relief which the words of this kind young man have

¹ Indian Mutiny, 1857-1858.

² In 1858 "John Company," under which name the East India Company had long been known, ceased to exist.

brought me. We must bow to the will of God, I know, but sometimes I *cannot* but ask why such sorrows are sent us. . . ." Everyone knew someone who knew someone else whose daughter had been carried away to become the mistress of a Rajah, some wretched woman who, after witnessing . . . but why repeat the horrors of this most horrible affair ?

It is more cheerful to listen to the gossip about Prince Albert, for in the year of 1857 the Queen at last ceased to ask for an Act of Parliament to grant the title of Prince Consort to her adored husband. As usual, her advisers hemmed and hawed ; as usual it was not quite the moment to make any change. But Victoria was tired of waiting for the moment, and determined to " do it now in a simple way " and did it.

Another subject for conversation was the matrimonial affairs of the Princess Royal, once Princess " Pussy," now Princess " Vicky," who was as clever and intelligent and industrious and generally satisfactory as the unceasingly-preached-at and instructed " Princey," now Prince Bertie, was not.

For two years past the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia had been engaged—an engagement which had been entered into at Balmoral when the Princess was not yet fifteen. Her father and mother were gratified, Princess " Vicky " behaved admirably " with child-like simplicity . . . and good feeling," and Prince Albert wrote that he enjoyed a sense of cheerful satisfaction and gratitude to God.

But when the Princess was nearly seventeen, and the wedding day fixed, the father began to feel less cheerful, for he realised that the separation from his beloved child would be especially painful to him. However, the marriage, so he imagined (and as future events proved, wrongly), would tend to strengthen the chain of Anglo-German unity, and it was vastly important that this should be done. Everyone talked about the wedding, and there was a gathering of Londons and their kin in honour of it. Adala again opened the Arlington Street house, so that all the young people should have a happy visit, for the last few years had brought much sadness and mourning, and it was time that they should again be gay.

Thirty-five Royalties attended the wedding ; Albert wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Queen a dress of violet velvet trimmed with ermine, for it was a time when married

women soon became matronly-looking, and girls and women alike dressed in an elderly fashion. The long, full skirts, the bonnets and shawls which they wore were in themselves ageing, and the Queen, then what we should now consider quite a young woman, preserved but little appearance of youth. The pink and white of girlhood had deepened to red, and the red increased when it was suggested that in Prussia it was customary for Princes of the Blood to be married in Berlin. At first the Queen was speechless with indignation. Then the words flowed. The Prussian Ambassador was to be told not to *entertain* the *possibility* of such a question. The Queen *never* would consent . . . the assumption of its being *too much* for a Prince Royal of Prussia to . . . marry the *Princess Royal of Great Britain* in England is too absurd. . . .

The Prince Consort gave his daughter much good advice, and, being of her time, she listened to it dutifully, and told her Mama that she thought it would kill her to take leave of dear Papa.

Then, owing to the firmness of Victoria, the Crown Prince came to England to marry his bride, and a magnificent banquet was given at Windsor. There were illuminations and great crowds, and the wedding took place in London, at St. James's Chapel, and, as was proper for mothers at weddings, the Queen nearly broke down . . . she folded her daughter in her arms . . . she kissed good Fritz. The Prince Consort, sad, weary, conscientious soul, went to see the young people off at Gravesend. It was snowing. He drove back to the Palace silent and expressionless. Next day he wrote to his child, "I am not of a demonstrative nature, and therefore you can hardly know how dear you have always been to me, and what a void you have left in my heart; yet not in my heart, for there assuredly you will abide henceforth, as till now you have done in my daily life, which is even now reminding my heart of your absence."

Emily did not take any active part in the junketings in honour of the wedding, for although she was not actually ill, she was very frail, and also by withdrawing to her own sitting-room, she escaped as far as was possible the conversation of Lucinda, now so busy being a fashionable, religious ladyship that she had little time to be in poor health. She did have time, however, to give herself female-head-of-the-family airs,

and regretted that Emily did this and that, and thought that Colonel Crawshaw was too old to be gadding about, and wondered if Alicia-Rose saw to it that he wore a certain kind of flannel. She told them all just how the Queen felt about her daughter's wedding, and what the Almighty thought about all these new ideas about women. She exasperated Antonia by criticising her sons and pitying her for living at Manchester, provided the Weldon boys and young Freddie with much entertainment, and incensed Adala, because she would never be quiet about the poor mad Dowager, who now thought that she herself was Nana Sahib and had murdered her daughter and her grandchildren, and wanted to murder an attendant or two as well. Jeremy was the only person who could quell Lucinda, and he kept her quiet by inviting her to express opinions on abstruse subjects of which she had never heard, and waiting respectfully for her verdicts. This flattered her, but also it frightened her, and caused her cheap, clattering tongue to pause.

Then Sir Robert, finding himself very much of a nobody at Brook's and White's, said that he couldn't endure streets and houses and all the noise and fuss a moment longer, and insisted that his wife should accompany him home, and the family sighed with relief.

The London ladies did much shopping while in town, and the German ladies who had come over for the wedding also shopped. A young German lady-in-waiting who wrote to her friends in Germany about her English experiences told them that she found the Queen not so tiny as she had expected. She also said that Fenton's hotel in Half Moon Street, in which she stayed, was dirty and dark, and that she had to write her letters on her knee or on the window-sill or dressing-table, as there was no writing-table. She noted that English ladies wore coloured petticoats, and asked if she should bring some home for her relations, for on the Continent white stockings and white petticoats were the only wear.

It took some time for French fashions to reach England, and it is said that before the wedding the Queen begged the German ladies not to wear crinolines, as they would cause so much remark, so they wore their voluminous skirts minus their crinolines, and felt very odd. Crinolines had been worn on the Continent since about 1854, and a modified form may have been worn in England, but it was not until after the wedding

that English ladies began to float about in enormous wire cages which, if not deftly managed, billowed out and up in quite an unseemly manner.

A piece of a torn letter still exists in which Adala writes to Antonia to tell her that "Freddie seems greatly attracted by Ermentrude, who looks lovely in her crinoline, which she manages with much grace. Last night it supported a dress of palest pink satin trimmed with bouillonnes of pink tulle, held in place by sprays of roses. Of course it is a silly fashion, and one very chilling to the legs, but graceful, and, as you know, I have always been a dress-loving . . ." here the letter is torn, and not to be deciphered, but then continues, "The dear boy has asked my advice about a Valentine, a pretty thing of forget-me-nots and silver lace in a white box tied with ribbon. . . . She is a dear girl, and I should be well content if a marriage comes of this attraction, which I think is mutual." The dear boy was, as his father had been, unspoiled by great wealth and possessions. In her relations with her son Adala was more fortunate than were the Queen and her Consort with their son and heir. They are greatly troubled at the conduct of the Prince, who has been begged to perform the duties of a Christian gentleman and reminded that Life is Composed of Duties. (This memorandum caused poor Prince Bertie to burst into tears.) His gentlemen have been furnished with a long and elaborate list of principles for their guidance. But in spite of every effort the Prince, as Metternich confides to Guizot after the young man has been travelling on the Continent, "*Avait l'air embarrassé et très triste.*" Something happens just now which displeases the Royal parents greatly. The father goes to Cambridge to see the son, and it is rumoured that, for the first time in his life, he loses his self-control, and there is a distressing scene. He returns home having caught a cold, feeling thoroughly unwell. "Am very wretched," he writes in his diary. He also writes to the old Baron, telling him that he is terribly in want of a true friend and counsellor. But alas! the Baron cannot come—he is too old, too ill. There are other worries with which the sick, depressed Prince must contend. It seems as if England may become entangled in the American War of North and South,¹ for the affair is being mishandled.

¹ 1861-1865.

In spite of being "so weak that I have scarcely been able to hold the pen," as he tells his wife, the Prince, with his usual good sense, alters a draft and saves a disaster.

Jeremy is kept very busy, for times are again hard in Manchester, where American cotton had been used exclusively. The lack of it causes much unemployment, but Antonia writes to tell her grannie that the work-people suffer willingly in the cause of freedom,¹ and that Jeremy is helping to arrange that cotton shall be supplied from India and elsewhere. Needless to say, Emily uses some of her liberal income to help those who suffer.

And now Emily no longer rises from her bed, but lies there peaceful and beautiful, tended by dear old Hannah and by her beloved Adala, and visited by Jeremy at every moment that his duties permit. Her friends come to see her, and bring her the news of the day. It is reported that the Prince is very ill. Others say that cannot be, for the Queen is not unduly alarmed, yet old Lord Palmerston, now at the Castle and so gouty that he hobbles on two sticks, is dissatisfied, and asks for further medical advice.

Sir John Clark and Dr. Jenner see no cause for alarm, but Palmerston, with his usual obstinacy, will have more doctors, and does have more doctors. But in spite of the encouragement of his medical men the patient says that he knows that he will not recover, that he does not cling to life.

He asks for music, and Princess Alice plays to him; she also reads "The Talisman" to him. He is weaker . . . he wanders. Victoria bends over him and strokes his face, "Dear little wife," he murmurs. "He arranges his hair as though he were preparing for another and a greater journey."

That night the bell of St. Paul's tolled.² Emily heard it and opened her eyes and smiled at Hannah, who sat by her bedside. Something in her look caused the old woman to hurry to wake Adala and then to fetch Jeremy.

Once again Emily opened her eyes and smiled and then she, too, set out upon another and a greater journey.

¹ The upper classes as a rule sided with the South.

² Saturday, Dec. 14th, 1851.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In order to write this volume it has been necessary to read a large number of books. Chief among them are those invaluable volumes C. M. Trevelyan's "British History of the Nineteenth Century," and "The Age of the Chartists," "The Town Labourer, 1760-1832" and "The Village Labourer, 1760-1832," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Other histories and studies of social life are "A History of England, 1815-1875," by Spencer Walpole; "A Social and Industrial History of England, 1815-1918," by J. F. Rees; "Condition of the Working Classes in 1844," by Engels; "Life and Labour in the Nineteenth Century," by G. R. Fay; Bosanquet's "Rights of the Poor"; "A History of Education," by Bryan Binns; "History of Elementary Education from 1800 to the Present Day," by C. Birchenough, M.A.; "A History of the British Army," Volume 13, by J. W. Fortescue; "The Hungry Forties, or Life under the Bread Tax."

Then come a group of books dealing with George III, George IV and William IV, and another group dealing with Queen Victoria and her Consort.

Add to these the Lives, Memoirs or Letters of practically all the persons mentioned in this book, including, of course, the "Crewe Papers" and the "Greville Memoirs." Amongst the Memoirs I have found specially interesting are those compiled by A. M. W. Stirling, the Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, "Lady Rose Weigall," by Rachel Weigall, "Lady Georgiana Peel," by Ethel Peel, "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," by Miss Frances Williams Wynn, and "The Notebooks of a Spinster Lady." Other helpful books are "Fifty Years Ago" and "London in the Nineteenth Century," both by Walter Besant; Timb's "Curiosities of London," Molloy's "Court Life Below Stairs," "The Amusements of Old London," by W. Boulton, "Book for a Rainy Day," by J. T. Smith; H. G. Davis' "Memorials of Knightsbridge"; "London Rediscovered," by Walter G. Bell; "The Old Court Suburb, or Memorials of Kensington" by J. H. Leigh Hunt, and quite a large group of other books about London and the provincial cities.

Then novels of the period had to be studied: they include those of Miss Ferrier, the Hon. Emily Eden, Jane Austen, the Minerva Press, Mrs. Gaskell, the Brontës, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Disraeli, and Kingsley. When writing of books, I found "An Englishman and his Books," by Amy Cruse, and "Forgotten Children's Books" by Andrew Tuer extremely helpful.

For details of the Woman's Movement there are "The Cause," by Ray Strachey, "Emily Davies and Girton College," by Barbara Stephen, and the Lives of various pioneers of that movement. There are plenty of books about Florence Nightingale, and none better than "Florence Nightingale, 1820-1856," by Mrs. I. B. O'Malley, which was published only a week before this book was finished.

Cookery books, etiquette books, newspapers and pamphlets, fashion books, books about pictures, furniture and decoration and prints of the period have all been consulted, in addition to family albums and letters.

Many of those whose books I have made use of are long since dead, but to those now living I offer my sincere thanks.

D. C. P.

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